FROM THE LIBRARY OF

REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

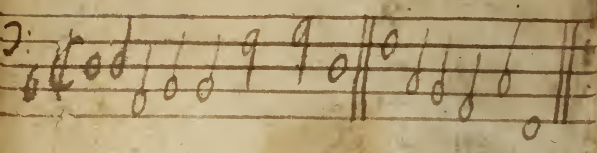
BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

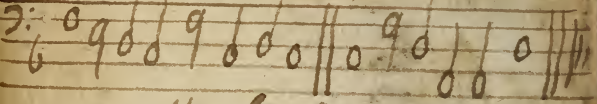
THE LIBRARY OF

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

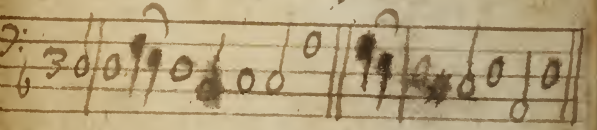
Division
Section
SCB
4629

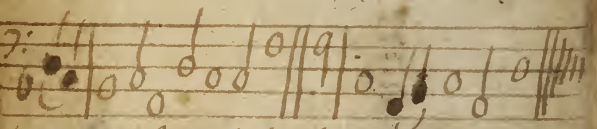
Hackney Base.



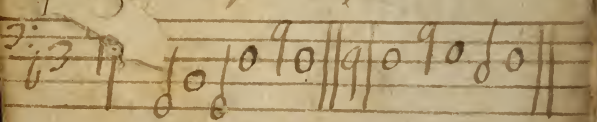


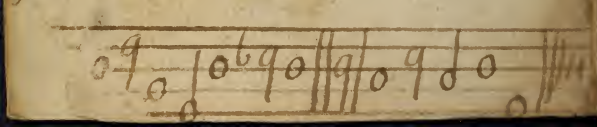
Henley Base.





Martyr's Base.



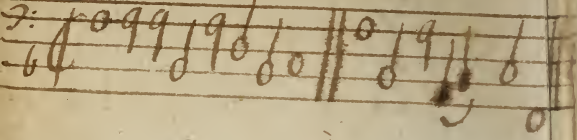


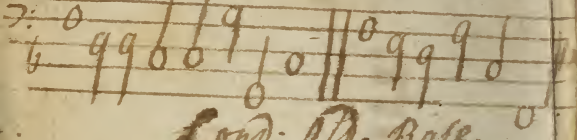
John Luther. 1729.

BB Waltham Abbey, Essex, 1798.

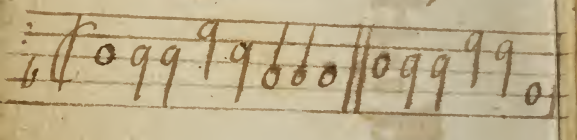
The Rev.

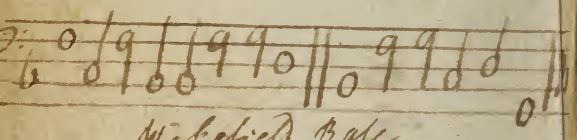
London New. Base.



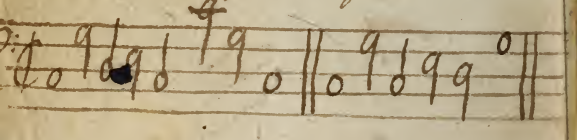


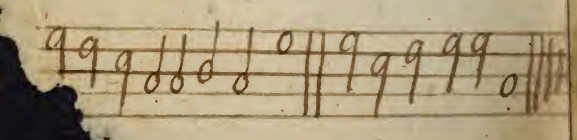
Cond: Old. Base.





Wakefield Base





LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
MAY 1 1936
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

THE PSALMS OF DAVID,

Imitated in the Language of the

NEW TESTAMENT,

And apply'd to the

Christian State and Worship.

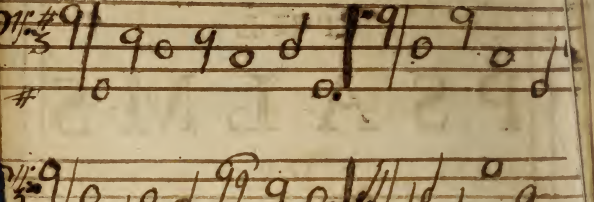
By *I. WATTS*, D.D.

The SEVENTH EDITION.

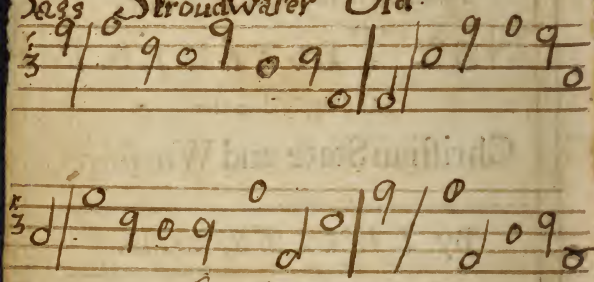
Luke xxiv. 44. *All things must be fulfilled which were written in—the* Psalms *concerning me.*
Heb. xi. 32.—David, Samuel, *and the Prophets.*
Ver. 40.—*That they without us should not be made perfect.*

LONDON:
Printed for JOHN CLARK, and RICHARD HETT, at the *Bible and Crown*; and RICHARD FORT, at the *Angel*; Both in the *Poultry*. MDCCXXIX.

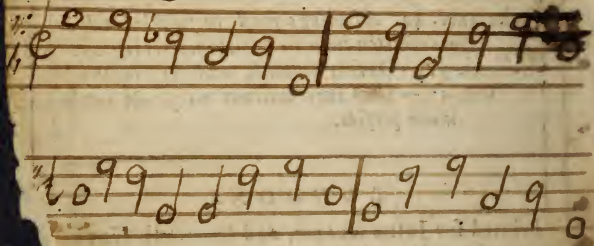
Bass Stroudwater New



Bass Stroudwater Old



Bass Southwell



ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

READERS

On the following HEADS.

Of the different Editions of this Book.

THE *larger Edition is prefaced with a Diſcourſe* on the right Way of fitting the Pſalms of *David* for Chriſtian Worſhip; *wherein a plain Account is given of the Author's general Conduct in this* Imitation of the Pſalms, *together with ſome evident and convincing Arguments to ſupport it. There are alſo particular* Notes *added at the End of a great Number of the Pſalms, which explain their Evangelical Senſe, and ſhew the Reaſon why they are e-*

ther paraphras'd or abridg'd in such a Manner here.

At the Request of many Friends, the Author has permitted this Edition in a smaller Form, to render it more portable and convenient for publick Worship; he therefore desires, and may reasonably demand this Piece of Justice of all his Readers, that they will not censure and condemn any Part of this Work, without a diligent Perusal of the larger Edition, wherein the Preface *and* Notes, *in the Judgment of many learned and pious Men, have given a sufficient Vindication of the whole Performance.*

Of the Use of this Psalm-Book.

The chief Design of this Work was to improve Psalmody *or* Religious Singing, *and to encourage the frequent Practice of it in publick Assemblies and private Families with more Honour and Delight; yet the Author hopes the reading of it may also entertain the Parlour and the Closet with devout Pleasure and holy Meditations. Therefore he would request his Readers, at proper Seasons, to peruse it through; and among* 340 *sacred Hymns they may find out several that suit their own Case and Temper, or the Circumstances of their Families and Friends; they*

may

may teach their Children such as are proper for their Age, and by treasuring them in their Memory they may be furnish'd for pious Retirement, or may entertain their Friends with holy Melody.

Of chusing or finding the Psalm.

The Perusal of the whole Book will acquaint every Reader with the Author's Method, and by consulting the Index *or* Table *of* Contents *at the End, he may find Hymns very proper for many Occasions of the Christian Life and Worship; though no Copy of* David's Psalter *can provide for all, as I have shewn in the* Preface.

Or if he remember the first Line of any Psalm, the Table of the first Lines *will direct where to find it.*

Or if any shall think it best to sing all the Psalms in Order in Churches or Families, it may be done with Profit; provided those Psalms be omitted that refer to special Occurrences of Nations, Churches, or single Christians.

Of naming the Psalms.

Let the Number of the Psalm be named distinctly, together with the particular Metre, and particular Part of it: As for Instance;

Let us sing the 33d Psalm, 2d Part. Common Metre; *or*, Let us sing the 91st Psalm, 1st Part, beginning at the Pause: *or*, ending at the Pause; *or*, Let us sing the 84th Psalm as the 148th Psalm, *&c. And then read over the first Stanza before you begin to sing, that the People may find it in their Books, whether you sing with or without reading Line by Line.*

Of dividing the Psalm.

If the Psalm be too long for the Time or Custom of Singing, there are Pauses *in many of them, at which you may properly rest: Or you may leave out those Verses which are included in Crotchets* [ ] *without disturbing the Sense: Or in some Places you may begin to sing at a Pause.*

Do not always confine your selves to six Stanza's, *but sing seven or eight, rather than confound the Sense, and abuse the Psalm in solemn Worship.*

Of the Manner of Singing.

It were to be wish'd that all Congregations and private Families would sing as they do in foreign Protestant Countries without reading Line by Line. Tho' the Author has done what

what he could to make the Sense compleat in every Line or two, yet many Inconveniencies will always attend this unhappy Manner of Singing: But where it cannot be alter'd, these two Things may give some Relief.

First, *Let as many as can do it bring* Psalm-Books *with them, and look on the Words while they sing, so far as to make the Sense compleat.*

Secondly, *Let the Clerk read the whole Psalm over aloud before he begins to parcel out the Lines, that the People may have some Notion of what they sing; and not be forc'd to drag on heavily through eight tedious Syllables without any Meaning, till the next Line come to give the Sense of them.*

It were to be wish'd also that we might not dwell so long upon every single Note, and produce the Syllables to such a tiresom Extent with a constant Uniformity of Time; which disgraces the Musick, and puts the Congregation quite out of Breath in singing five or six Stanza's; whereas if the Method of Singing *were but reformed to a greater Speed of Pronunciation, we might often enjoy the Pleasure of a longer Psalm with less expence of Time and Breath; and our Psalmody would be more agreeable to that of the ancient Churches, more intelligible to others, and more delightful to our selves.*

The various Measures of the Verse are fitted to the Tunes of the Old PSALM-BOOK.

To the Common Tunes *sing all intitled* Common Metre.

To the Tunes *of the* 100th Psalm *sing all entitled* Long Metre.

To the Tune *of the* 25th Psalm *sing* Short Metre.

To the 50th Psalm *sing one Metre of the* 50th *and* 93d.

To the 112th *or* 127th Psalm *sing one Metre of the* 104th *and* 148th.

To the 113th Psalm *sing one Metre of the* 19th, 33d, 58th, 89th, *last Part*, 96th, 112th, 113th.

To the 122d Psalm *sing one of the Metres of the* 93d, 122d, *and* 133d.

To the 148th Psalm *sing one Metre of the* 84th, 121st, 136th, *and* 148th.

To a New Tune *sing one Metre of the* 50th *and* 115th.

Dec. 1. 1718.

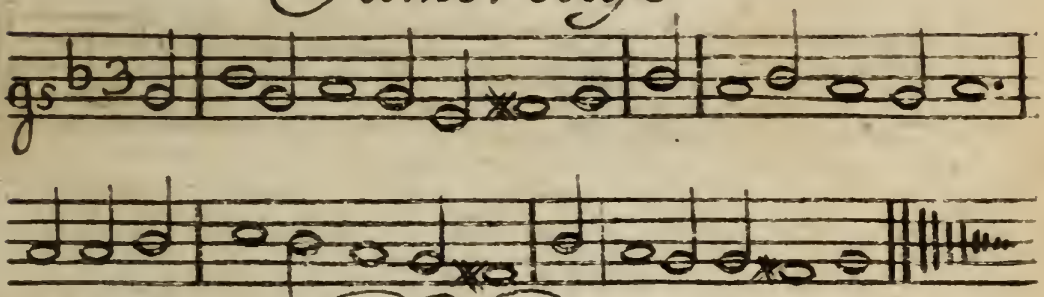
THE

Tunes in The Tenor Part Fitted to The Several Metres

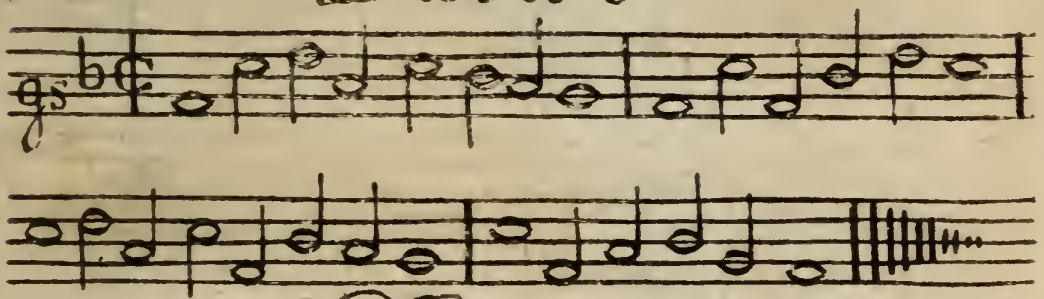
Engraved by Francis Hoffman.

Common Metre Single

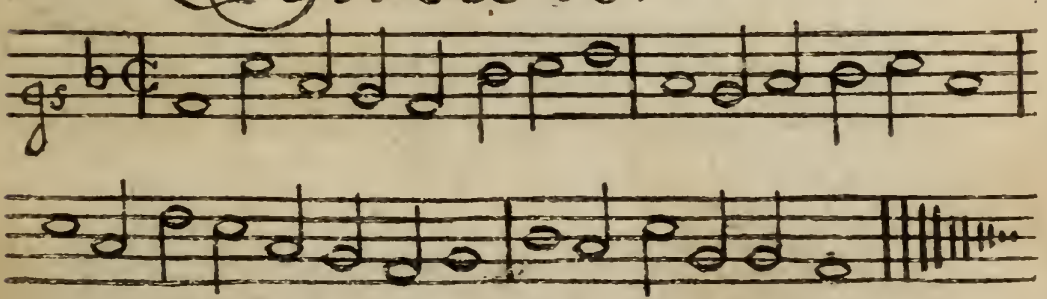
Cambridge



David's

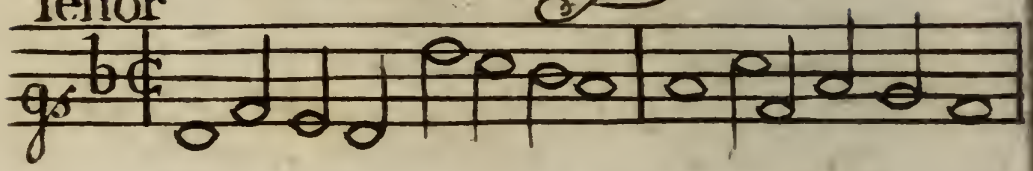


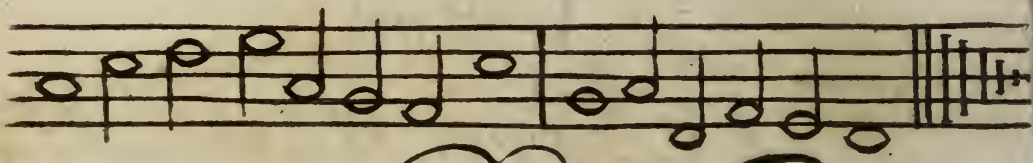
Gloucester



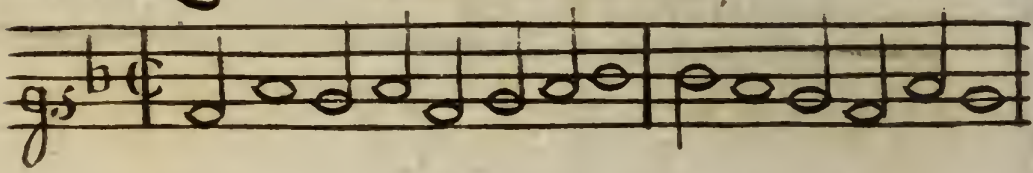
Hackney

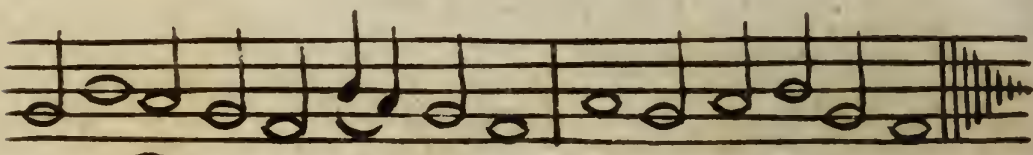
Tenor



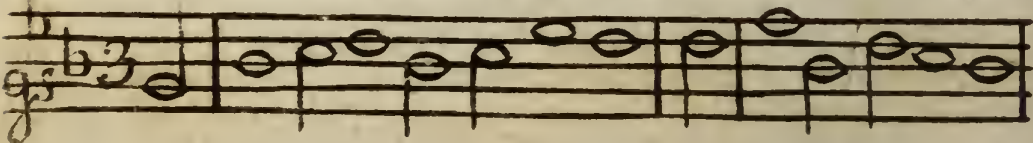


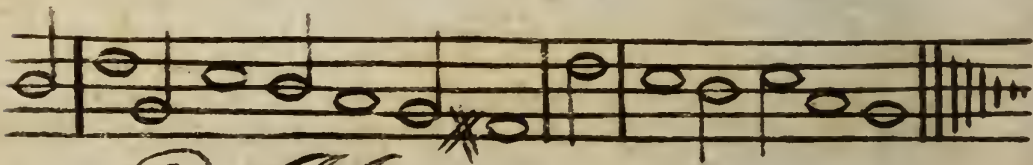
Low Dutch



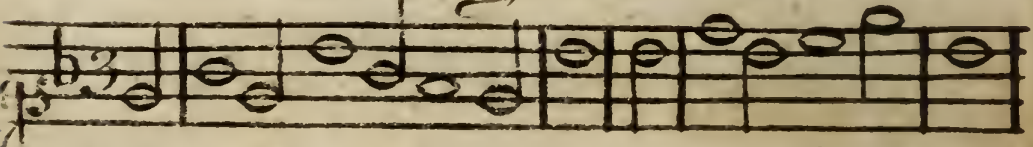


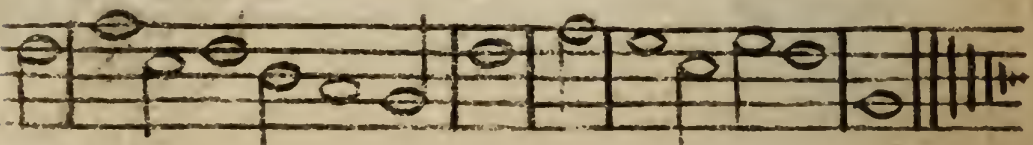
Manchester



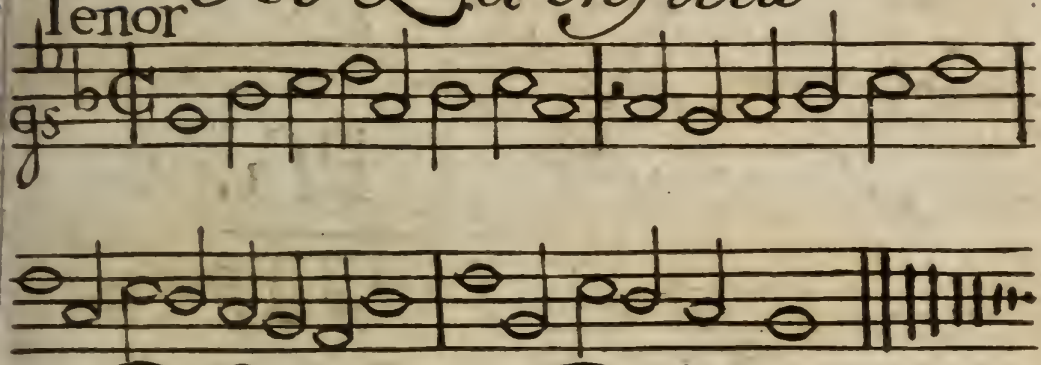


Mountyn's

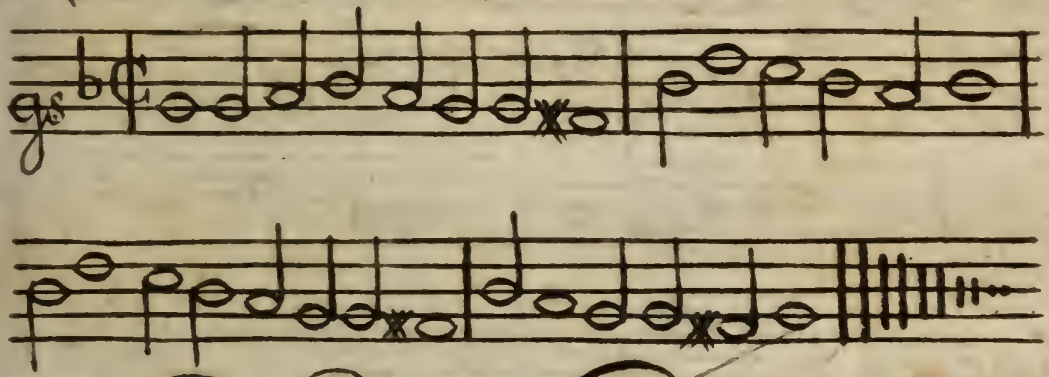




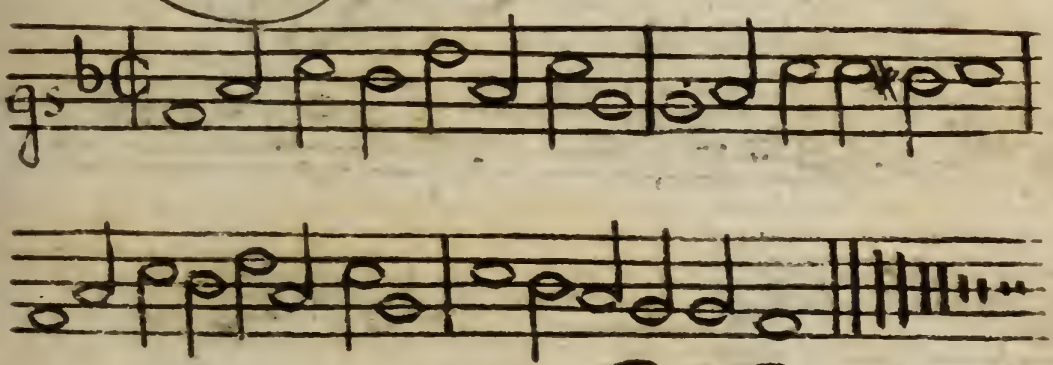
Tenor *Old Litchfield*



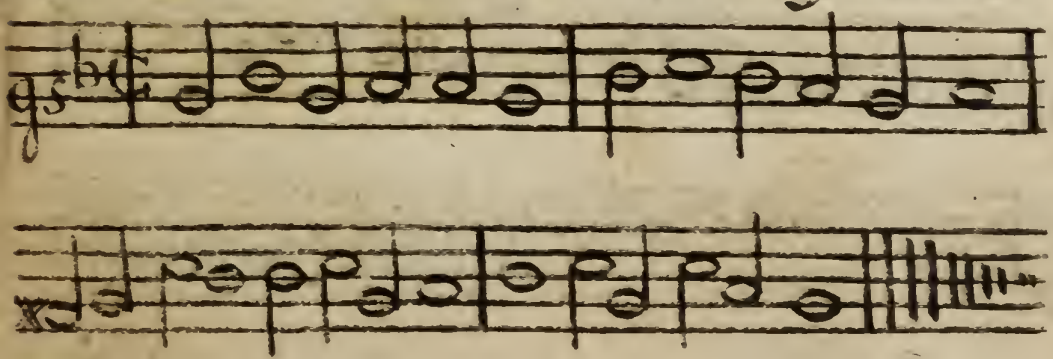
Windsor



York

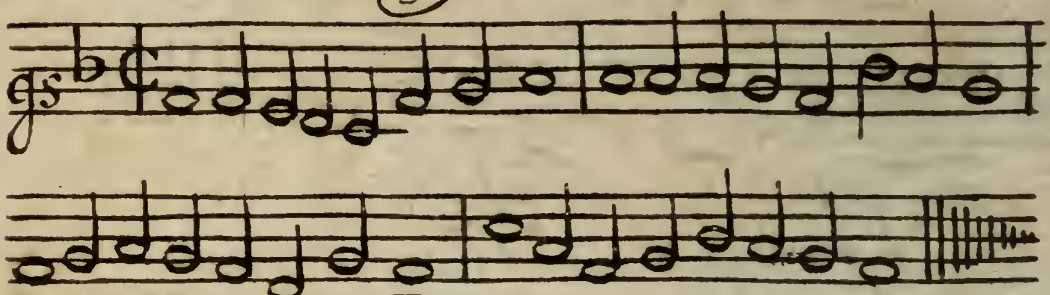


Short Metre *Southwell* or 25 Psalm.

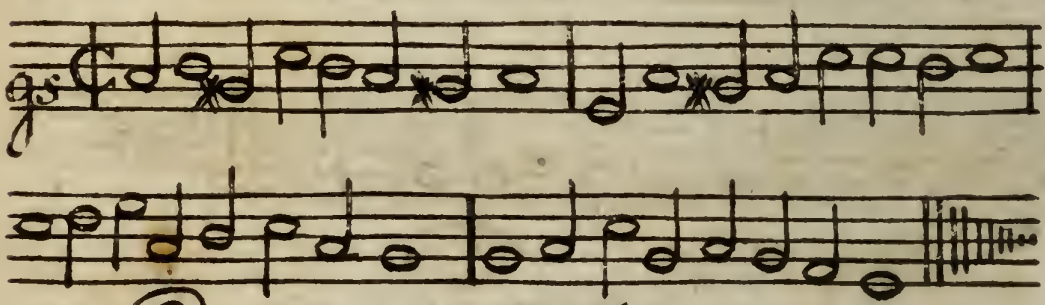


Long Metre Single

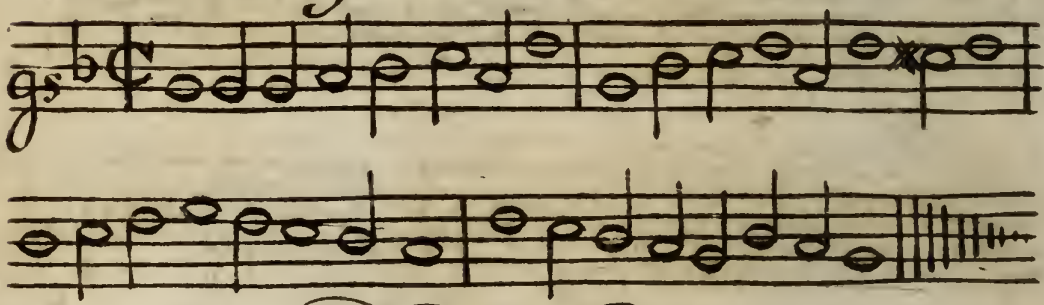
The Tune of the C Pſalm.



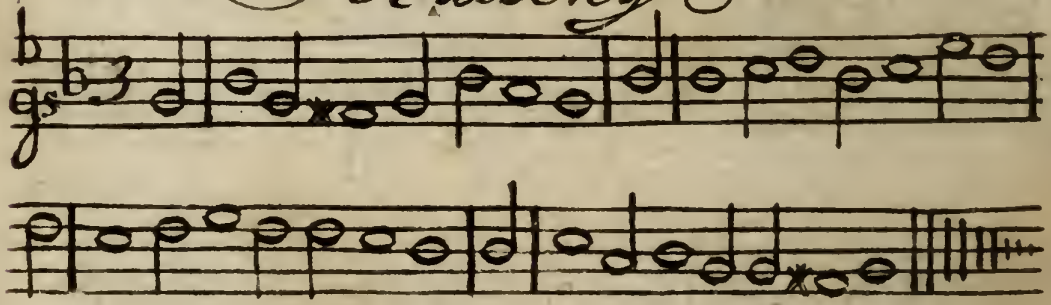
The French C Pſalm Tune.



Angels SONG

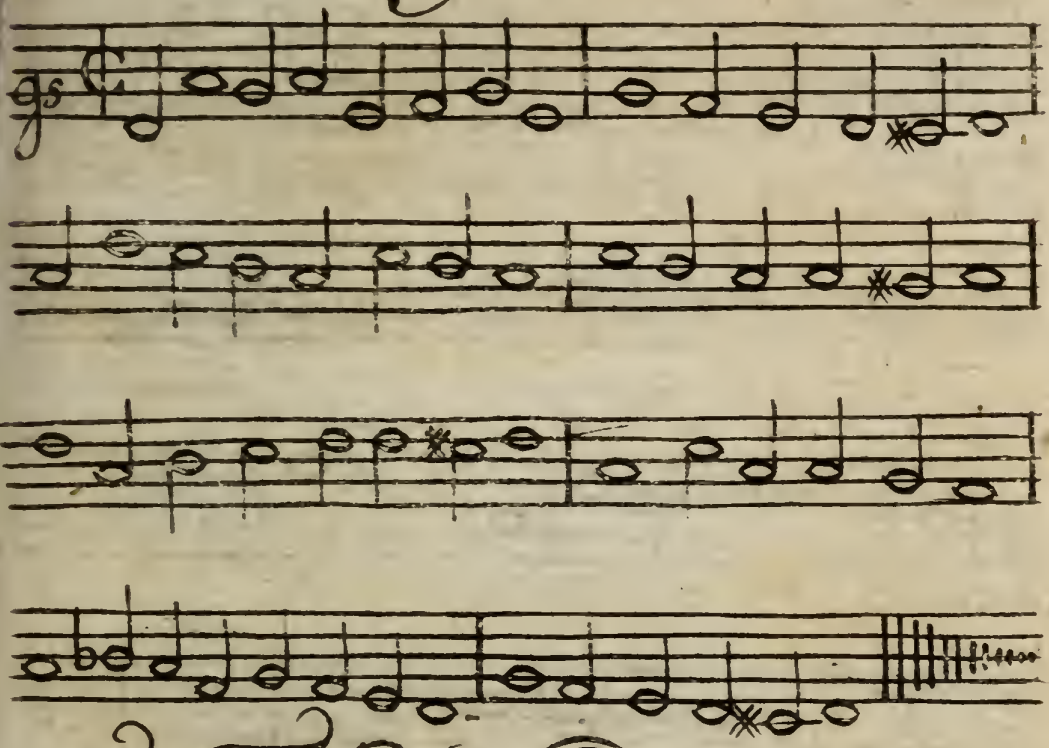


Reading

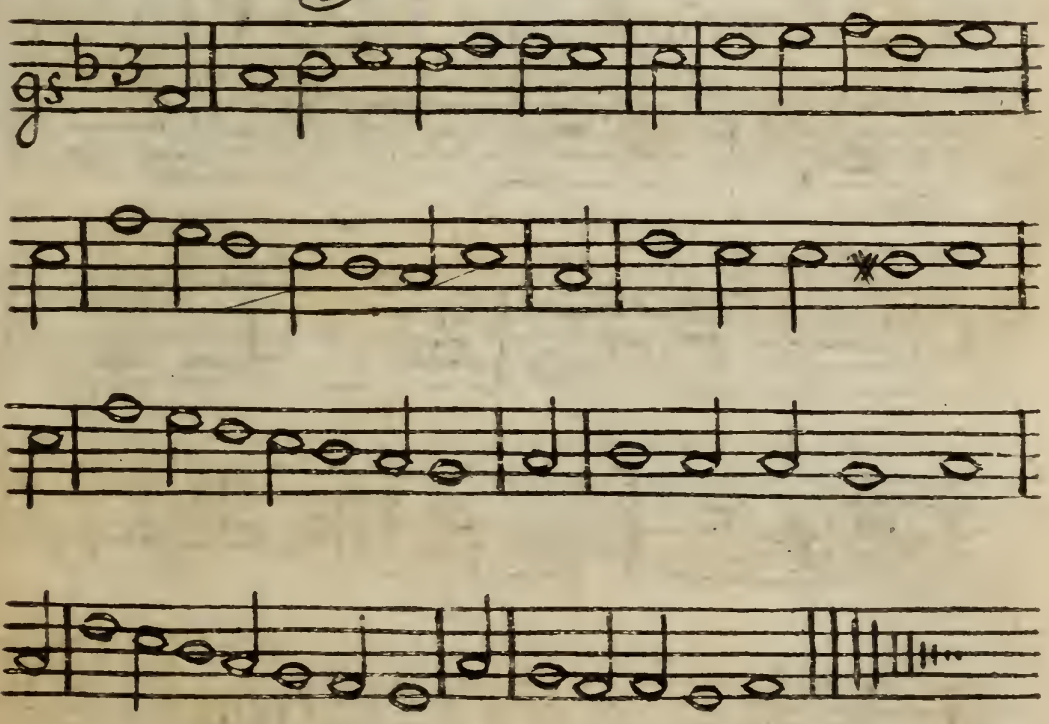


Common Metre double

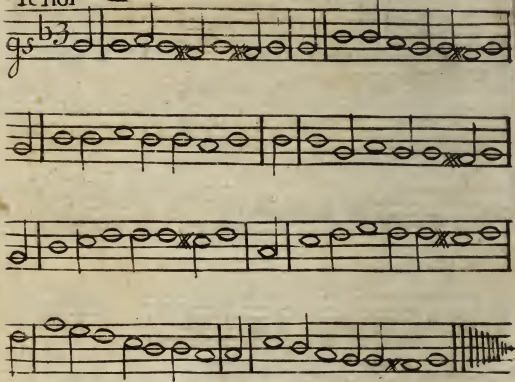
The Tune of the CXIX Psalm.



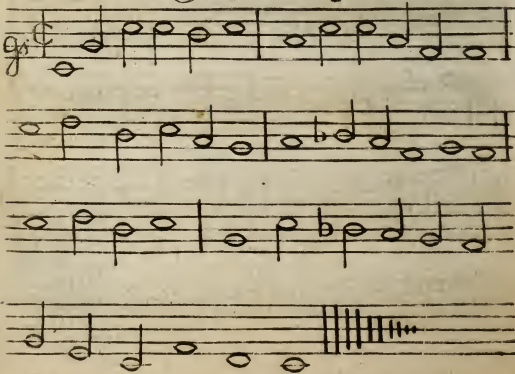
The Tune of the LXXXI Psalm.



Tenor *Lamentation*

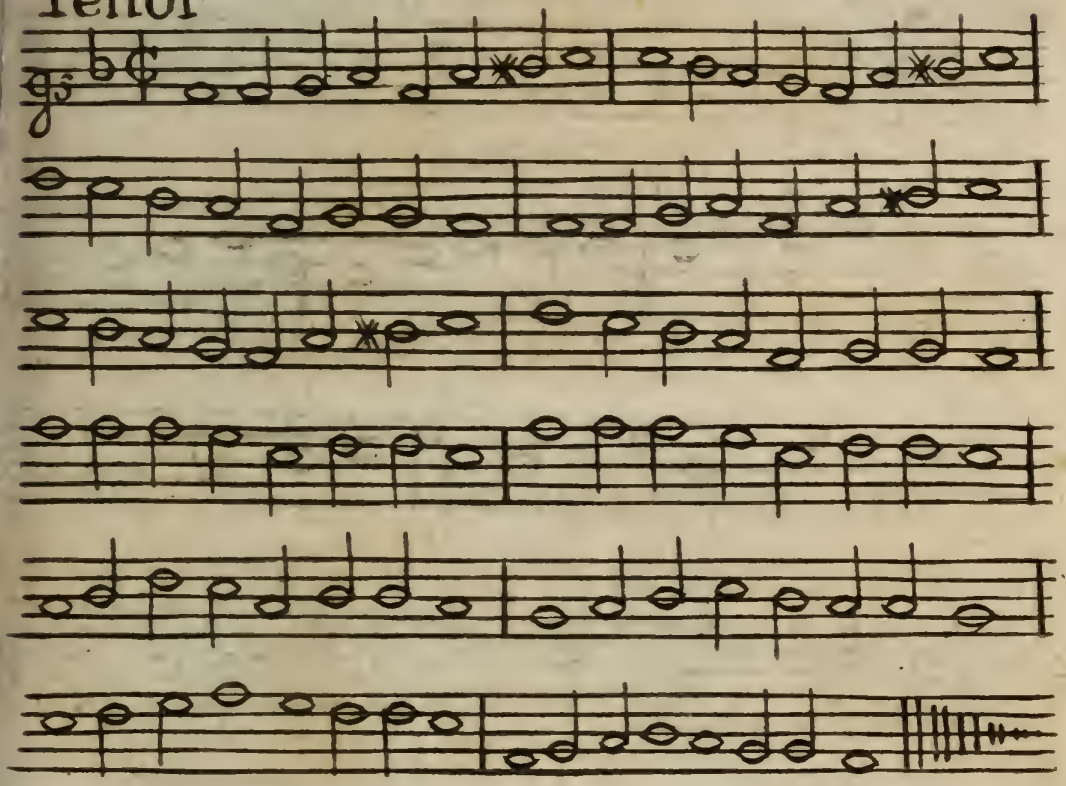


The Tune of the 148 Psalm.

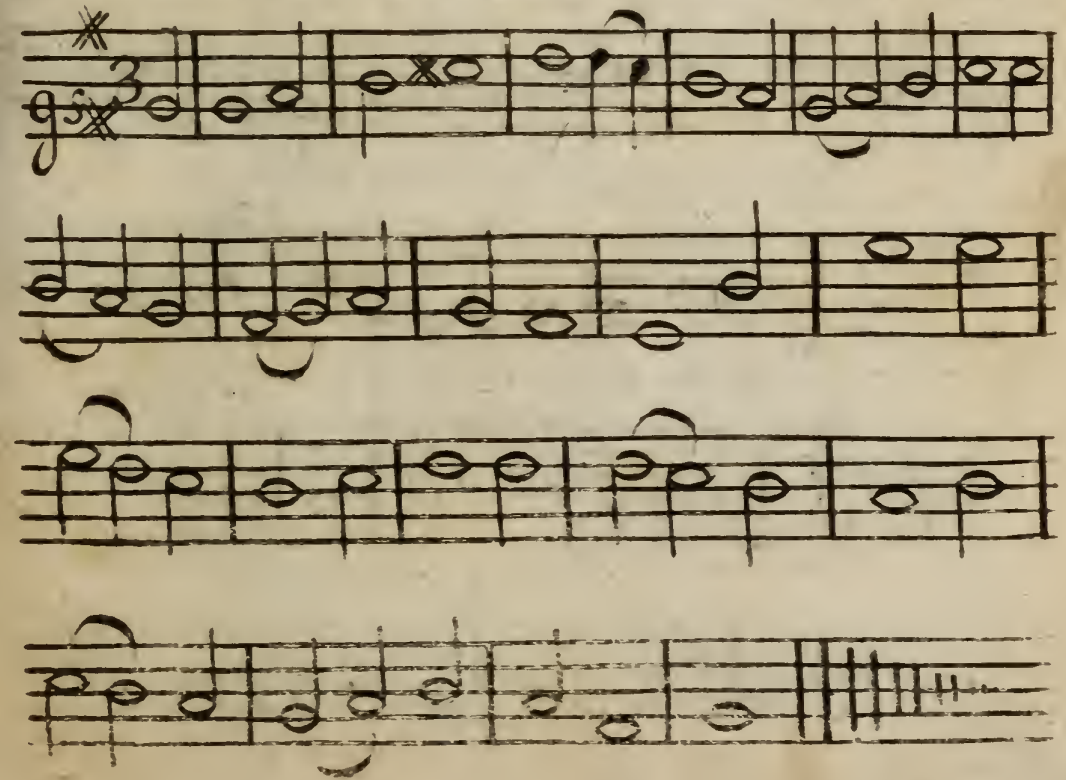


The Tune of the CXIII Psalm.

Tenor

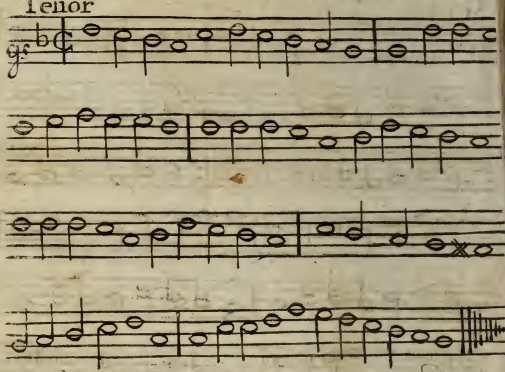


Chichester to the CXXII Psalm.

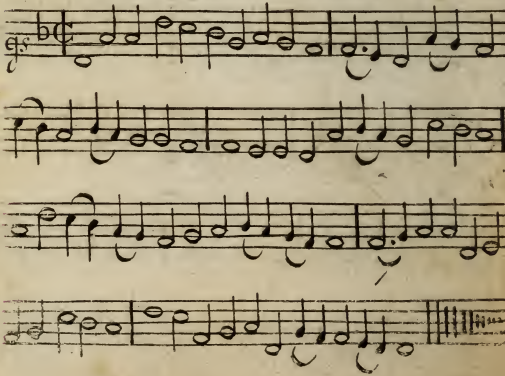


The old L. Psalm Tune

Tenor



The new L. Psalm Tune



THE PSALMS of *DAVID*, Imitated in the LANGUAGE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

PSALM I. Common Metre.

The Way and End of the Righteous and the Wicked.

1 BLEST is the Man who ſhuns the Place
Where Sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked Ways,
And hates the Scoffer's Seat.

2 But in the Statutes of the Lord,
Has plac'd his chief Delight;
By Day he reads or hears the Word,
And meditates by Night.

3 [He like a Plant of generous Kind
By living Waters ſet,
Safe from the Storms and blaſting Wind,
Enjoys a peaceful State.]

4 Green as the Leaf, and ever fair
Shall his Profeſſion ſhine;
While Fruits of Holineſs appear
Like Cluſters on the Vine.

5 Not ſo the Impious and Unjuſt;
What vain Deſigns they form!
Their Hopes are blown away like Duſt,
Or Chaff before the Storm.

6 Sinners in Judgment ſhall not ſtand
Amongſt the Sons of Grace,
When *Chriſt* the Judge at his Right-hand
Appoints his Saints a Place.

7 His Eye beholds the Path they tread,
His Heart approves it well;
But crooked Ways of Sinners lead
Down to the Gates of Hell.

PSALM I. Short Metre.

The Saint Happy, the Sinner Miſerable.

1 THE Man is ever bleſt
Who ſhuns the Sinner's Ways,
Among their Counſels never ſtands,
Nor takes the Scorner's Place.

2 But makes the Law of God
His Study and Delight,
Amidſt the Labours of the Day,
And Watches of the Night.

3 He like a Tree ſhall thrive,
With Waters near the Root:

Freſh.

Freſh as the Leaf his Name ſhall live,
His Works are heav'nly Fruit.

4 Not ſo th' ungodly Race,
They no ſuch Bleſſings find:
Their Hopes ſhall flee like empty Chaff
Before the driving Wind.

5 How will they bear to ſtand
Before that Judgment-Seat,
Where all the Saints at *Chriſt's* Right-hand
In full Aſſembly meet?

6 He knows, and he approves
The Way the Righteous go;
But Sinners and their Works ſhall meet
A dreadful Overthrow.

PSALM I. Long Metre.

The Difference between the Righteous and the Wicked.

1 HAppy the Man, whoſe cautious Feet
Shun the broad Way that Sinners go,
Who hates the Place where Atheiſts meet,
And fears to talk as Scoffers do.

2 He loves t' employ his Morning-Light
Amongſt the Statutes of the Lord;
And ſpends the wakeful Hours of Night,
With Pleaſure pond'ring o'er the Word.

3 He, like a Plant by gentle Streams,
Shall flouriſh in immortal Green;
And Heav'n will ſhine with kindeſt Beams
On ev'ry Work his Hands begin.

4 But Sinners find their Counſels croſt;
As Chaff before the Tempeſt flies,
So ſhall their Hopes be blown and loſt,
When the laſt Trumpet ſhakes the Skies.

5 In vain the Rebel seeks to stand
In Judgment with the pious Race;
The dreadful Judge with stern Command
Divides him to a different Place.

6 " Strait is the Way my Saints have trod,
" I bless't the Path, and drew it plain;
" But you would chuse the crooked Road;
" And down it leads to endless Pain.

PSALM II. Short Metre.

Translated according to the Divine Pattern, *Acts* iv. 24, *&c.*

Christ Dying, Rising, Interceding, and Reigning.

1 [MAker and Sovereign Lord
Of Heaven, and Earth, and Seas,
Thy Providence confirms thy Word,
And answers thy Decrees.

2 The Things so long foretold
By *David* are fulfill'd,
When *Jews* and *Gentiles* join'd to slay
Jesus, thine Holy Child.]

3 Why did the *Gentiles* rage,
And *Jews* with one Accord
Bend all their Counsels to destroy
Th'-Anointed of the Lord?

4 Rulers and Kings agree
To form a vain Design;
Against the Lord their Powers unite,
Against his Christ they join.

5 The Lord derides their Rage,
And will support his Throne;
He that hath rais'd Him from the Dead
Hath own'd Him for his Son.

PAUSE.

PAUSE.

6 Now he's ascended high,
And asks to rule the Earth;
The Merit of his Blood he pleads,
And pleads his heav'nly Birth.

7 He asks, and God bestows
A large Inheritance;
Far as the World's remotest Ends
His Kingdom shall advance.

8 The Nations that rebel
Must feel his Iron Rod;
He'll vindicate those Honours well
Which he receiv'd from God.

9 [Be wise, ye Rulers, now,
And worship at his Throne;
With trembling Joy, ye People, bow
To God's exalted Son.

10 If once his Wrath arise,
Ye perish on the Place;
Then blessed is the Soul that flies
For Refuge to his Grace.]

PSALM II. Common Metre.

1 WHY did the Nations join to slay
The Lord's Anointed Son?
Why did they cast his Laws away,
And tread his Gospel down?

2 The Lord that sits above the Skies,
Derides their Rage below,
He speaks with Vengeance in his Eyes,
And strikes their Spirits thro'.

3 "I call him my Eternal Son,
"And raise him from the Dead;

" I make my holy Hill his Throne,
" And wide his Kingdom ſpread.

4 " Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy
" The utmoſt *Heathen* Lands:
" Thy Rod of Iron ſhall deſtroy
" The Rebel that withſtands.

5 Be wiſe, ye Rulers of the Earth,
Obey th' Anointed Lord,
Adore the King of heav'nly Birth,
And tremble at his Word.

6 With humble Love addreſs his Throne:
For if he frown, ye die:
Thoſe are ſecure, and thoſe alone
Who on his Grace rely.

PSALM II. Long Metre.

Chriſt's Death, Reſurrection, and Aſcenſion.

1 WHY did the *Jews* proclaim their Rage?
The *Romans* why their Swords employ?
Againſt the Lord their Pow'rs engage
His dear Anointed to deſtroy?

2 " Come, let us break his Bands, they ſay,
" This Man ſhall never give us Laws;
And thus they caſt his Yoke away,
And nail'd the Monarch to the Croſs.

3 But God, who high in Glory reigns,
Laughs at their Pride, their Rage controuls;
He'll vex their Hearts with inward Pains,
And ſpeak in Thunder to their Souls.

4 " I will maintain the King I made
" On *Zion*'s everlaſting Hill,
" My Hand ſhall bring him from the Dead,
" And he ſhall ſtand your Sovereign ſtill.

5 [His wond'rous Rising from the Earth
Makes his Eternal Godhead known;
The Lord declares his heavenly Birth;
" This Day have I begot my Son.

6 " Ascend, my Son, to my Right-hand,
" There, thou shalt ask, and I bestow
" The utmost Bounds of Heathen Lands;
" To thee the *Northern* Isles shall bow.]

7 But Nations that resist his Grace
Shall fall beneath his Iron Stroke;
His Rod shall crush his Foes with Ease,
As Potters Earthen Work is broke.

PAUSE.

8 Now ye that sit on earthly Thrones,
Be wise, and serve the Lord, the Lamb;
Now to his Feet submit you Crowns,
Rejoice and tremble at his Name.

9 With humble Love address the Son,
Lest he grow angry, and ye die;
His Wrath will burn to Worlds unknown,
If ye provoke his Jealousy.

10 His Storms shall drive you quick to Hell,
He is a God, and ye but Dust:
Happy the Souls that know him well,
And make his Grace their only Trust.

PSALM III. Common Metre.

Doubts and Fears suppress! or, *God our Defence from Sin and Satan.*

1 MY God, how many are my Fears!
How fast my Foes increase!
Conspiring my eternal Death
They break my present Peace.

2 The

2 The lying Tempter would perſwade
There's no Relief in Heaven.
And all my ſwelling Sins appear
Too big to be forgiven.

3 But thou, my Glory and my Strength,
Shalt on the Tempter tread,
Shalt ſilence all my threat'ning Guilt,
And raiſe my drooping Head.

4 [I cry'd, and from his holy Hill
He bow'd a liſt'ning Ear;
I call my Father, and my God,
And he ſubdu'd my Fear.

5 He ſhed ſoft Slumbers on mine Eyes
In ſpight of all my Foes;
I 'woke, and wonder'd at the Grace
That guarded my Repoſe.]

6 What tho' the Hoſts of Death and Hell
All arm'd againſt me ſtood,
Terrors no more ſhall ſhake my Soul;
My Refuge is my God.

7 Ariſe, O Lord, fulfil thy Grace,
While I thy Glory ſing:
My God has broke the Serpent's Teeth,
And Death has loſt his Sting.

8 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
His Arm alone can ſave:
Bleſſings attend thy People here,
And reach beyond the Grave.

PSALM III. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8. Long Metre.

A Morning Pſalm.

1 O Lord, how many are my Foes
In this weak State of Fleſh and Blood!

My

My Peace they daily discompose,
But my Defence and Hope is God.

Tir'd with the Burdens of the Day
To Thee I rais'd an Evening-Cry:
Thou heard'st when I began to pray,
And thine Almighty Help was nigh.

Supported by thine heavenly Aid
I laid me down and slept secure:
Not Death should make my Heart afraid
Tho' I should wake and rise no more.

But God sustain'd me all the Night;
Salvation doth to God belong;
He rais'd my Head to see the Light,
And makes his Praise my Morning-Song.

PSALM IV. 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7. Long Metre.

Hearing of Prayer; or, *God our Portion, and Christ our Hope.*

1 O God of Grace and Righteousness,
Hear and attend when I complain:
Thou hast enlarg'd me in Distress,
Bow down a gracious Ear again.

2 Ye Sons of Men, in vain ye try
To turn my Glory into Shame;
How long will Scoffers love to lie,
And dare reproach my Saviour's Name?

3 Know that the Lord divides his Saints
From all the Tribes of Men beside:
He hears the Cry of Penitents
For the dear Sake of *Christ* that dy'd.

4 When our obedient Hands have done
A thousand Works of Righteousness,

We

We put our Truſt in God alone,
And glory in his pard'ning Grace.

5 Let the unthinking Many ſay,
" *Who will beſtow ſome earthly Good?*
But, Lord, thy Light and Love we pray;
Our Souls deſire this heavenly Food.

6 Then ſhall my chearful Pow'rs rejoice
At Grace and Favour ſo divine,
Nor will I change my happy Choice
For all their Corn, and all their Wine.

PSALM IV. 3, 4, 5, 8. Common Metre.

An Evening Pſalm.

1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am for ever thine;
I fear before thee all the Day,
Nor would I dare to ſin.

2 And while I reſt my weary Head
From Cares and Buſineſs free,
'Tis ſweet converſing on my Bed
With my own Heart and Thee.

3 I pay this Evening Sacrifice;
And when my Work is done,
Great God, my Faith and Hope relies
Upon thy Grace alone.

4 Thus with my Thoughts compos'd to Peace,
I'll give mine Eyes to ſleep;
Thy Hand in Safety keeps my Days,
And will my Slumbers keep.

PSALM V.

For the Lord's-Day Morning.

1 LORD, in the Morning thou ſhalt hear
My Voice aſcending high;

T

To Thee will I direct my Pray'r,
To Thee lift up mine Eye.

2 Up to the Hills where *Christ* is gone
To plead for all his Saints,
Presenting at his Father's Throne
Our Songs and our Complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whose Sight
The Wicked shall not stand,
Sinners shall ne'er be thy Delight,
Nor dwell at thy Right-hand.

4 But to thy House will I resort
To taste thy Mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy Court,
And worship in thy Fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my Feet
In Ways of Righteousness!
Make every Path of Duty strait,
And plain before my Face.

PAUSE.

6 My watchful Enemies combine
To tempt my Feet astray;
They flatter with a base Design,
To make my Soul their Prey.

7 Lord, crush the Serpent in the Dust,
And all his Plots destroy;
While those that in thy Mercy trust;
For ever shout for Joy.

8 The Men that love and fear thy Name
Shall see their Hopes fulfill'd;
The mighty God will compass them
With Favour as a Shield.

PSALM VI. Common Metre.

Complaint in Sickneſs; or, *Diſeaſes healed.*

1 IN Anger, Lord, rebuke me not,
Withdraw the dreadful Storm;
Nor let thy Fury grow ſo hot
Againſt a feeble Worm.

2 My Soul's bow'd down with heavy Cares,
My Fleſh with Pain oppreſt:
My Couch is Witneſs to my Tears,
My Tears forbid my Reſt.

3 Sorrow and Pain wear out my Days;
I waſte the Night with Cries,
Counting the Minutes as they paſs,
'Till the ſlow Morning riſe.

4 Shall I be ſtill tormented more?
Mine Eye conſum'd with Grief?
How long, my God, how long before
Thine Hand afford Relief?

5 He hears when Duſt and Aſhes ſpeak,
He pities all our Groans,
He ſaves us for his Mercies ſake,
And heals our broken Bones.

6 The Virtue of his ſovereign Word
Reſtores our fainting Breath;
For ſilent Graves praiſe not the Lord,
Nor is he known in Death.

PSALM VI. Long Metre.

Temptations in Sickneſs overcome.

1 LORD, I can ſuffer thy Rebukes,
When thou with Kindneſs doſt chaſtiſe;
But thy fierce Wrath I cannot bear,
O let it not againſt me riſe!

2 Pity my languiſhing Eſtate,
And eaſe the Sorrows that I feel;
The Wounds thine heavy Hand hath made,
O let thy gentler Touches heal!

3 See how I paſs my weary Days
In Sighs and Groans; and when 'tis Night,
My Bed is water'd with my Tears;
My Grief conſumes, and dims my Sight.

4 Look how the Pow'rs of Nature mourn!
How long, Almighty God, how long?
When ſhall thine Hour of Grace return?
When ſhall I make thy Grace my Song?

5 I feel my Fleſh ſo near the Grave,
My Thoughts are tempted to Deſpair;
But Graves can never praiſe the Lord,
For all is Duſt and Silence there.

6 Depart, ye Tempters, from my Soul;
And all deſpairing Thoughts depart;
My God who hears my humble Moan
Will eaſe my Fleſh, and chear my Heart.

PSALM VII.

God's Care of his People, and Puniſhment of Perſecutors.

1 MY Truſt is in my heavenly Friend,
My Hope in Thee, my God;
Riſe, and my helpleſs Life defend
From thoſe that ſeek my Blood.

2 With Inſolence and Fury they
My Soul in Pieces tear,
As hungry Lions rend the Prey
When no Deliverer's near.

3 If I had e'er provok'd them first,
Or once abus'd my Foe,
Then let him tread my Life to Dust,
And lay mine Honour low.

4 If there be Malice found in me,
I know thy piercing Eyes;
I should not dare appeal to Thee,
Nor ask my God to rise.

5 Arise, my God, lift up thy Hand,
Their Pride and Pow'r controul;
Awake to Judgment, and command
Deliv'rance for my Soul.

PAUSE.

6 [Let Sinners and their wicked Rage
Be humbled to the Dust;
Shall not the God of Truth engage
To vindicate the Just!

7 He knows the Heart, he tries the Reins,
He will defend th' Upright:
His sharpest Arrows he ordains
Against the Sons of Spight.

8 For me their Malice digg'd a Pit,
But there themselves are cast;
My God makes all their Mischief light
On their own Heads at last.]

9 That cruel persecuting Race
Must feel his dreadful Sword;
Awake, my Soul, and praise the Grace,
And Justice of the Lord.

PSALM VIII. Short Metre.

d's Sovereignty and Goodneſs; and Man's Dominion over the Creatures.

O Lord, our heav'nly King,
Thy Name is all Divine;
hy Glories round the Earth are ſpread,
And o'er the Heav'ns they ſhine.

When to thy Works on high
I raiſe my wond'ring Eyes,
nd ſee the Moon complete in Light
Adorn the darkſome Skies:

When I ſurvey the Stars
And all their ſhining Forms,
ord, what is Man, that worthleſs Thing
A-kin to Duſt and Worms?

Lord, what is worthleſs Man,
That thou ſhould'ſt love him ſo?
Next to thine Angels is he plac'd,
And Lord of all below.

Thine Honours crown his Head,
While Beaſts, like Slaves, obey,
nd Birds that cut the Air with Wings,
And Fiſh that cleave the Sea.

How rich thy Bounties are!
And wond'rous are thy Ways:
)f Duſt and Worms thy Pow'r can frame
A Monument of Praiſe.

[Out of the Mouths of Babes
And Sucklings thou canſt draw
urprizing Honours to thy Name,
And ſtrike the World with Awe.

8 O Lord, our heav'nly King,
Thy Name is all Divine:
[Thy Glories round the Earth are ſpread,
And o'er the Heav'ns they ſhine.]

PSALM VIII. Common Metre.

Chriſt's Condeſcenſion and Glorification; or, *God mad Man.*

1 O Lord, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted Name!
The Glories of thy heav'nly State
Let Men and Babes proclaim.

2 When I behold thy Works on high,
The Moon that rules the Night,
And Stars that well adorn the Sky,
Thoſe moving Worlds of Light.

3 Lord, what is Man, or all his Race,
Who dwells ſo far below,
That thou ſhould'ſt viſit him with Grace,
And love his Nature ſo?

4 That thine eternal Son ſhould bear
To take a mortal Form,
Made lower than his Angels are,
To ſave a dying Worm.

5 [Yet while he liv'd on Earth unknown,
And Men would not adore,
Th' obedient Seas and Fiſhes own
His Godhead and his Pow'r.

6 The Waves lay ſpread beneath his Feet;
And Fiſh at his Command
Bring their large Shoals to *Peter*'s Net,
Bring Tribute to his Hand.

7 These lesser Glories of the Son
Shone thro' the fleshly Cloud;
Now we behold him on his Throne,
And Men confess him God.]

8 Let him be crown'd with Majesty
Who bow'd his Head to Death;
And be his Honours sounded high,
By all Things that have Breath.

9 *Jesus*, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted Name!
The Glories of thy heavenly State
Let the whole Earth proclaim.

PSALM VIII. *Verse* 1, 2. *Paraphras'd.*

First Part. Long Metre.

The Hosanna *of the Children*; or, *Infants praising God.*

1 ALmighty Ruler of the Skies,
Thro' the wide Earth thy Name is spread,
And thine eternal Glories rise
O'er all the Heav'ns thy Hands have made.

2 To thee the Voices of the Young
A Monument of Honour raise;
And Babes with uninstructed Tongue
Declare the Wonders of thy Praise.

3 Thy Pow'r assists their tender Age
To bring proud Rebels to the Ground,
To still the bold Blasphemer's Rage,
And all their Policies confound.

4 Children amidst thy Temple throng
To see their great Redeemer's Face;
The Son of *David* is their Song,
And young *Hosanna*'s fill the Place.

5 The frowning Scribes and angry Priests
In vain their impious Cavils bring;
Revenge sits silent in their Breasts,
While *Jewish* Babes proclaim their King.

PSALM VIII. *Verse* 3, &c. *Paraphras'd.*

Second Part. Long Metre.

Adam *and* Christ, *Lords of the Old and New Creation.*

1 LORD, what was Man, when made at first,
Adam the Offspring of the Dust,
That thou should'st set him and his Race
But just below an Angel's Place?

2 That thou should'st raise his Nature so,
And make him Lord of all below,
Make every Beast and Bird submit,
And lay the Fishes as his Feet?

3 But O what brighter Glories wait
To crown the second *Adam*'s State?
What Honours shall thy Son adorn
Who condescended to be born?

4 See him below his Angels made;
See him in Dust amongst the Dead,
To save a ruin'd World from Sin:
But he shall reign with Pow'r divine.

5 The World to come Redeem'd from all
The Miseries that attend the Fall,
New made, and glorious, shall submit
At our exalted Saviour's Feet.

PSALM IX. *First Part.*

Wrath and Mercy from the Judgment-Seat.

1 WITH my whole Heart I'll raise my Song,
Thy Wonders I'll proclaim,

Tho

Thou sov'reign Judge of Right and Wrong
Wilt put my Foes to shame.

2 I'll sing thy Majesty and Grace;
My God prepares his Throne
To judge the World in Righteousness,
And make his Vengeance known.

3 Then shall the Lord a Refuge prove
For all the Poor oppress;
To save the People of his Love,
And give the Weary Rest.

4 The Men that know thy Name will trust
In thy abundant Grace;
For thou hast ne'er forsook the Just,
Who humbly seek thy Face.

5 Sing Praises to the Righteous Lord,
Who dwells on *Zion*'s Hill,
Who executes his threat'ning Word,
And doth his Grace fulfil.

PSALM IX. *Verse* 12. *Second Part.*

The Wisdom and Equity of Providence.

1 WHEN the great Judge Supreme and Just,
Shall once enquire for Blood,
The humble Souls that mourn in Dust
Shall find a faithful God.

2 He from the dreadful Gates of Death
Does his own Children raise:
In *Zion*'s Gates with chearful Breath
They sing their Father's Praise.

3 His Foes shall fall with heedless Feet
Into the Pit they made;
And Sinners perish in the Net
That their own Hands have spread.

4 Thus by thy Judgments, mighty God,
Are thy deep Counsels known;
When Men of Mischief are destroy'd,
The Snare must be their own.

PAUSE.

5 The Wicked shall sink down to Hell;
Thy Wrath devour the Lands
That dare forget Thee, or rebel
Against thy known Commands.

6 Tho' Saints to sore Distress are brought,
And wait and long complain,
Their Cries shall not be still forgot,
Nor shall their Hopes be vain.

7 [Rise, great Redeemer, from thy Seat
To judge and save the Poor;
Let Nations tremble at thy Feet,
And Man prevail no more.

8 Thy Thunder shall affright the Proud,
And put their Hearts to Pain,
Make 'em confess that thou art God,
And they but feeble Men.]

PSALM X.

Prayer heard, and Saints saved; or, *Pride, Atheism, and Oppression punish'd.*

For a Humiliation Day.

1 WHY doth the Lord stand off so far?
And why conceal his Face,
When great Calamities appear,
And Times of deep Distress?

2 Lord, shall the Wicked still deride
Thy Justice and thy Power?

Shall they advance their Heads in Pride,
And ſtill thy Saints devour?

They put thy Judgments from their ſight,
And then inſult the Poor;
They boaſt in their exalted Height,
That they ſhall fall no more.

Ariſe, O God, lift up thine Hand;
Attend our humble Cry;
No Enemy ſhall dare to ſtand
When God aſcends on high.

PAUSE.

Why do the Men of Malice rage,
And ſay with fooliſh Pride,
" *The God of Heav'n will ne'r engage*
" *To fight on* Zion's *Side.*

But thou for ever art our Lord;
And pow'rful is thine Hand,
As when the Heathens felt thy Sword,
And periſh'd from thy Land.

Thou wilt prepare our Hearts to pray,
And cauſe thine Ear to hear;
He hearkens what his Children ſay,
And puts the World in Fear.

Proud Tyrants ſhall no more oppreſs,
No more deſpiſe the Juſt;
And mighty Sinners ſhall confeſs
They are but Earth and Duſt.

PSALM XI.

God loves the Righteous, and hates the Wicked.

MY Refuge is the God of Love,
Why do my Foes inſult and cry,

" *Fly like a timorous trembling Dove,*
" *To distant Woods or Mountains fly.*

2 If Government be all destroy'd,
(That firm Foundation of our Peace)
And Violence make Justice void,
Where shall the Righteous seek Redress?

3 The Lord in Heaven has fix'd his Throne,
His Eye surveys the World below;
To him all mortal Things are known,
His Eye-lids search our Spirits thro'.

4 If he afflicts his Saints so far
To prove their Love, and try their Grace,
What may the bold Transgressors fear?
His very Soul abhors their Ways.

5 On impious Wretches he shall rain
Tempests of Brimstone, Fire and Death,
Such as he kindled on the Plain
Of *Sodom*, with his angry Breath.

6 The righteous Lord loves righteous Souls,
Whose Thoughts and Actions are sincere,
And with a gracious Eye beholds
The Men that his own Image bear.

PSALM XII. Long Metre.

The Saint's Safety and Hope in evil Times; or, *Sins of the Tongue complain'd of* (viz.) *Blasphemy, Falshood*, &c.

1 LORD, if thou dost not soon appear,
Vertue and Truth will fly away;
A faithful Man amongst us here
Will scarce be found, if thou delay.

2 The whole Discourse when Neighbours meet,
Is fill'd with Trifles loose and vain;

Their

Their Lips are Flattery and Deceit,
And their proud Language is profane.

3 But Lips that with Deceit abound
Shall not maintain their Triumph long;
The God of Vengeance will confound
The flattering and blaſpheming Tongue.

4 " *Yet ſhall our Words be free,* they cry;
" *Our Tongues ſhall be controul'd by none.*
" *Where is the Lord will ask us why?*
" *Or ſay, our Lips are not our own?*

5 The Lord who ſees the Poor oppreſt,
And hears th' Oppreſſor's haughty Strain,
Will riſe to give his Children Reſt,
Nor ſhall they truſt his Word in vain.

6 Thy Word, O Lord, tho' often try'd,
Void of Deceit ſhall ſtill appear;
Not Silver ſeven times purify'd
From Droſs and Mixture ſhines ſo clear.

7 Thy Grace ſhall in the darkeſt Hour
Defend the holy Soul from Harm;
Tho' when the vileſt Men have Power
On every ſide will Sinners ſwarm.

PSALM XII. Common Metre.

Complaint of a general Corruption of Manners, or, *The Promiſe and Signs of Chriſt's coming to Judgment.*

1 HELP, Lord, for Men of Vertue fail,
Religion loſes Ground;
The Sons of Violence prevail,
And Treacheries abound.

2 Their Oaths and Promiſes they break,
Yet act the Flatterer's Part;
With fair deceitful Lips they ſpeak,
And with a double Heart.

3 If we reprove ſome hateful Lie,
How is their Fury ſtirr'd?
" *Are not our Lips our own*, they cry,
" *And who ſhall be our Lord.*

4 Scoffers appear on every Side,
Where a vile Race of Men
Is rais'd to Seats of Pow'r and Pride,
And bears the Sword in vain.

PAUSE.

5 Lord, when Iniquities abound,
And Blaſphemy grows bold,
When Faith is hardly to be found,
And Love is waxing cold:

6 Is not thy Chariot haſt'ning on?
Haſt thou not giv'n this Sign?
May we not truſt and live upon
A Promiſe ſo divine?

7 " Yes, ſaith the Lord, now will I riſe,
" And make Oppreſſors flee;
" I ſhall appear to their Surprize,
" And ſet my Servants free.

8 Thy Word, like Silver ſeven times try'd,
Thro' Ages ſhall endure;
The Men that in thy Truth confide
Shall find the Promiſe ſure.

PSALM XIII. Long Metre.

Pleading with God under Desertion; or, *Hope in Darkness.*

1 HOW long, O Lord, shall I complain
Like one that seeks his God in vain?
Can'st thou thy Face for ever hide?
And I still pray, and be deny'd?

2 Shall I for ever be forgot
As one whom thou regardest not?
Still shall my Soul thine Absence mourn?
And still despair of thy Return?

3 How long shall my poor troubled Breast
Be with these anxious Thoughts oppress?
And *Satan*, my malicious Foe,
Rejoice to see me sunk so low?

4 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick Relief,
Before my Death conclude my Grief.
If thou with-hold thy heavenly Light,
I sleep in everlasting Night.

5 How will the Pow'rs of Darkness boast
If but one praying Soul be lost?
But I have trusted in thy Grace,
And shall again behold thy Face.

6 Whate'er my Fears or Foes suggest,
Thou art my Hope, my Joy, my Rest.
My Heart shall feel thy Love, and raise
My chearful Voice to Songs of Praise.

PSALM XIII. Common Metre.

Complaint under Temptations of the Devil.

1 HOW long wilt thou conceal thy Face?
My God, how long delay?

When ſhall I feel thoſe heavenly Rays
That chaſe my Fears away?

2 How long ſhall my poor lab'ring Soul
Wreſtle and toil in vain?
Thy Word can all my Foes controul,
And eaſe my raging Pain.

3 See how the Prince of Darkneſs tries
All his malicious Arts,
He ſpreads a Miſt around my Eyes,
And throws his fiery Darts.

4 Be thou my Sun, and thou my Shield,
My Soul in Safety keep;
Make haſte before mine Eyes are ſeal'd
In Death's eternal Sleep.

5 How would the Tempter boaſt aloud
If I become his Prey!
Behold the Sons of Hell grow proud
At thy ſo long Delay.

6 But they ſhall fly at thy Rebuke,
And *Satan* hide his Head;
He knows the Terrors of thy Look,
And hears thy Voice with Dread.

7 Thou wilt diſplay that ſovereign Grace
Where all my Hopes have hung;
I ſhall employ my Lips in Praiſe,
And Vict'ry ſhall be ſung.

PSALM XIV. First Part.

By Nature all Men are Sinners.

1 FOOLS in their Hearts believe and ſay,
"That all Religion's vain,
"There is no God that reigns on high,
"Or minds th' Affairs of Men.

2 From

2 From Thoughts so dreadful and profane
Corrupt Discourse proceeds;
And in their impious Hands are found
Abominable Deeds.

3 The Lord from his Celestial Throne
Look'd down on Things below,
To find the Man that sought his Grace,
Or did his Justice know.

4 By Nature all are gone astray,
Their Practice all the same;
There's none that fears his Maker's Hand,
There's none that loves his Name.

5 Their Tongues are us'd to speak Deceit,
Their Slanders never cease;
How swift to Mischief are their Feet,
Nor know the Paths of Peace!

6 Such Seeds of Sin (that bitter Root)
In ev'ry Heart are found;
Nor can they bear diviner Fruit,
Till Grace refine the Ground.

PSALM XIV. Second Part.

The Folly of Persecutors.

1 ARE Sinners now so senseless grown
That they the Saints devour?
And never worship at thy Throne,
Nor fear thine awful Power?

2 Great God, appear to their Surprize,
Reveal the dreadful Name;
Let them no more thy Wrath despise,
Nor turn our Hope to Shame.

3 Dost thou not dwell among the Just,
And yet our Foes deride,

That we ſhould make thy Name our Truſt:
Great God, confound their Pride.

4 O that the joyful Day were come
To finiſh our Diſtreſs!
When God ſhall bring his Children home,
Our Songs ſhall never ceaſe.

PSALM XV. Common Metre.

Characters of a Saint; or, *a Citizen of* Zion; or, *the Qualifications of a Chriſtian.*

1 WHO ſhall inhabit in thy Hill,
O God of Holineſs?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his Throne of Grace?

2 The Man that walks in pious Ways,
And works with righteous Hands;
That truſts his Maker's Promiſes,
And follows his Commands.

3 He ſpeaks the Meaning of his Heart,
Nor ſlanders with his Tongue;
Will ſcarce believe an ill Report,
Nor do his Neighbour Wrong.

4 The wealthy Sinner he contemns,
Loves all that fear the Lord;
And tho' to his own Hurt he ſwears,
Still he performs his Word.

5 His Hands diſdain a golden Bribe,
And never gripe the Poor.
This Man ſhall dwell with God on Earth,
And find his Heaven ſecure.

eligion and Juſtice, Goodneſs and Truth; or, *Duties to God and Man*; or, *the Qualifications of a Chriſtian.*

WHO ſhall aſcend thy heav'nly Place,
Great God, and dwell before thy Face?
The Man that minds Religion now,
And humbly walks with God below.

2 Whoſe Hands are pure, whoſe Heart is clean;
Whoſe Lips ſtill ſpeak the thing they mean;
No Slanders dwell upon his Tongue:
He hates to do his Neighbour Wrong.

3 [Scarce will he truſt an ill Report,
Nor vents it to his Neighbour's Hurt:
Sinners of State he can deſpiſe,
But Saints are honour'd in his Eyes.]

4 [Firm to his Word he ever ſtood,
And always makes his Promiſe good;
Nor dares to change the thing he ſwears,
Whatever Pain or Loſs he bears.]

5 [He never deals in bribing Gold,
And mourns that Juſtice ſhould be ſold:
While others gripe and grind the Poor,
Sweet Charity attends his Door.]

6 He loves his Enemies, and prays
For thoſe that curſe him to his Face:
And doth to all Men ſtill the ſame
That he would hope or wiſh from them.

7 Yet, when his holieſt Works are done,
His Soul depends on Grace alone:
This is the Man thy Face ſhall ſee,
And dwell for ever, Lord, with Thee.

PSALM XVI. *First Part.* Long Metre.

Confession of our Poverty; and, *Saints the best Company*; or, *Good Works profit Men, not God.*

1 PReserve me, Lord, in Time of Need,
For Succour to thy Throne I flee,
But have no Merits there to plead;
My Goodness cannot reach to Thee.

2 Oft have my Heart and Tongue confest,
How empty and how poor I am;
My Praise can never make thee blest,
Nor add new Glories to thy Name.

3 Yet, Lord, thy Saints on Earth may reap
Some Profit by the Good we do;
These are the Company I keep,
These are the choicest Friends I know.

4 Let others chuse the Sons of Mirth
To give a Relish to their Wine,
I love the Men of Heavenly Birth
Whose Thoughts and Language are divine.

PSALM XVI. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

Christ's All-sufficiency.

1 HOW fast their Guilt and Sorrows rise,
Who haste to seek some Idol-God?
I will not taste their Sacrifice,
Their Off'rings of forbidden Blood.

2 My God provides a richer Cup,
And nobler Food to live upon,
He for my Life has offer'd up
Jesus his best beloved Son.

3 His Love is my perpetual Feast;
By Day his Counsels guide me right;

And be his Name for ever bleſt,
Who gives me ſweet Advice by Night.

I ſet him ſtill before mine Eyes;
At my Right-hand he ſtands prepar'd
To keep my Soul from all Surprize,
And be my everlaſting Guard.

PSALM XVI. *Third Part.* Long Metre.

Courage in Death, and Hope of the Reſurrection.

1 WHen God is nigh, my Faith is ſtrong,
His Arm is my almighty Prop:
Be glad, my Heart, rejoice, my Tongue,
My dying Fleſh ſhall reſt in Hope.

2 Tho' in the Duſt I lay my Head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My Soul for ever with the Dead,
Nor loſe thy Children in the Grave.

3 My Fleſh ſhall thy firſt Call obey,
Shake off the Duſt, and riſe on high;
Then ſhalt thou lead the wondrous Way
Up to thy Throne above the Sky.

4 There Streams of endleſs Pleaſure flow;
And full Diſcoveries of thy Grace
(Which we but taſted here below)
Spread Heav'nly Joys thro' all the Place.

PSALM XVI. 1—8. *Firſt Part.* Common Metre.

Support and Counſel from God without Merit.

1 SAve me, O Lord, from every Foe;
In Thee my Truſt I place,
Tho' all the Good that I can do
Can ne'er deſerve thy Grace.

2 Yet

2 Yet if my God prolong my Breath,
The Saints may profit by't;
The Saints the Glory of the Earth,
The Men of my Delight.

3 Let Heathens to their Idols haſte,
And worſhip Wood or Stone;
But my delightful Lot is caſt
Where the True God is known.

4 His Hand provides my conſtant Food,
He fills my daily Cup;
Much am I pleas'd with preſent Good,
But more rejoice in Hope.

5 God is my Portion and my Joy;
His Counſels are my Light:
He gives me ſweet Advice by Day,
And gentle Hints by Night.

6 My Soul would all her Thoughts approve
To his all-ſeeing Eye;
Not Death nor Hell my Hope ſhall move
While ſuch a Friend is nigh.

PSALM XVI. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

The Death and Reſurrection of Chriſt.

1 " I Set the Lord before my Face,
" He bears my Courage up:
" My Heart and Tongue their Joys expreſs,
" My Fleſh ſhall reſt in Hope.

2 " My Spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
" Where Souls departed are;
" Nor quit my Body to the Grave
" To ſee Corruption there.

3 " Thou wilt reveal the Path of Life,
" And raiſe me to thy Throne;

" Thy

" Thy Courts immortal Pleasure give,
" Thy Presence Joys unknown.

[Thus in the Name of Christ, the Lord,
The holy *David* sung,
And Providence fulfils the Word
Of his Prophetick Tongue.

Jesus, whom every Saint adores,
Was crucify'd and slain;
Behold the Tomb its Prey restores,
Behold he lives again.

When shall my Feet arise and stand
On Heav'ns eternal Hills?
There sits the Son at God's Right-hand,
And there the Father smiles.]

PSALM XVII. *v.* 13, *&c.* Short Metre.

ortion of Saints and Sinners; or, *Hope and Despair in Death.*

ARise, my gracious God,
And make the Wicked flee;
They are but thy chastizing Rod
To drive thy Saints to Thee.

2 Behold the Sinner dies,
His haughty Words are vain;
Here in this Life his Pleasure lies,
And all beyond is Pain.

3 Then let his Pride advance
And boast of all his Store;
The Lord is my Inheritance,
My Soul can wish no more.

4 I shall behold the Face
Of my forgiving God;

And

And ſtand compleat in Righteouſneſs,
Waſh'd in my Saviour's Blood.

5 There's a new Heav'n begun
When I awake from Death,
Dreſt in the Likeneſs of thy Son,
And draw immortal Breath.

PSALM XVII. Long Metre.

The Sinner's Portion and Saint's Hope; or, *The Heaven of ſeparate Souls, and the Reſurrection.*

1 LORD, I am thine: But thou wilt prove
My Faith, my Patience, and my Love;
When Men of Spite againſt me join,
They are the Sword, the Hand is thine.

2 Their Hope and Portion lies below;
'Tis all the Happineſs they know,
'Tis all they ſeek; they take their Shares;
And leave the reſt among their Heirs.

3 What Sinners value I reſign,
Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine;
I ſhall behold thy bliſsful Face,
And ſtand compleat in Righteouſneſs.

4 This Life's a Dream, an empty Show;
But the bright World, to which I go,
Hath Joys ſubſtantial and ſincere;
When ſhall I wake, and find me there?

5 O glorious Hour! O bleſt Abode!
I ſhall be near, and like my God?
And Fleſh and Sin no more controul
The ſacred Pleaſures of the Soul.

6 My Fleſh ſhall ſlumber in the Ground,
Till the laſt Trumpet's joyful Sound;

hen burſt the Chains with ſweet Surprize,
nd in my Saviour's Image riſe.

PSALM XVIII. First Part.

Long Metre. *Ver.* 1—6. 15—18.

Deliverance from Deſpair; or, *Temptations overcome.*

THEE will I love, O Lord, my Strength,
My Rock, my Tower, my high Defence;
Thy mighty Arm ſhall be my Truſt,
For I have found Salvation thence.

Death, and the Terrors of the Grave
Stood round me with their diſmal Shade;
While Floods of high Temptations roſe,
And made my ſinking Soul afraid.

I ſaw the op'ning Gates of Hell
With endleſs Pains and Sorrows there,
Which none but they that feel can tell,
While I was hurry'd to Deſpair.

In my Diſtreſs I call'd my God,
When I could ſcarce believe him mine;
He bow'd his Ear to my Complaint;
Then did his Grace appear divine.

[With Speed he flew to my Relief,
As on a Cherub's Wing he rode;
Awful and bright as Lightning ſhone
The Face of my Deliverer God.

Temptations fled at his Rebuke,
The Blaſt of his Almighty Breath;
He ſent Salvation from on high,
And drew me from the Deeps of Death.]

Great were my Fears, my Foes were great,
Much was their Strength, and more their Rage;

But *Christ*, my Lord, is Conqueror still
In all the Wars that Devils wage.

8 My Song for ever shall record
That terrible, that joyful Hour;
And give the Glory to the Lord
Due to his Mercy and his Power.

PSALM XVIII.

Second Part. V. 20——26. Long Metre.

Sincerity proved and rewarded.

1 LORD, thou hast seen my Soul sincere,
Hast made thy Truth and Love appear;
Before mine Eyes I set thy Laws,
And thou hast own'd my righteous Cause.

2 Since I have learnt thy holy Ways,
I've walk'd upright before thy Face;
Or if my Feet did e'er depart,
'Twas never with a wicked Heart.

3 What sore Temptations broke my Rest!
What Wars and Struglings in my Breast!
But thro' thy Grace that reigns within
I guard against my darling Sin.

4 That Sin that close besets me still,
That works and strives against my Will;
When shall thy Spirit's sovereign Power
Destroy it that it rise no more.

5 [With an impartial Hand the Lord
Deals out to Mortals their Reward:
The kind and faithful Souls shall find
A God as faithful and as kind.

6 The Just and Pure shall ever say,
Thou art more pure, more just than they:

And

And Men that love Revenge ſhall know
God hath an Arm of Vengeance too.

PSALM XVIII. *Third Part.* V. 30, 31, 34, 35, 46, *&c.* Long Metre.

Rejoicing in God; or, *Salvation and Triumph.*

JUST are thy Ways, and true thy Word,
Great Rock of my ſecure Abode:
Who is a God beſide the Lord?
Or where's a Refuge like our God?

'Tis He that girds me with his Might,
Gives me his holy Sword to weild;
And while with Sin and Hell I fight,
Spreads his Salvation for my Shield.

He lives, (and bleſſed be my Rock)
The God of my Salvation lives,
The dark Deſigns of Hell are broke;
Sweet is the Peace my Father gives.

Before the Scoffers of the Age
I will exalt my Father's Name,
Nor tremble at their mighty Rage,
But meet Reproach, and bear the Shame.

To *David* and his Royal Seed
Thy Grace for ever ſhall extend;
Thy Love to Saints in *Chriſt* their Head
Knows not a Limit, nor an End.

PSALM XVIII. *Firſt Part.* Common Metre.

Victory and Triumph over Temporal Enemies.

WE love Thee, Lord, and we adore,
Now is thine Arm reveal'd:
Thou art our Strength, our heavenly Tow'r,
Our Bulwark and our Shield.

2 We fly to our eternal Rock,
And find a ſure Defence;
His holy Name our Lips invoke,
And draw Salvation thence.

3 When God our Leader ſhines in Arms,
What mortal Heart can bear
The Thunder of his loud Alarms?
The Lightning of his Spear?

4 He rides upon the winged Wind,
And Angels in Array
In Millions wait to know his Mind,
And ſwift as Flames obey.

5 He ſpeaks, and at his fierce Rebuke
Whole Armies are diſmay'd;
His Voice, his Frown, his angry Look
Strikes all their Courage dead.

6 He forms our Generals for the Field
With all their dreadful Skill;
Gives them his awful Sword to weild,
And makes their Hearts of Steel.

7 [He arms our Captains to the Fight,
(Tho' there his Name's forgot;
He girded *Cyrus* with his Might,
But *Cyrus* knew him not.)

8 Oft has the Lord whole Nations bleſt
For his own Churches ſake;
The Powers that give his People Reſt
Shall of his Care partake.]

PSALM XVIII. *2d Part.* Common Metre.

The Conqueror's Song.

1 TO thine Almighty Arm we owe
The Triumphs of the Day;

Thy

Thy Terrors, Lord, confound the Foe,
And melt their Strength away.

'Tis by thine Aid our Troops prevail,
And break united Pow'rs,
Or burn their boasted Fleets, or scale
The proudest of their Tow'rs.

How have we chas'd them thro' the Field,
And trod them to the Ground,
While thy Salvation was our Shield,
But they no Shelter found!

In vain to Idol Saints they cry,
And perish in their Blood;
Where is a Rock so great, so high,
So powerful as our God?

The Rock of *Israel* ever lives,
His Name be ever blest;
'Tis his own Arm the Victory gives,
And gives his People Rest.

On Kings that reign as *David* did
He pours his Blessings down;
Secures their Honours to their Seed,
And well supports the Crown.

PSALM XIX. *First Part.* Short Metre.

The Book of Nature and Scripture.

For a Lord's-Day Morning.

1 BEhold the lofty Sky
Declares its Maker God,
And all his Starry Works on high
Proclaim his Power abroad.

2 The Darkness and the Light
Still keep their Course the same;

While

While Night to Day, and Day to Night
Divinely teach his Name.

3 In every different Land
Their general Voice is known;
They shew the Wonders of his Hand,
And Orders of his Throne.

4 Ye *British* Lands rejoice,
Here he reveals his Word,
We are not left to Nature's Voice
To bid us know the Lord.

5 His Statutes and Commands
Are set before our Eyes,
He puts his Gospel in our Hands
Where our Salvation lies.

6 His Laws are just and pure,
His Truth without Deceit,
His Promises for ever sure,
And his Rewards are great.

7 [Not Honey to the Taste
Affords so much Delight,
Nor Gold that has the Furnace past
So much allures the Sight.

8 While of thy Works I sing
Thy Glory to proclaim,
Accept the Praise, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's Name.]

PSALM XIX. *2d Part.* Short Metre.

God's Word most excellent: or, *Sincerity and Watchfulness.*

For a Lord's-Day Morning.

1 BEhold the Morning Sun
Begins his glorious Way;

is Beams thro' all the Nations run,
And Life and Light convey.

But where the Gospel comes
It spreads diviner Light,
: calls dead Sinners from their Tombs,
And gives the Blind their Sight.

How perfect is thy Word!
And all thy Judgments just;
or ever sure thy Promise, Lord,
And Men securely trust.

My gracious God, how plain
Are thy Directions giv'n!
) may I never read in vain,
But find the Path to Heaven!

PAUSE.

I hear thy Word with Love,
And I would fain obey;
end thy good Spirit from above
To guide me lest I stray.

O who can ever find
The Errors of his Ways?
Yet with a bold presumptuous Mind
I would not dare transgress.

Warn me of every Sin,
Forgive my secret Faults,
And cleanse this guilty Soul of mine,
Whose Crimes exceed my Thoughts.

While with my Heart and Tongue
I spread thy Praise abroad,
Accept the Worship and the Song,
My Saviour and my God.

PSALM XIX. Long Metre.

The Books of Nature and of Scripture compar'd; or, *The Glory and Succeſs of the Goſpel.*

1 THE Heavens declare thy Glory, Lord,
In every Star thy Wiſdom ſhines:
But when our Eyes behold thy Word,
We read thy Name in fairer Lines.

2 The rolling Sun, the changing Light,
And Nights and Days thy Power confeſs:
But the bleſt Volume thou haſt writ
Reveals thy Juſtice and thy Grace.

3 Sun, Moon and Stars convey thy Praiſe
Round the whole Earth, and never ſtand:
So when thy Truth begun its Race,
It touch'd, and glanc'd on ev'ry Land.

4 Nor ſhall thy ſpreading Goſpel reſt
Till thro' the World thy Truth has run;
Till *Chriſt* has all the Nations bleſt
That ſee the Light, or feel the Sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteouſneſs, ariſe,
Bleſs the dark World with heavenly Light;
Thy Goſpel makes the Simple wiſe;
Thy Laws are pure, thy Judgments right.

6 Thy nobleſt Wonders here we view
In Souls renew'd, and Sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanſe my Sins, my Soul renew,
And make thy Word my Guide to Heav'n.

PSALM XIX. To the Tune of the 113th Pſalm.

The Book of Nature and Scripture.

1 GReat God, the Heaven's well-order'd Frame
Declares the Glories of thy Name:

There

There thy rich Works of Wonder ſhine;
A thouſand ſtarry Beauties there,
A thouſand radiant Marks appear
Of boundleſs Power, and Skill divine.

From Night to Day, from Day to Night
The dawning and the dying Light,
Lectures of heavenly Wiſdom read;
With ſilent Eloquence they raiſe
Our Thoughts to our Creator's Praiſe,
And neither Sound nor Language need.

Yet their divine Inſtructions run
Far as the Journies of the Sun,
And every Nation knows their Voice:
The Sun like ſome young Bridegroom dreſt,
Breaks from the Chambers of the Eaſt,
Rolls round, and makes the Earth rejoice.

Where-e'er he ſpreads his Beams abroad
He ſmiles, and ſpeaks his Maker, God:
All Nature joins to ſhew thy Praiſe:
Thus God in every Creature ſhines;
Fair are the Book of Nature's Lines,
But fairer is thy Book of Grace.

PAUSE.

I love the Volumes of thy Word;
What Light and Joy thoſe Leaves afford
To Souls benighted and diſtreſt!
Thy Precepts guide my doubtful Way,
Thy Fear forbids my Feet to ſtray,
Thy Promiſe leads my Heart to Reſt.

From the Diſcoveries of thy Law
The perfect Rules of Life I draw;
Theſe are my Study and Delight;
Not Honey ſo invites the Taſte,

Nor Gold that hath the Furnace paſt
Appears ſo pleaſing to the Sight.

7 Thy Threatnings wake my ſlumbring Eyes,
And warn me where my Danger lies;
But 'tis thy bleſſed Goſpel, Lord,
That makes my guilty Conſcience clean,
Converts my Soul, ſubdues my Sin,
And gives a free, but large Reward.

8 Who knows the Errors of his Thoughts?
My God, forgive my ſecret Faults,
And from preſumptuous Sins reſtrain:
Accept my poor Attempts of Praiſe
That I have read thy Book of Grace
And Book of Nature not in vain.

PSALM XX.

Prayer and Hope of Victory.

For a Day of Prayer in Time of War.

1 NOW may the God of Power and Grace
Attend his Peoples humble Cry!
Jehovah hears when *Iſrael* prays,
And brings Deliverance from on high.

2 The Name of *Jacob*'s God defends
Better than Shields or brazen Walls;
He from his Sanctuary ſends
Succour and Strength when *Zion* calls.

3 Well he remembers all our Sighs,
His Love exceeds our beſt Deſerts;
His Love accepts the Sacrifice
Of humble Groans and broken Hearts.

4 In his Salvation is our Hope,
And in the Name of *Iſrael*'s God

Our

Our Troops ſhall lift their Banners up,
Our Navies ſpread their Flags abroad.

Some truſt in Horſes train'd for War,
And ſome of Chariots make their Boaſts;
Our ſureſt Expectations are
From Thee the Lord of heavenly Hoſts.

[O may the Memory of thy Name
Inſpire our Armies for the Fight!
Our Foes ſhall fall and die with Shame,
Or quit the Field with ſhameful Flight.]

Now ſave us, Lord, from ſlaviſh Fear,
Now let our Hope be firm and ſtrong,
'Till the Salvation ſhall appear,
And Joy and Triumph raiſe the Song.

PSALM XXI. Common Metre.

Our King is the Care of Heaven.

THE King, O Lord, with Songs of Praiſe
Shall in thy Strength rejoice;
And bleſt with thy Salvation raiſe
To Heaven his chearful Voice.

Thy ſure Defence thro' Nations round
Has ſpread his glorious Name;
And his ſucceſsful Actions crown'd
With Majeſty and Fame.

Then let the King on God alone
For timely Aid rely;
His Mercy ſhall ſupport the Throne,
And all our Wants ſupply.

But, righteous Lord, his ſtubborn Foes
Shall feel thy dreadful Hand;
Thy vengeful Arm ſhall find out thoſe
That hate his mild Command.

5 When thou againſt them doſt engage
Thy juſt, but dreadful Doom
Shall, like a fiery Oven's Rage,
Their Hopes and them conſume.

6 Thus, Lord, thy wond'rous Power declare,
And thus exalt thy Fame;
Whilſt we glad Songs of Praiſe prepare
For thine Almighty Name.

PSALM XXI. 1—9. Long Metre.

Chriſt Exalted to the Kingdom.

1 DAVID rejoic'd in God his Strength,
Rais'd to the Throne by the ſpecial Grace;
But *Chriſt* the Son appears at length,
Fulfils the Triumph and the Praiſe.

2 How great is the *Meſſiah*'s Joy
In the Salvation of thy Hand!
Lord, Thou haſt rais'd his Kingdom high,
And giv'n the World to his Command.

3 Thy Goodneſs grants whate'er he will,
Nor doth the leaſt Requeſt with-hold;
Bleſſings of Love prevent him ſtill,
And Crowns of Glory, not of Gold.

4 Honour and Majeſty divine
Around his ſacred Temples ſhine;
Bleſt with the Favour of thy Face,
And Length of everlaſting Days.

5 Thine Hand ſhall find out all his Foes;
And as a fiery Oven glows
With raging Heat and living Coals,
So ſhall thy Wrath devour their Souls.

PSALM XXII. 1—16. *First Part.*

Common Metre.

The Sufferings and Death of Christ.

1 WHY has my God my Soul forsook,
Nor will a Smile afford?
(Thus *David* once in Anguish spoke,
And thus our dying Lord.)

2 Tho' 'tis thy chief Delight to dwell
Among thy praising Saints,
Yet thou can'st hear a Groan as well,
And pity our Complaints.

3 Our Fathers trusted in thy Name,
And great Deliverance found;
But I'm a Worm despis'd of Men,
And trodden to the Ground.

4 Shaking the Head they pass me by,
And laugh my Soul to scorn;
" *In vain he trusts in God,* they cry,
" *Neglected and forlorn.*

5 But thou art he who form'd my Flesh,
By thine Almighty Word,
And since I hung upon the Breast
My Hope is in the Lord.

6 Why will my Father hide his Face
When Foes stand threatning round
In the dark Hour of deep Distress,
And not an Helper found?

PAUSE.

7 Behold thy Darling left among
The Cruel and the Proud,
As Bulls of *Bashan* fierce and strong,
As Lions roaring loud.

8 From Earth and Hell my Sorrows meet
To multiply the Smart;
They nail my Hands, they pierce my Feet,
And try to vex my Heart.

9 Yet if thy Sovereign Hand let loose
The Rage of Earth and Hell,
Why will my heavenly Father bruise
The Son he loves so well?

10 My God, if possible it be
With-hold this bitter Cup:
But I resign my Will to thee,
And drink the Sorrows up.

11 My Heart dissolves with Pangs unknown,
In Groans I waste my Breath:
Thy heavy Hand has brought me down
Low as the Dust of Death.

12 Father, I give my Spirit up,
And trust it in thy Hand;
My dying Flesh shall rest in Hope,
And rise at thy Command.

PSALM XXII. 20, 21, 27—31. *Second Part.*

Common Metre.

Christ's *Sufferings and Kingdom.*

1 "*NOW from the roaring Lion's Rage,*
"*O Lord, protect thy Son,*
"*Nor leave thy Darling to engage*
"*The Powers of Hell alone.*

2 Thus did our suffering Saviour pray
With mighty Cries and Tears;
God heard him in that dreadful Day,
And chas'd away his Fears.

3 Great

3 Great was the Vict'ry of his Death,
His Throne exalted high;
And all the Kindreds of the Earth
Shall worship or shall die.

4 A num'rous Offspring must arise
From his expiring Groans;
They shall be reckon'd in his Eyes
For Daughters and for Sons.

5 The meek and humble Souls shall see
His Table richly spread;
And all that seek the Lord shall be
With Joys immortal fed.

6 The Isles shall know the Righteousness
Of our incarnate God,
And Nations yet unborn profess
Salvation in his Blood.

PSALM XXII. Long Metre.

Christ's Sufferings and Exaltation.

1 NOW let our mournful Songs record
The dying Sorrows of our Lord,
When he complain'd in Tears and Blood,
As one forsaken of his God.

2 The *Jews* beheld him thus forlorn,
And shake their Heads and laugh in Scorn;
"He rescu'd others from the Grave;
"Now let him try himself to save.

3 "This is the Man did once pretend
"God was his Father and his Friend;
"If God the Blessed lov'd him so,
"Why doth he fail to help him now?

4 Barbarous People! Cruel Priests!
How they stood round like savage Beasts;

Like Lions gaping to devour,
When God had left him in their Power.

5 They wound his Head, his Hands, his Feet,
Till Streams of Blood each other meet;
By Lot his Garments they divide,
And mock the Pangs in which he dy'd.

6 But God his Father heard his Cry;
Rais'd from the Dead he reigns on high;
The Nations learn his Righteousness,
And humble Sinners taste his Grace.

PSALM XXIII. Long Metre.

God our Shepherd.

1 MY Shepherd is the living Lord;
Now shall my Wants be well supply'd;
His Providence and holy Word
Become my Safety and my Guide.

2 In Pastures where Salvation grows
He makes me feed, he makes me rest;
There living Water gently flows,
And all the Food divinely blest.

3 My wand'ring Feet his Ways mistake,
But he restores my Soul to Peace,
And leads me for his Mercy's sake
In the fair Paths of Righteousness.

4 Tho' I walk thro' the gloomy Vale
Where Death and all its Terrors are,
My Heart and Hope shall never fail,
For God my Shepherd's with me there.

5 Amidst the Darkness and the Deeps
Thou art my Comfort, Thou my Stay;
Thy Staff supports my feeble Steps,
Thy Rod directs my doubtful Way.

5 The Sons of Earth and Sons of Hell
Gaze at thy Goodneſs, and repine
To ſee my Table ſpread ſo well
With living Bread and chearful Wine.

7 [How I rejoice when on my Head
Thy Spirit condeſcends to reſt!
'Tis a Divine Anointing ſhed
Like Oil of Gladneſs at a Feaſt.

8 Surely the Mercies of the Lord
Attend his Houſhold all their Days;
There will I dwell to hear his Word,
To ſeek his Face, and ſing his Praiſe.]

PSALM XXIII. Common Metre.

1 MY Shepherd will ſupply my Need,
Jehovah is his Name;
In Paſtures freſh he makes me feed
Beſide the living Stream.

2 He brings my wand'ring Spirit back
When I forſake his Ways;
And leads me for his Mercy's ſake
In Paths of Truth and Grace.

3 When I walk through the Shades of Death
Thy Preſence is my Stay;
A Word of thy ſupporting Breath
Drives all my Fears away.

4 Thy Hand in ſight of all my Foes
Doth ſtill my Table ſpread;
My Cup with Bleſſings overflows,
Thine Oil anoints my Head.

5 The ſure Proviſions of my God
Attend me all my Days;

O may thy Houſe be mine Abode,
And all my Work be Praiſe!

6 There would I find a ſettled Reſt,
(While others go and come)
No more a Stranger or a Gueſt,
But like a Child at Home.

PSALM XXIII. Short Metre.

1 THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I ſhall be well ſupply'd;
Since he is mine and I am his,
What can I want beſide?

2 He leads me to the Place
Where heavenly Paſture grows,
Where living Waters gently paſs,
And full Salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go aſtray
He doth my Soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right Way
For his moſt holy Name.

4 While he affords his Aid
I cannot yield to Fear;
Tho' I ſhould walk thro' Death's dark Shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 In ſpight of all my Foes
Thou doſt my Table ſpread,
My Cup with Bleſſings overflows,
And Joy exalts my Head.

6 The Bounties of thy Love
Shall crown my following Days;
Nor from thy Houſe will I remove
Nor ceaſe to ſpeak thy Praiſe.

PSALM XXIV. Common Metre.

Dwelling with God.

1 THE Earth for ever is the Lord's,
With *Adam*'s numerous Race;
He rais'd its Arches o'er the Floods,
And built it on the Seas.

2 But who among the Sons of Men
May visit thine Abode?
He that has Hands from Mischief clean,
Whose Heart is right with God.

3 This is the Man may rise and take
The Blessings of his Grace;
This is the Lot of those that seek
The God of *Jacob*'s Face.

4 Now let our Souls, immortal Powers,
To meet the Lord prepare,
Lift up their everlasting Doors,
The King of Glory's near.

5 The King of Glory! Who can tell
The Wonders of his Might?
He rules the Nations; but to dwell
With Saints is his Delight.

PSALM XXIV. Long Metre.

Saints dwell in Heaven; or, Christ's *Ascension*.

1 THIS spacious Earth is all the Lord's,
And Men and Worms, and Beasts and Birds;
He rais'd the Building on the Seas,
And gave it for their Dwelling-place.

2 But there's a brighter World on high,
Thy Palace, Lord, above the Sky:
Who shall ascend that blest Abode,
And dwell so near his Maker, God?

3 He

3 He that abhors and fears to ſin,
Whoſe Heart is pure, whoſe Hands are clean,
Him ſhall the Lord the Saviour bleſs,
And clothe his Soul with Righteouſneſs.

4 Theſe are the Men, the pious Race
That ſeek the God of *Jacob*'s Face:
Theſe ſhall enjoy the bliſsful Sight,
And dwell in everlaſting Light.

PAUSE.

5 Rejoice ye ſhining Worlds on high,
Behold the King of Glory nigh;
Who can this King of Glory be?
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's He.

6 Ye heavenly Gates, your Leaves diſplay
To make the Lord the Saviour way:
Laden with Spoils from Earth and Hell
The Conqueror comes with God to dwell.

7 Rais'd from the Dead he goes before,
He opens Heaven's eternal Door,
To give his Saints a bleſt Abode
Near their Redeemer and their God.

PSALM XXV. I—II. *First Part.*

Waiting for Pardon and Direction.

1 I Lift my Soul to God,
My Truſt is in his Name;
Let not my Foes that ſeek my Blood
Still triumph in my Shame.

2 Sin, and the Powers of Hell
Perſwade me to Deſpair;
Lord, make me know thy Covenant well,
That I may 'ſcape the Snare.

From the first dawning Light
Till the dark Evening rise
or thy Salvation, Lord, I wait
With ever-longing Eyes.

Remember all thy Grace,
And lead me in thy Truth;
'orgive the Sins of riper Days,
And Follies of my Youth.

The Lord is just and kind,
The Meek shall learn his Ways,
And every humble Sinner find
The Methods of his Grace.

For his own Goodness sake
He saves my Soul from Shame;
He pardons (tho' my Guilt be great)
Thro' my Redeemer's Name.

PSALM XXV. 12, 14, 10, 13. *Second Part.*

Divine Instruction.

WHere shall the Man be found
That fears t' offend his God,
That loves the Gospel's joyful Sound,
And trembles at the Rod?

The Lord shall make him know
The Secrets of his Heart,
The Wonders of his Covenant show,
And all his Love impart.

The Dealings of his Hand
Are Truth and Mercy still,
With such as to his Covenant stand,
And love to do his Will.

Their Souls shall dwell at ease
Before their Maker's Face,

Their Seed shall taste the Promises
In their extensive Grace.

PSALM XXV. 15—22. *Third Part.*

Distress of Soul; or, *Backsliding and Desertion.*

1 MIne Eyes and my Desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his Promises,
And rest upon his Word.

2 Turn, turn thee to my Soul,
Bring thy Salvation near;
When will thy Hand release my Feet
Out of the deadly Snare?

3 When shall the Sovereign Grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dangerous Ways
My wandering Feet have trod!

4 The Tumult of my Thoughts
Doth but enlarge my Woe:
My Spirit languishes, my Heart
Is desolate and low.

5 With every Morning Light
My Sorrow new begins;
Look on my Anguish and my Pain,
And pardon all my Sins.

PAUSE.

6 Behold the Hosts of Hell,
How cruel is their Hate?
Against my Life they rise, and join
Their Fury with Deceit.

7 O keep my Soul from Death,
Nor put my Hope to Shame,

For I have plac'd my only Truſt
In my Redeemer's Name.

3 With humble Faith I wait
To ſee thy Face again;
Of *Iſr'el* it ſhall ne'er be ſaid,
He ſought the Lord in vain.

PSALM XXVI.

Self-Examination; or, *Evidences of Grace.*

1 JUdge me, O Lord, and prove my Ways,
And try my Reins, and try my Heart;
My Faith upon thy Promiſe ſtays,
Nor from thy Law my Feet depart.

2 I hate to walk, I hate to ſit
With Men of Vanity and Lies;
The Scoffer and the Hypocrite
Are the Abhorrence of mine Eyes.

3 Amongſt thy Saints will I appear
With Hands well waſh'd in Innocence;
But when I ſtand before thy Bar
The Blood of *Chriſt* is my Defence.

4 I love thy Habitation, Lord,
The Temple where thine Honours dwell;
There ſhall I hear thy holy Word,
And there thy Works of Wonders tell.

5 Let not my Soul be join'd at laſt
With Men of Treachery and Blood,
Since I my Days on Earth have paſt
Among the Saints, and near my God.

PSALM XXVII. 1——6. *Firſt Part.*

The Church is our Delight and Safety.

1 THE Lord of Glory is my Light,
And my Salvation too;

God

God is my Strength ; nor will I fear
What all my Foes can do.

2 One Privilege my Heart desires ;
O grant me an Abode
Among the Churches of thy Saints,
The Temples of my God !

3 There shall I offer my Requests,
And see thy Beauty still ;
Shall hear thy Messages of Love,
And there enquire thy Will.

4 When Troubles rise and Storms appear,
There may his Children hide ;
God has a strong Pavilion where
He makes my Soul abide.

5 Now shall my Head be lifted high
Above my Foes around,
And Songs of Joy and Victory
Within thy Temple sound.

PSALM XXVII. Ver. 8, 9, 13, 14. *Second Part.*

Prayer and Hope.

1 SOON as I heard my Father say,
" *Ye Children, seek my Grace,*
My Heart reply'd without Delay,
" *I'll seek my Father's Face.*

2 Let not thy Face be hid from me,
Nor frown my Soul away ;
God of my Life, I fly to Thee
In a distressing Day.

3 Should Friends and Kindred near and dear
Leave me to want or die,
My God would make my Life his Care,
And all my Need supply.

4 My fainting Flesh had dy'd with Grief
Had not my Soul believ'd,
To see thy Grace provide Relief,
Nor was my Hope deceiv'd.

5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling Saints,
And keep your Courage up;
He'll raise your Spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your Hope.

PSALM XXIX.

Storm and Thunder.

1 GIve to the Lord, ye Sons of Fame,
Give to the Lord Renown and Power;
Ascribe due Honours to his Name,
And his eternal Might adore.

2 The Lord proclaims his Power aloud
Over the Ocean and the Land;
His Voice divides the watry Cloud,
And Lightnings blaze at his Command.

3 He speaks, and Tempest, Hail and Wind
Lay the wide Forest bare around;
The fearful Hart, and frighted Hind
Leap at the Terror of the Sound.

4 To *Lebanon* he turns his Voice,
And lo, the stately Cedars break;
The Mountains tremble at the Noise,
The Valleys roar, the Desarts quake.

5 The Lord sits Sovereign on the Flood,
The Thunderer reigns for ever King;
But makes his Church his blest Abode,
Where we his awful Glories sing.

6 In gentler Language there the Lord
The Counsels of his Grace imparts:

Amidst

Amidst the raging Storm his Word
Speaks Peace and Courage to our Hearts.

PSALM XXX. *First Part.*

Sickness heal'd, and Sorrow remov'd.

1 I Will extol Thee, Lord, on high,
At thy Command Diseases fly;
Who but a God can speak, and save
From the dark Borders of the Grave?

2 Sing to the Lord, ye Saints of his,
And tell how large his Goodness is;
Let all your Powers rejoice and bless,
While you record his Holiness.

3 His Anger but a Moment stays;
His Love is Life and Length of Days;
Tho' Grief and Tears the Night employ,
The Morning-Star restores the Joy.

PSALM XXX. Ver. 6. *Second Part.*

Health, Sickness, and Recovery.

1 FIrm was my Health, my Day was bright,
And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be Night:
Fondly I said within my Heart,
" *Pleasure and Peace shall ne'er depart.*

2 But I forgot thine Arm was strong,
Which made my Mountain stand so long;
Soon as thy Face began to hide,
My Health was gone, my Comforts dy'd.

3 I cry'd aloud to Thee, my God;
" What can'st thou profit by my Blood?
" Deep in the Dust can I declare
" Thy Truth, or sing thy Goodness there?

4 " Hear me, O God of Grace, I said,
" And bring me from among the Dead;

Thy Word rebuk'd the Pains I felt,
Thy pardoning Love remov'd my Guilt.

My Groans, and Tears, and Forms of Woe
Are turn'd to Joy and Praiſes now;
I throw my Sackcloth on the Ground,
And Eaſe and Gladneſs gird me round.

My Tongue, the Glory of my Frame,
Shall ne'er be ſilent of thy Name;
Thy Praiſe ſhall ſound thro' Earth and Heav'n
For Sickneſs heal'd, and Sins forgiv'n.

PSALM XXXI. 5, 13—19, 22, 23. *First Part.*

Deliverance from Death.

INto thine Hand, O God of Truth,
My Spirit I commit;
Thou haſt redeem'd my Soul from Death,
And ſav'd me from the Pit.

The Paſſions of my Hope and Fear
Maintain'd a doubtful Strife,
While Sorrow, Pain, and Sin conſpir'd
To take away my Life.

" *My Times are in thine Hand*, I cry'd,
" *Tho' I draw near the Duſt*;
Thou art the Refuge where I hide,
The God in whom I truſt.

O make thy reconciled Face
Upon thy Servant ſhine,
And ſave me for thy Mercy ſake;
For I'm intirely thine.

PAUSE.

['Twas in my Haſte, my Spirit ſaid,
" *I muſt deſpair, and die*,

" *I am cut off before thine Eyes;*
But thou haſt heard my Cry.]

6 Thy Goodneſs how divinely free!
How wondrous is thy Grace,
To thoſe that fear thy Majeſty,
And truſt thy Promiſes!

7 O love the Lord, all ye his Saints,
And ſing his Praiſes loud;
He'll bend his Ear to your Complaints,
And recompenſe the Proud.

PSALM XXXI. 7—13, 18—21. *Second Part.*

Deliverance from Slander and Reproach.

1 MY Heart rejoices in thy Name,
My God, my Help, my Truſt;
Thou haſt preſerv'd my Face from Shame,
Mine Honour from the Duſt.

2 " My Life is ſpent with Grief, I cry'd,
" My Years conſum'd in Groans,
" My Strength decays, mine Eyes are dry'd,
" And Sorrow waſtes my Bones.

3 Among mine Enemies my Name
Was a mere Proverb grown,
While to my Neighbours I became
Forgotten and unknown.

4 Slander and Fear on every ſide
Seiz'd and beſet me round;
I to the Throne of Grace apply'd,
And ſpeedy Reſcue found.

PAUSE.

5 How great Deliverance thou haſt wrought
Before the Sons of Men!

The

The lying Lips to Silence brought,
And made their Boastings vain;

Thy Children from the Strife of Tongues
Shall thy Pavilion hide,
Guard them from Infamy and Wrongs,
And crush the Sons of Pride.

Within thy secret Presence, Lord,
Let me for ever dwell;
No fenced City wall'd and barr'd
Secures a Saint so well.

PSALM XXXII. Short Metre.

Forgiveness of Sins upon Confession.

O Blessed Souls are they
Whose Sins are cover'd o'er!
ivinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their Guilt no more.

They mourn their Follies past,
And keep their Hearts with Care;
heir Lips and Lives without Deceit
Shall prove their Faith sincere.

While I conceal'd my Guilt,
I felt the fest'ring Wound,
ill I confess'd my Sins to Thee,
And ready Pardon found.

Let Sinners learn to pray,
Let Saints keep near the Throne;
ur Help in Times of deep Distress
Is found in God alone.

PSALM XXXII. Common Metre.

Free Pardon, and ſincere Obedience; or, *Confeſſion and Forgiveneſs.*

1 HAPPY the Man to whom his God
No more imputes his Sin,
But waſh'd in the Redeemer's Blood
Hath made his Garments clean!

2 Happy, beyond Expreſſion he,
Whoſe Debts are thus diſcharg'd;
And from the guilty Bondage free
He feels his Soul inlarg'd.

3 His Spirit hates Deceit and Lies,
His Words are all ſincere:
He guards his Heart, he guards his Eyes,
To keep his Conſcience clear.

4 While I my inward Guilt ſuppreſt
No Quiet could I find;
Thy Wrath lay burning in my Breaſt,
And rack'd my tortur'd Mind.

5 Then I confeſs'd my troubled Thoughts,
My ſecret Sins reveal'd;
Thy pardoning Grace forgave my Faults,
Thy Grace my Pardon ſeal'd.

6 This ſhall invite thy Saints to pray;
When like a raging Flood
Temptations riſe, our Strength and Stay
Is a forgiving God.

PSALM XXXII. *First Part.* Long Metre.

Repentance and Free Pardon; or, *Justification and Sanctification.*

BLeſt is the Man, for ever bleſt,
Whoſe Guilt is pardon'd by his God,
Whoſe Sins with Sorrow are confeſs'd,
And cover'd with his Saviour's Blood.

Bleſt is the Man to whom the Lord
Imputes not his Iniquities,
He pleads no Merit of Reward,
And not on Works, but Grace relies.

From Guile his Heart and Lips are free,
His humble Joy, his holy Fear,
With deep Repentance well agree,
And join to prove his Faith ſincere.

How glorious is that Righteouſneſs
That hides and cancels all his Sins!
While a bright Evidence of Grace
Thro' his whole Life appears and ſhines.

PSALM XXXII. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

A guilty Conſcience eas'd by Confeſſion and Pardon.

WHile I keep Silence, and conceal
My heavy Guilt within my Heart,
What Torments doth my Conſcience feel!
What Agonies of inward Smart!

I ſpread my Sins before the Lord,
And all my ſecret Faults confeſs;
Thy Goſpel ſpeaks a pard'ning Word,
Thine holy Spirit ſeals the Grace.

For this ſhall every humble Soul
Make ſwift Addreſſes to thy Seat;

When Floods of huge Temptations roll,
There ſhall they find a bleſt Retreat.

4 How ſafe beneath thy Wings I lie,
When Days grow dark, and Storms appear!
And when I walk, thy watchful Eye
Shall guide me ſafe from ev'ry Snare.

PSALM XXXIII. *Firſt Part.* Common Metre.

Works of Creation and Providence.

1 REjoice, ye Righteous, in the Lord,
This Work belongs to you:
Sing of his Name, his Ways, his Word,
How holy, juſt and true!

2 His Mercy and his Righteouſneſs
Let Heaven and Earth proclaim;
His Works of Nature and of Grace
Reveal his wondrous Name.

3 His Wiſdom and Almighty Word
The Heavenly Arches ſpread;
And by the Spirit of the Lord
Their ſhining Hoſts were made.

4 He bid the liquid Waters flow
To their appointed Deep;
The flowing Seas their Limits know,
And their own Station keep.

5 Ye Tenants of the ſpacious Earth,
With Fear before him ſtand;
He ſpake; and Nature took its Birth,
And reſts on his Command.

6 He ſcorns the angry Nations Rage,
And breaks their vain Deſigns;
His Counſel ſtands thro' ev'ry Age,
And in full Glory ſhines.

PSALM XXXIII. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

Creatures vain, and God All-sufficient.

BLeſt is the Nation where the Lord
Hath fix'd his gracious Throne;
Where he reveals his heavenly Word,
And calls their Tribes his own.

His Eye with infinite Survey
Does the whole World behold;
He form'd us all of equal Clay,
And knows our feeble Mould.

Kings are not reſcu'd by the Force
Of Armies from the Grave;
Nor Speed nor Courage of an Horſe
Can the bold Rider ſave.

Vain is the Strength of Beaſts or Men
To hope for Safety thence;
But holy Souls from God obtain
A ſtrong and ſure Defence.

God is their Fear, and God their Truſt;
When Plagues or Famine ſpread,
His watchful Eye ſecures the Juſt
Among ten thouſand Dead.

Lord, let our Hearts in thee rejoice,
And bleſs us from thy Throne;
For we have made thy Word our Choice,
And truſt thy Grace alone.

PSALM XXXIII. As the 113th Pſal. *First Part.*

Works of Creation and Providence.

YE holy Souls, in God rejoice,
Your Maker's Praiſe becomes your Voice;
Great is your Theme, your Songs be new;
Sing of his Name, his Word, his Ways,

His Works of Nature and of Grace,
How wise and holy, just and true!

2 Justice and Truth he ever loves,
And the whole Earth his Goodness proves,
His Word the heavenly Arches spread;
How wide they shine from North to South!
And by the Spirit of his Mouth
Were all the starry Armies made.

3 He gathers the wide flowing Seas,
Those watry Treasures know their Place
In the vast Store-house of the Deep.
He spake, and gave all Nature Birth;
And Fires, and Seas, and Heaven, and Earth,
His everlasting Orders keep.

4 Let Mortals tremble and adore
A God of such resistless Power,
Nor dare indulge their feeble Rage:
Vain are your Thoughts, and weak your Hands;
But his eternal Counsel stands,
And rules the World from Age to Age.

PSALM XXXIII. As the 113th Psal. *Second Part.*

Creatures vain, and God All-sufficient.

1 O Happy Nation, where the Lord
Reveals the Treasure of his Word,
And builds his Church, his earthly Throne!
His Eye the Heathen World surveys,
He form'd their Hearts, he knows their Ways,
But God their Maker is unknown.

2 Let Kings rely upon their Host,
And of his Strength the Champion boast;
In vain they boast, in vain rely;
In vain we trust the brutal Force,
Or Speed, or Courage of an Horse,
To guard his Rider or to fly.

3 The Eye of thy Compassion, Lord,
Doth more secure Defence afford
When Deaths or Dangers threatning stand:
Thy watchful Eye preserves the Just,
Who make thy Name their Fear and Trust,
When Wars or Famine waste the Land.

4 In Sickness or the bloody Field,
Thou our Physician, Thou our Shield,
Send us Salvation from thy Throne;
We wait to see thy Goodness shine;
Let us rejoice in Help Divine,
For all our Hope is God alone.

PSALM XXXIV. *First Part.* Long Metre.

God's Care of the Saints; or, *Deliverance by Prayer.*

1 LORD, I will bless thee all my Days,
Thy Praise shall dwell upon my Tongue;
My Soul shall glory in thy Grace,
While Saints rejoice to hear the Song.

2 Come, magnify the Lord with me,
Come, let us all exalt his Name;
I sought th' eternal God, and He
Has not expos'd my Hope to Shame.

3 I told him all my secret Grief,
My secret Groaning reach'd his Ears;
He gave my inward Pains Relief,
And calm'd the Tumult of my Fears.

4 To him the Poor lift up their Eyes,
Their Faces feel the heavenly Shine;
A Beam of Mercy from the Skies
Fills them with Light and Joy Divine.

5 His holy Angels pitch their Tents
Around the Men that serve the Lord.

O fear and love him, all his Saints,
Taste of his Grace, and trust his Word.

6 The wild young Lions pinch'd with Pain
And Hunger roar thro' all the Wood,
But none shall seek the Lord in vain,
Nor want Supplies of real Good.

PSALM XXXIV. 11——22. *Second Part.*
Long Metre.

Religious Education; or, *Instructions of Piety.*

1 CHildren in Years, and Knowledge young,
Your Parents Hope, your Parents Joy,
Attend the Counsels of my Tongue,
Let pious Thoughts your Minds employ.

2 If you desire a Length of Days,
And Peace to crown your Mortal State,
Restrain your Feet from impious Ways,
Your Lips from Slander and Deceit.

3 The Eyes of God regard his Saints,
His Ears are open to their Cries;
He sets his frowning Face against
The Sons of Violence and Lies.

4 To humble Souls and broken Hearts
God with his Grace is ever nigh;
Pardon and Hope his Love imparts
When Men in deep Contrition lye.

5 He tells their Tears, he counts their Groans,
His Son redeems their Souls from Death;
His Spirit heals their broken Bones,
They in his Praise employ their Breath.

PSALM XXXIV. 1——10. *First Part.*

Common Metre.

Prayer and Praise for eminent Deliverance.

I'LL bless the Lord from Day to Day;
How good are all his Ways?
Ye humble Souls that use to pray,
Come, help my Lips to praise.

Sing to the Honour of his Name,
How a poor Sufferer cry'd,
Nor was his Hope expos'd to Shame,
Nor was his Suit deny'd.

When threatning Sorrows round me flood,
And endless Fears arose,
Like the loud Billows of a Flood,
Redoubling all my Woes;

I told the Lord my sore Distress,
With heavy Groans and Tears,
He gave my sharpest Torments Ease,
And silenc'd all my Fears.

PAUSE.

[O Sinners, come and taste his Love;
Come, learn his pleasant Ways,
And let your own Experience prove
The Sweetness of his Grace.

He bids his Angels pitch their Tents
Round where his Children dwell;
What Ills their heavenly Care prevents
No earthly Tongue can tell.]

[O love the Lord, ye Saints of his;
His Eye regards the Just;
How richly blest their Portion is
Who make the Lord their Trust!

8 Young Lions pinch'd with Hunger roar,
And famish in the Wood;
But God supplies his holy Poor
With every needful Good.]

PSALM XXXIV. 11——22. *Second Part.*
Common Metre.

Exhortations to Peace and Holiness.

1 COme, Children, learn to fear the Lord,
And that your Days be long,
Let not a false or spiteful Word
Be found upon your Tongue.

2 Depart from Mischief, practise Love,
Pursue the Works of Peace;
So shall the Lord your Ways approve,
And set your Souls at Ease.

3 His Eyes awake to guard the Just,
His Ears attend their Cry;
When broken Spirits dwell in Dust,
The God of Grace is nigh.

4 What tho' the Sorrows here they taste
Are sharp and tedious too,
The Lord, who saves them all at last,
Is their Supporter now.

5 Evil shall smite the Wicked dead;
But God secures his own,
Prevents the Mischief when they slide,
Or heals the broken Bone.

6 When Desolation like a Flood
O'er the proud Sinner rolls,
Saints find a Refuge in their God,
For he redeem'd their Souls.

PSALM XXXV. 1—9. *First Part.*

Prayer and Faith of persecuted Saints; or, *Imprecations mix'd with Charity.*

1 NOW plead my Cause, Almighty God,
With all the Sons of Strife;
And fight against the Men of Blood,
Who fight against my Life.

2 Draw out thy Spear and stop their Way,
Lift thy avenging Rod;
But to my Soul in Mercy say,
"*I am thy Saviour-God.*

3 They plant their Snares to catch my Feet,
And Nets of Mischief spread;
Plunge the Destroyers in the Pit
That their own Hands have made.

4 Let Fogs and Darkness hide their Way,
And slippery be their Ground;
Thy Wrath shall make their Lives a Prey,
And all their Rage confound.

5 They fly like Chaff before the Wind,
Before thine angry Breath;
The Angel of the Lord behind
Pursues them down to Death.

6 They love the Road that leads to Hell;
Then let the Rebels die,
Whose Malice is implacable
Against the Lord on high.

7 But if Thou hast a chosen few
Amongst that impious Race;
Divide them from the bloody Crew
By thy surprizing Grace.

8 Then will I raise my tuneful Voice
To make thy Wonders known;
In their Salvation I'll rejoice,
And bless thee for my own.

PSALM XXXV. Ver. 12, 13, 14. *Second Part.*

Love to Enemies; or, *the Love of* Christ *to Sinners typify'd in* David.

1 BEhold the Love, the generous Love
That holy *David* shows;
Hark, how his sounding Bowels move
To his afflicted Foes!

2 When they are sick, his Soul complains,
And seems to feel the Smart;
The Spirit of the Gospel reigns,
And melts his pious Heart.

3 How did his flowing Tears condole
As for a Brother dead!
And fasting mortify'd his Soul,
While for their Life he pray'd.

4 They groan'd; and curs'd him on their Bed,
Yet still he pleads and mourns;
And double Blessings on his Head
The Righteous God returns.

5 O glorious Type of heavenly Grace!
Thus *Christ* the Lord appears;
While Sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
And pities them with Tears.

6 He the true *David*, *Israel's* King,
Blest and belov'd of God,
To save us Rebels dead in Sin
Pay'd his own dearest Blood.

PSALM

PSALM XXXVI. 5—9. Long Metre.

The Perfections and Providence of God; or, *General Providence and Special Grace.*

1 HIGH in the Heavens, eternal God,
Thy Goodneſs in full Glory ſhines;
Thy Truth ſhall break thro' ev'ry Cloud
That vails and darkens thy Deſigns.

2 For ever firm thy Juſtice ſtands,
As Mountains their Foundations keep;
Wiſe are the Wonders of thy Hands;
Thy Judgments are a mighty Deep.

3 Thy Providence is kind and large,
Both Man and Beaſt thy Bounty ſhare;
The whole Creation is thy Charge,
But Saints are thy peculiar Care.

4 My God! how excellent thy Grace;
Whence all our Hope and Comfort ſprings?
The Sons of *Adam* in Diſtreſs
Fly to the Shadow of thy Wings.

5 From the Proviſions of thy Houſe
We ſhall be fed with ſweet Repaſt;
There Mercy like a River flows,
And brings Salvation to our Taſte.

6 Life like a Fountain rich and free
Springs from the Preſence of my Lord;
And in thy Light our Souls ſhall ſee
The Glories promiſ'd in thy Word.

PSALM XXXVI. Ver. 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 9. Com. Metre.

Practical Atheiſm expos'd; or, *the Being and Attributes of God aſſerted.*

1 WHile Men grow bold in wicked Ways,
And yet a God they own,

My

My Heart within me often says,
" Their Thoughts believe there's none.

2 Their Thoughts and Ways at once declare
(Whate'er their Lips profess)
God hath no Wrath for them to fear,
Nor will they seek his Grace.

3 What strange Self-flattery blinds their Eyes!
But there's a hast'ning Hour
When they shall see with sore Surprize
The Terrors of thy Pow'r.

4 Thy Justice shall maintain its Throne,
Tho' Mountains melt away;
Thy Judgments are a World unknown,
A deep unfathom'd Sea.

5 Above these Heavens created Rounds,
Thy Mercies, Lord, extend;
Thy Truth out-lives the narrow Bounds
Where Time and Nature end.

6 Safety to Man thy Goodness brings,
Nor overlooks the Beast;
Beneath the Shadow of thy Wings
Thy Children chuse to rest.

7 [From thee, when Creature-streams run low
And mortal Comforts die,
Perpetual Springs of Life shall flow,
And raise our Pleasures high.

8 Tho' all created Light decay,
And Death close up our Eyes,
Thy Presence makes eternal Day
Where Clouds can never rise.]

PSALM XXXVI. 1—7. Short Metre.

The Wickedness of Man, and the Majesty of God; or, Practical Atheism expos'd.

1 WHen Man grows bold in Sin,
My Heart within me cries,
"He hath no Faith of God within,
"Nor Fear before his Eyes.

2 [He walks a while conceal'd
In a Self-flatt'ring Dream,
Till his dark Crimes at once reveal'd,
Expose his hateful Name.]

3 His Heart is false and foul,
His Words are smooth and fair;
Wisdom is banish'd from his Soul,
And leaves no Goodness there.

4 He plots upon his Bed
New Mischiefs to fulfil,
He sets his Heart, and Hand, and Head
To practise all that's ill.

5 But there's a dreadful God,
Tho' Men renounce his Fear;
His Justice hid behind the Cloud
Shall one great Day appear.

6 His Truth transcends the Sky,
In Heaven his Mercies dwell;
Deep as the Sea his Judgments lie,
His Anger burns to Hell.

7 How excellent his Love,
Whence all our Safety springs!
O never let my Soul remove
From underneath his Wings.

PSALM XXXVII. 1—15. *First Part.*

The Cure of Envy, Fretfulness, and Unbelief; or, *The Rewards of the Righteous and the Wicked*; or, *The World's Hatred and the Saints Patience.*

1 WHY should I vex my Soul, and fret
To see the Wicked rise?
Or envy Sinners waxing great
By Violence and Lies?

2 As flow'ry Grass cut down at Noon,
Before the Evening fades,
So shall their Glories vanish soon
In everlasting Shades.

3 Then let me make the Lord my Trust,
and practise all that's good;
So shall I dwell among the Just,
And He'll provide me Food.

4 I to my God my Ways commit,
And chearful wait his Will;
Thy Hand which guides my doubtful Feet,
Shall my Desires fulfil.

5 Mine Innocence shalt thou display,
And make thy Judgments known,
Fair as the Light of dawning Day,
And glorious as the Noon.

6 The Meek at last the Earth possess,
And are the Heirs of Heav'n;
True Riches, with abundant Peace,
To humble Souls are given.

PAUSE.

7 Rest in the Lord, and keep his Way,
Nor let your Anger rise,
Tho' Providence should long delay
To punish haughty Vice.

8 Let

Let Sinners join to break your Peace,
And plot, and rage, and foam;
The Lord derides them, for he sees
Their Day of Vengeance come.

They have drawn out the threat'ning Sword,
Have bent the murd'rous Bow,
To slay the Men that fear the Lord,
And bring the Righteous low.

My God shall break their Bows, and burn
Their persecuting Darts,
Shall their own Swords against them turn;
And Pain surprize their Hearts.

PSALM XXXVII. 16, 21, 26—31. *Second Part.*

Charity to the Poor; or, *Religion in Words and Deeds.*

1 WHY do the wealthy Wicked boast,
And grow profanely bold?
The meanest Portion of the Just
Excels the Sinner's Gold.

2 The Wicked borrows of his Friends,
But ne'er designs to pay;
The Saint is merciful and lends,
Nor turns the Poor away.

3 His Alms with liberal Heart he gives
Amongst the Sons of Need;
His Mem'ry to long Ages lives,
And blessed is his Seed.

4 His Lips abhor to talk profane,
To slander or defraud;
His ready Tongue declares to Men
What he has learn'd of God.

5 The Law and Gospel of the Lord
Deep in his Heart abide;

Let

Led by the Spirit and the Word
His Feet shall never slide.

6 When Sinners fall, the Righteous stand,
Preserv'd from ev'ry Snare;
They shall possess the promis'd Land,
And dwell for ever there.

PSALM XXXVII. 23—37. *Third Part.*

The Way and End of the Righteous and Wicked.

1 MY God, the Steps of pious Men
Are order'd by thy Will;
Tho' they should fall, they rise again,
Thy Hand supports them still.

2 The Lord delights to see their Ways,
Their Vertue he approves:
He'll ne'er deprive them of his Grace,
Nor leave the Men he loves.

3 The heavenly Heritage is theirs,
Their Portion and their Home;
He feeds them now, and makes them Heirs
Of Blessings long to come.

4 Wait on the Lord, ye Sons of Men,
Nor fear when Tyrants frown;
Ye shall confess their Pride was vain
When Justice casts them down.

PAUSE.

5 The haughty Sinner have I seen
Nor fearing Man nor God,
Like a tall Bay-Tree fair and green,
Spreading his Arms abroad.

6 And lo, he vanish'd from the Ground,
Destroy'd by Hands unseen;

Nor Root, nor Branch, nor Leaf was found
Where all that Pride had been.

7 But mark the Man of Righteousness,
His several Steps attend;
True Pleasure runs thro' all his Ways,
And peaceful is his End.

PSALM XXXVIII.

Guilt of Conscience and Relief; or, *Repentance and Prayer for Pardon and Health.*

1 AMidst thy Wrath remember Love,
Restore thy Servant, Lord,
Nor let a Father's Chastning prove
Like an Avenger's Sword.

2 Thine Arrows stick within my Heart,
My Flesh is sorely prest;
Between the Sorrow and the Smart
My Spirit finds no Rest.

3 My Sins a heavy Load appear,
And o'er my Head are gone;
Too heavy they for me to bear,
Too hard for me t' atone.

4 My Thoughts are like a troubled Sea,
My Head still bending down;
And I go mourning all the Day
Beneath my Father's Frown.

5 Lord, I am weak and broken sore,
None of my Pow'rs are whole;
The inward Anguish makes me roar,
The Anguish of my Soul.

6 All my Desire to Thee is known,
Thine Eye counts every Tear,
And every Sigh, and every Groan
Is notic'd by thine Ear.

7 Thou

7 Thou art my God, my only Hope;
My God will hear my Cry,
My God will bear my Spirit up
When *Satan* bids me die.

8 [My Foot is ever apt to slide,
My Foes rejoice to see't;
They raise their Pleasure and their Pride
When they supplant my Feet.

9 But I'll confess my Guilt to Thee,
And grieve for all my Sin;
I'll mourn, how weak my Graces be,
And beg Support Divine.

10 My God, forgive my Follies past,
And be for ever nigh;
O Lord of my Salvation haste,
Before thy Servant die.]

PSALM XXXIX. 1, 2, 3. *First Part.*

Watchfulness over the Tongue; or, *Prudence and Zeal.*

1 THus I resolv'd before the Lord,
" Now will I watch my Tongue,
" Lest I let slip one sinful Word,
" Or do my Neighbour Wrong.

2 And if I'm e'er constrain'd to stay
With Men of Lives profane,
I'll set a double Guard that Day,
Nor let my Talk be vain.

3 I'll scarce allow my Lips to speak
The pious Thoughts I feel,
Lest Scoffers should th' Occasion take
To mock my holy Zeal.

4 Yet

Yet if some proper Hour appear,
I'll not be over-aw'd,
But let the scoffing Sinners hear
That we can speak for God.

PSALM XXXIX. 4, 5, 6, 7. *Second Part.*

The Vanity of Man as Mortal.

TEach me the Measure of my Days,
Thou Maker of my Frame;
I would survey Life's narrow Space,
And learn how frail I am.

A Span is all that we can boast,
An Inch or two of Time;
Man is but Vanity and Dust
In all his Flower and Prime.

See the vain Race of Mortals move
Like Shadows o'er the Plain,
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all the Noise is vain.

Some walk in Honour's gaudy Show,
Some dig for golden Oar,
They toil for Heirs they know not who,
And strait are seen no more.

What should I wish or wait for then
From Creatures, Earth and Dust?
They make our Expectations vain,
And disappoint our Trust.

Now I forbid my carnal Hope,
My fond Desires recall;
I give my mortal Interest up,
And make my God my All.

PSALM XXXIX. 9—13. *Third Part.*

Sick-Bed Devotion; or, *Pleading without Repining.*

1 GOD of my Life, look gently down,
Behold the Pains I feel;
But I am dumb before thy Throne,
Nor dare dispute thy Will.

2 Diseases are thy Servants, Lord,
They come at thy Command;
I'll not attempt a murmuring Word,
Against thy chast'ning Hand.

3 Yet I may plead with humble Cries,
Remove thy sharp Rebukes:
My Strength consumes, my Spirit dies
Thro' thy repeated Strokes.

4 Crush'd as a Moth beneath thy Hand
We moulder to the Dust;
Our feeble Powers can ne'er withstand,
And all our Beauty's lost.

5 [This mortal Life decays apace,
How soon the Bubble's broke!
Adam and all his numerous Race
Are Vanity and Smoke.]

6 I'm but a Sojourner below
As all my Fathers were;
May I be well prepar'd to go,
When I the Summons hear!

7 But if my Life be spar'd a while
Before my last Remove,
Thy Praise shall be my Business still,
And I'll declare thy Love.

PSALM XL. 1, 2, 3, 5, 17. *First Part.* Com. Met.

A Song of Deliverance from great Distress.

I Waited patient for the Lord,
He bow'd to hear my Cry;
He saw me resting on his Word,
And brought Salvation nigh.

2 He rais'd me from a horrid Pit,
Where mourning long I lay,
And from my Bonds releas'd my Feet,
Deep Bonds of miry Clay.

3 Firm on a Rock he made me stand,
And taught my chearful Tongue
To praise the Wonders of his Hand
In a new thankful Song.

4 I'll spread his Works of Grace abroad;
The Saints with Joy shall hear,
And Sinners learn to make my God
Their only Hope and Fear.

5 How many are thy Thoughts of Love;
Thy Mercies, Lord, how great!
We have not Words nor Hours enough
Their Numbers to repeat.

6 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
And Light and Peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy Woe,
And bears me on his Heart.

PSALM XL. 6—9. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

The Incarnation and Sacrifice of Christ.

1 THus saith the Lord, "Your Work is vain,
"Give your Burnt Offerings o'er,
"In dying Goats and Bullocks slain
"My Soul delights no more.

2 Then

2 Then spake the Saviour, "Lo, I'm here,
"My God, to do thy Will;
Whate'er thy sacred Books declare
"Thy Servant shall fulfil.

3 "Thy Law is ever in my Sight,
"I keep it near my Heart:
"Mine Ears are open'd with Delight
"To what thy Lips impart.

4 And see, the blest Redeemer comes,
Th' Eternal Son appears,
And at th' appointed Time assumes
The Body God prepares.

5 Much he reveal'd his Father's Grace,
And much his Truth he shew'd,
And preach'd the Way of Righteousness
Where great Assemblies stood.

6 His Father's Honour touch'd his Heart,
He pity'd Sinners Cries,
And to fulfil a Saviour's Part
Was made a Sacrifice.

PAUSE.

7 No Blood of Beasts on Altars shed
Could wash the Conscience clean,
But the rich Sacrifice he paid
Atones for all our Sin.

8 Then was the great Salvation spread,
And *Satan*'s Kingdom shook;
Thus by the Woman's promis'd Seed
The Serpent's Head was broke.

PSALM XL. 5—10. Long Metre.

Christ our Sacrifice.

THE Wonders, Lord, thy Love has wrought,
Exceed our Praise, surmount our Thought;
Should I attempt the long Detail,
My Speech would faint, my Numbers fail.

No Blood of Beasts on Altars spilt
Can cleanse the Souls of Men from Guilt;
But thou hast set before our Eyes
An All-sufficient Sacrifice.

Lo! thine eternal Son appears,
To thy Designs he bows his Ears;
Assumes a Body well prepar'd,
And well performs a Work so hard.

4 "Behold, I come, (the Saviour cries,
With Love and Duty in his Eyes)
"I come to bear the heavy Load
Of Sins, and do thy Will, my God.

5 "'Tis written in thy great Decree,
"'Tis in thy Book foretold of Me,
"I must fulfil the Saviour's Part,
"And lo! thy Law is in my Heart.

6 "I'll magnify thy holy Law,
"And Rebels to Obedience draw,
"When on my Cross I'm lifted high,
"Or to my Crown above the Sky.

7 "The Spirit shall descend and show
"What thou hast done, and what I do;
"The wond'ring World shall learn thy Grace,
"Thy Wisdom and thy Righteousness.

PSALM XLI. 1, 2, 3.

Charity to the Poor; or, *Pity to the Afflicted.*

1 BLeſt is the Man whoſe Bowels move,
And melt with Pity to the Poor,
Whoſe Soul by ſympathizing Love
Feels what his Fellow-Saints endure.

2 His Heart contrives for their Relief
More Good than his own Hands can do;
He in the Time of general Grief
Shall find the Lord has Bowels too.

3 His Soul ſhall live ſecure on Earth,
With ſecret Bleſſings on his Head,
When Drought, and Peſtilence, and Dearth,
Around him multiply their Dead.

4 Or if he languiſh on his Couch
God will pronounce his Sins forgiven,
Will ſave him with a healing Touch,
Or take his willing Soul to Heaven.

PSALM XLII. 1—5. *Firſt Part.*

Deſertion and Hope; or, *Complaint of Abſence from publick Worſhip.*

1 WIth earneſt Longings of the Mind,
My God, to Thee I look;
So pants the hunted Hart to find
And taſte the cooling Brook.

2 When ſhall I ſee thy Courts of Grace,
And meet my God again?
So long an Abſence from thy Face
My Heart endures with Pain.

3 Temptations vex my weary Soul,
And Tears are my Repaſt;

The Foe insults without Controul,
" *And where's your God at last* ?

4 'Tis with a mournful Pleasure now
I think on antient Days :
Then to thy House did Numbers go,
And all our Work was Praise.

5 But why, my Soul, sunk down so far
Beneath this heavy Load?
Why do my Thoughts indulge Despair,
And sin against my God ?

5 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty Hand
Can all thy Woes remove ;
For I shall yet before him stand,
And sing restoring Love.

PSALM XLII. 6—11. *Second Part.*

Melancholy Thoughts reprov'd ; or, *Hope in Afflictions.*

1 MY Spirit sinks within me, Lord,
But I will call thy Name to mind,
And Times of past Distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.

2 Huge Troubles with tumultuous Noise
Swell like a Sea, and round me spread ;
Thy Water-spouts drown all my Joys,
And rising Waves roll o'er my Head.

3 Yet will the Lord command his Love
When I address his Throne by Day,
Nor in the Night his Grace remove ;
The Night shall hear me sing and pray.

4 I'll cast my self before his Feet,
And say, " My God, my heavenly Rock,
" Why doth thy Love so long forget
" The Soul that groans beneath thy Stroke ?

5 I'll chide my Heart that ſinks ſo low,
Why ſhould my Soul indulge her Grief?
Hope in the Lord, and praiſe him too;
He is my Reſt, my ſure Relief.

6 Thy Light and Truth ſhall guide me ſtill,
Thy Word ſhall my beſt Thoughts employ,
And lead me to thine heavenly Hill,
My God, my moſt exceeding Joy.

PSALM XLIV. 1, 2, 3, 8, 15—26.

The Church's Complaint in Perſecution.

1 LORD, we have heard thy Works of old,
Thy Works of Pow'r and Grace,
When to our Ears our Fathers told
The Wonders of their Days.

2 How thou didſt build thy Churches here,
And make thy Goſpel known;
Amongſt them did thine Arm appear,
Thy Light and Glory ſhone.

3 In God they boaſted all the Day,
And in a chearful Throng
Did thouſands meet to praiſe and pray,
And Grace was all their Song.

4 But now our Souls are ſeiz'd with Shame,
Confuſion fills our Face,
To hear the Enemy blaſpheme,
And Fools reproach thy Grace.

5 Yet have we not forgot our God,
Nor falſely dealt with Heav'n,
Nor have our Steps declin'd the Road
Of Duty thou haſt giv'n.

6 Tho' Dragons all around us roar
With their deſtructive Breath,

And thine own Hand has bruis'd us sore
Hard by the Gates of Death.

PAUSE.

We are expos'd all Day to die
As Martyrs for thy Cause,
As Sheep for Slaughter bound we lie
By sharp and bloody Laws.

Awake, arise, Almighty Lord,
Why sleeps thy wonted Grace?
Why should we look like Men abhorr'd,
Or banish'd from thy Face?

Wilt thou for ever cast us off,
And still neglect our Cries?
For ever hide thine heavenly Love
From our afflicted Eyes?

Down to the Dust our Soul is bow'd,
And dies upon the Ground;
Rise for our Help, rebuke the Proud,
And all their Pow'rs confound.

Redeem us from perpetual Shame,
Our Saviour and our God;
We plead the Honours of thy Name,
The Merits of thy Blood.

PSALM XLV. Short Metre.

The Glory of Christ, *The Success of the Gospel, and, The Gentile Church.*

MY Saviour and my King,
Thy Beauties are Divine;
y Lips with Blessings overflow,
And every Grace is thine.

Now make thy Glory known,
Gird on thy dreadful Sword,

And ride in Majesty to spread
The Conquests of thy Word.

3 Strike thro' thy stubborn Foes,
Or melt their Hearts t'obey,
While Justice, Meekness, Grace and Truth
Attend thy glorious Way.

4 Thy Laws, O God, are right;
Thy Throne shall ever stand;
And thy victorious Gospel proves
A Sceptre in thy Hand.

5 [Thy Father and thy God
Hath without Measure shed
His Spirit like a joyful Oil
T' anoint thy sacred Head.]

6 [Behold, at thy Right-hand
The *Gentile* Church is seen,
Like a fair Bride in rich Attire,
And Princes guard the Queen.]

7 Fair Bride, receive his Love,
Forget thy Father's House;
Forsake thy Gods, thy Idol-Gods,
And pay thy Lord thy Vows.

8 O let thy God and King
Thy sweetest Thoughts employ;
Thy Children shall his Honour sing
In Palaces of Joy.

PSALM XLV. Common Metre.

The Personal Glories and Government of Christ.

1 I'LL speak the Honours of my King;
His Form divinely fair;
None of the Sons of mortal Race
May with the Lord compare.

2 Sweet

Sweet is thy Speech, and heavenly Grace
Upon thy Lips is shed;
Thy God with Blessings infinite
Hath crown'd thy sacred Head.

Gird on thy Sword, victorious Prince;
Ride with majestick Sway;
Thy Terrors shall strike thro' thy Foes,
And make the World obey.

Thy Throne, O God, for ever stands;
Thy Word of Grace shall prove
A peaceful Sceptre in thy Hands,
To rule the Saints by Love.

Justice and Truth attend thee still,
But Mercy is thy Choice;
And God, thy God, thy Soul shall fill
With most peculiar Joys.

PSALM XLV. *First Part.* Long Metre.

The Glory of Christ, *and Power of his Gospel.*

NOW be my Heart inspir'd to sing
The Glories of my Saviour-King,
Jesus the Lord; how heavenly fair
His Form! how bright his Beauties are!

O'er all the Sons of human Race
He shines with a superior Grace,
Love from his Lips divinely flows,
And Blessings all his State compose.

Dress thee in Arms, most mighty Lord,
Gird on the Terror of thy Sword,
In Majesty and Glory ride
With Truth and Meekness at thy Side.

Thine Anger like a pointed Dart
Shall pierce the Foes of stubborn Heart;

Or Words of Mercy kind and ſweet
Shall melt the Rebels at thy Feet.

5 Thy Throne, O God, for ever ſtands,
Grace is the Sceptre in thy Hands;
Thy Laws and Works are juſt and right,
Juſtice and Grace are thy Delight.

6 God, thine own God, has richly ſhed
His Oil of Gladneſs on thy Head,
And with his ſacred Spirit bleſt
His firſt-born Son above the reſt.

PSALM XLV. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

Chriſt *and his Church*; or, *The Myſtical Marriage.*

1 THE King of Saints, how fair his Face,
Adorn'd with Majeſty and Grace!
He comes with Bleſſings from above,
And wins the Nations to his Love.

2 At his Right-hand our Eyes behold
The Queen array'd in pureſt Gold;
The World admires her heavenly Dreſs,
Her Robe of Joy and Righteouſneſs.

3 He forms her Beauties like his own,
He calls and ſeats her near his Throne:
Fair Stranger, let thine Heart forget
The Idols of thy native State.

4 So ſhall the King the more rejoice
In thee the Favourite of his Choice;
Let him be lov'd, and yet ador'd,
For He's thy Maker and thy Lord.

5 O happy Hour, when thou ſhalt riſe
To his fair Palace in the Skies,
And all thy Sons (a numerous Train)
Each like a Prince in Glory reign!

6 Let

6 Let endless Honours crown his Head;
Let ev'ry Age his Praises spread;
While we with chearful Songs approve
The Condescensions of his Love.

PSALM XLVI. *First Part.*

The Church's Safety and Triumph among National Desolations.

1 GOD is the Refuge of his Saints,
When Storms of sharp Distress invade;
E'er we can offer our Complaints
Behold him present with his Aid.

2 Let Mountains from their Seats be hurl'd
Down to the Deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid World,
Our Faith shall never yield to Fear.

3 Loud may the troubled Ocean roar,
In sacred Peace our Souls abide,
While ev'ry Nation, ev'ry Shore
Trembles and dreads the swelling Tide.

4 There is a Stream whose gentle Flow
Supplies the City of our God;
Life, Love and Joy still gliding thro',
And wat'ring our divine Abode.

5 That sacred Stream, thine holy Word,
That all our raging Fear controuls:
Sweet Peace thy Promises afford,
And give new Strength to fainting Souls.

6 *Sion* enjoys her Monarch's Love,
Secure against a threat'ning Hour;
Nor can her firm Foundations move,
Built on his Truth, and arm'd with Pow'r.

PSALM XLVI. *Second Part.*

God fights for his Church.

1 LET *Sion* in her King rejoice
Tho' Tyrants rage, and Kingdoms rise;
He utters his Almighty Voice,
The Nations melt, the Tumult dies.

2 The Lord of old for *Jacob* fought,
And *Jacob*'s God is still our Aid;
Behold the Works his Hand has wrought,
What Desolations he has made.

3 From Sea to Sea thro' all the Shores
He makes the Noise of Battle cease;
When from on high his Thunder roars
He awes the trembling World to Peace.

4 He breaks the Bow, he cuts the Spear,
Chariots he burns with heavenly Flame;
Keep Silence all the Earth, and hear
The Sound and Glory of his Name.

5 "Be still, and learn that I am God,
"I'll be exalted o'er the Lands,
"I will be known and fear'd abroad,
"But still my Throne in *Sion* stands.

6 O Lord of Hosts, Almighty King,
While we so near thy Presence dwell,
Our Faith shall sit secure, and sing
Defiance to the Gates of Hell.

PSALM XLVII.

Christ Ascending and Reigning.

1 O For a Shout of sacred Joy
To God the sovereign King!
Let ev'ry Land their Tongues employ,
And Hymns of Triumph sing.

2 *Jesus*

2 *Jesus* our God ascends on high;
His heavenly Guards around
Attend him rising thro' the Sky,
With Trumpets joyful Sound.

3 While Angels shout and praise their King,
Let Mortals learn their Strains;
Let all the Earth his Honours sing;
O'er all the Earth he reigns.

4 Rehearse his Praise with Awe profound,
Let Knowledge lead the Song,
Nor mock him with a solemn Sound
Upon a thoughtless Tongue.

5 In *Israel* stood his antient Throne,
He lov'd that chosen Race,
But now he calls the World his own,
And *Heathens* taste his Grace.

6 The *British* Islands are the Lord's,
There *Abraham*'s God is known,
While Powers and Princes, Shields and Swords
Submit before his Throne.

PSALM XLVIII. 1—8. *First Part.*

The Church is the Honour and Safety of a Nation.

1 [GReat is the Lord our God,
And let his Praise be great;
He makes his Churches his Abode,
His most delightful Seat.

2 These Temples of his Grace,
How beautiful they stand?
The Honours of our Native Place,
And Bulwarks of our Land.]

3 In *Sion* God is known
A Refuge in Distress;

How bright has his Salvation ſhone
Thro' all her Palaces!

4 When Kings againſt her join'd,
And ſaw the Lord was there,
In wild Confuſion of the Mind
They fled with haſty Fear.

5 When Navies tall and proud
Attempt to ſpoil our Peace,
He ſends his Tempeſt roaring loud,
And ſinks them in the Seas.

6 Oft have our Fathers told,
Our Eyes have often ſeen,
How well our God ſecures the Fold
Where his own Sheep have been.

7 In every new Diſtreſs
We'll to his Houſe repair,
We'll think upon his wondrous Grace,
And ſeek Deliverance there.

PSALM XLVIII. 10—14. *Second Part.*

The Beauty of the Church; or, *Goſpel Worſhip and Order.*

1 FAR as thy Name is known
The World declares thy Praiſe;
Thy Saints, O Lord, before thy Throne
Their Songs of Honour raiſe.

2 With Joy let *Judah* ſtand
On *Sion*'s choſen Hill,
Proclaim the Wonders of thy Hand,
And Counſels of thy Will.

3 Let Strangers walk around
The City where we dwell,

Com-

Compass and view thine holy Ground,
And mark the Building well.

4 The Orders of thy House,
The Worship of thy Court,
The chearful Songs, the solemn Vows,
And make a fair Report.

5 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the Pomp that charms the Eyes,
And Rites adorn'd with Gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die,
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the Sky.

PSALM XLIX. 6—14. *First Part.* Com. Met.
Pride and Death; or, *The Vanity of Life and Riches.*

1 WHY doth the Man of Riches grow
To Insolence and Pride,
To see his Wealth and Honours flow
With ev'ry rising Tide?

2 [Why doth he treat the Poor with Scorn,
Made of the self same Clay,
And boast as tho' his Flesh were born
Of better Dust than they?]

3 Not all his Treasures can procure
His Soul a short Reprieve,
Redeem from Death one guilty Hour,
Or make his Brother live.

4 [Life is a Blessing can't be sold,
The Ransom is too high;
Justice will ne'er be brib'd with Gold,
That Man may never die.

5 He

5 He sees the Brutish and the Wise,
The Timorous and the Brave
Quit their Possessions, close their Eyes,
And hasten to the Grave.

6 Yet 'tis his inward Thought and Pride,
" My House shall ever stand ;
" And that my Name may long abide
" I'll give it to my Land.

7 Vain are his Thoughts, his Hopes are lost,
How soon his Memory dies !
His Name is written in the Dust
Where his own Carcass lies.]

PAUSE.

8 This is the Folly of their Way ;
And yet their Sons as vain
Approve the Words their Fathers say,
And act their Works again.

9 Men void of Wisdom and of Grace,
If Honour raise them high,
Live like the Beast, a thoughtless Race,
And like the Beast they die.

10 [Laid in the Grave like silly Sheep,
Death feeds upon them there,
Till the last Trumpet break their Sleep
In Terror and Despair.]

PSALM XLIX. Ver. 14, 15. *Second Part.*
Common Metre.

Death, and the Resurrection.

1 YE Sons of Pride, that hate the Just,
And trample on the Poor,
When Death has brought you down to Dust
Your Pomp shall rise no more.

2 The

The last great Day shall change the Scene;
When will that Hour appear?
When shall the Just revive, and reign
O'er all that scorn'd them here?

God will my naked Soul receive,
When separate from the Flesh;
And break the Prison of the Grave,
To raise my Bones afresh.

Heaven is my everlasting Home,
Th' Inheritance is sure;
Let Men of Pride their Rage resume,
But I'll repine no more.

PSALM XLIX. Long Metre.

The rich Sinner's Death, and the Saint's Resurrection.

1 WHY do the Proud insult the Poor,
And boast the large Estates they have!
How vain are Riches to secure
Their haughty Owners from the Grave!

2 They can't redeem one Hour from Death
With all the Wealth in which they trust;
Nor give a dying Brother Breath,
When God commands him down to Dust.

3 There the dark Earth and dismal Shade
Shall clasp their naked Bodies round;
That Flesh so delicately fed
Lies cold, and moulders in the Ground.

4 Like thoughtless Sheep the Sinner dies,
Laid in the Grave for Worms to eat:
The Saints shall in the Morning rise,
And find th' Oppressor at their Feet.

5 His Honours perish in the Dust,
And Pomp, and Beauty, Birth, and Blood;

The

That glorious Day exalts the Juſt
To full Dominion o'er the Proud.

6 My Saviour ſhall my Life reſtore,
And raiſe me from my dark Abode:
My Fleſh and Soul ſhall part no more;
But dwell for ever near my God.

PSALM L. 1—6. *First Part.* Common Metre.

The laſt Judgment; or, *The Saints rewarded.*

1 THE Lord, the Judge before his Throne
Bids the whole Earth draw nigh,
The Nations near the riſing Sun,
And near the *Weſtern* Sky.

2 No more ſhall bold Blaſphemers ſay,
"*Judgment will ne'er begin*;
No more abuſe his long Delay
To Impudence and Sin.

3 Thron'd on a Cloud our God ſhall come,
Bright Flames prepare his Way,
Thunder and Darkneſs, Fire and Storm
Lead on the dreadful Day.

4 Heav'n from above his Call ſhall hear,
Attending Angels come,
And Earth and Hell ſhall know, and fear
His Juſtice, and their Doom.

5 "But gather all my Saints (he cries)
"That made their Peace with God
"By the Redeemer's Sacrifice,
"And ſeal'd it with his Blood.

6 "Their Faith and Works brought forth to Light
"Shall make the World confeſs
"My Sentence of Reward is right,
"And Heaven adore my Grace.

PSALM

PSALM L. Ver. 10, 11, 14, 15, 23. *Second Part.*
Common Metre.

Obedience is better than Sacrifice.

THUS saith the Lord, " The spacious Fields,
" And Flocks and Herds are mine,
" O'er all the Cattle of the Hills
" I claim a Right divine.

2 " I ask no Sheep for Sacrifice,
" Nor Bullocks burnt with Fire;
" To hope and love, to pray and praise
" Is all that I require.

3 " Call upon me when Trouble's near,
" My Hand shall set thee free;
" Then shall thy thankful Lips declare
" The Honour due to me.

4 " The Man that offers humble Praise,
" He glorifies me best;
" And those that tread my holy Ways
" Shall my Salvation taste.

PSALM L. Ver. 1, 5, 8, 16, 21, 22. *Third Part.*
Common Metre.

The Judgment of Hypocrites.

1 WHEN *Christ* to Judgment shall descend,
And Saints surround their Lord,
He calls the Nations to attend,
And hear his awful Word.

2 " Not for the Want of Bullocks slain
" Will I the World reprove;
" Altars and Rites, and Forms are vain
" Without the Fire of Love.

3 " And

3 " And what have Hypocrites to do
" To bring their Sacrifice?
" They call my Statutes juſt and true,
" But deal in Theft and Lies.

4 " Could you expect to 'ſcape my Sight,
" And ſin without Controul?
" But I ſhall bring your Crimes to Light
" With Anguiſh in your Soul.

5 Conſider, ye that ſlight the Lord,
Before his Wrath appear;
If once you fall beneath his Sword,
There's no Deliverer there.

PSALM L. *Third Part.* Long Metre.

Hypocriſy expos'd.

1 THE Lord the Judge his Churches warns,
Let Hypocrites attend and fear,
Who place their Hope in Rites and Forms,
But make not Faith nor Love their Care.

2 Vile Wretches dare rehearſe his Name
With Lips of Falſhood and Deceit;
A Friend or Brother they defame,
And ſooth and flatter thoſe they hate.

3 They watch to do their Neighbours wrong,
Yet dare to ſeek their Maker's Face;
They take his Covenant on their Tongue,
But break his Laws, abuſe his Grace.

4 To Heav'n they lift their Hands unclean,
Defil'd with Luſt, defil'd with Blood;
By Night they practiſe every Sin,
By Day their Mouths draw near to God.

5 And while his Judgments long delay,
They grow ſecure and ſin the more;

They

They think he sleeps as well as they,
And put far off the dreadful Hour.

6 O dreadful Hour! when God draws near,
And sets their Crimes before their Eyes!
His Wrath their guilty Souls shall tear,
And no Deliverer dare to rise.

PSALM L. To a New Tune.

The last Judgment.

1 THE Lord, the Sovereign sends his Summons forth,
Calls the *South* Nations, and awakes the *North*;
From *East* to *West* the sounding Order's spread
Thro' distant Worlds and Regions of the Dead:
No more shall Atheists mock his long Delay?
His Vengeance sleeps no more: behold the Day.

2 Behold the Judge descends; his Guards are nigh,
Tempest and Fire attend him down the Sky:
Heav'n, Earth and Hell draw near; let all Things come
To hear his Justice and the Sinner's Doom;
But gather first my Saints (the Judge commands)
Bring them, ye Angels, from their distant Lands.

3 Behold my Covenant stands for ever good,
Seal'd by th' eternal Sacrifice in Blood,
And sign'd with all their Names; the *Greek*, the *Jew*,
That paid the ancient Worship or the new,
There's no Distinction here; Come, spread their Thrones,
And near me seat my Favourites and my Sons.

4 I their Almighty Saviour and their God,
I am their Judge: Ye Heavens, proclaim abroad
My just eternal Sentence, and declare
Those awful Truths that Sinners dread to hear;
Sinners in *Zion*, tremble and retire;
I doom the painted Hypocrite to Fire.

5 Not for the want of Goats or Bullocks slain
Do I condemn thee; Bulls and Goats are vain
Without the Flames of Love: In vain the Store
Of Brutal Offerings that were mine before;
Mine are the tamer Beasts and savage Breed,
Flocks, Herds, and Fields, and Forests where they (feed.

6 If I were hungry, wou'd I ask thee Food?
When did I thirst, or drink thy Bullocks Blood?
Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing Bows,
Thy solemn Chatterings and phantastick Vows?
Are my Eyes charm'd thy Vestments to behold,
Glaring in Gems, and gay in woven Gold?

(please

7 Unthinking Wretch! how could'st thou hope to
A God, a Spirit, with such Toys as these?
While with my Grace and Statutes on thy Tongue
Thou lov'st Deceit, and dost thy Brother wrong;
In vain to pious Forms thy Zeal pretends,
Thieves and Adulterers are thy chosen Friends.

8 Silent I waited with long-suffering Love,
But did'st thou hope that I should ne'er reprove?
And cherish such an impious Thought within,
That God the Righteous would indulge thy Sin?
Behold my Terrors now: My Thunders roll,
And thy own Crimes affright thy guilty Soul.

9 Sinners, awake betimes; Ye Fools, be wise;
Awake before this dreadful Morning rise;
Change your vain Thoughts, your crooked Works (amend;
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your Friend;
Left like a Lion his last Vengeance tear,
Your trembling Souls, and no Deliverer near.

PSALM L. To the old proper Tune.

The last Judgment.

1 THE God of Glory sends his Summons forth,
Calls the *South* Nations, and awakes the *North*;
From *East* to *West* the sov'reign Order's spread,
Thro' distant Worlds and Regions of the Dead.

The Trumpet sounds; Hell trembles; Heaven rejoices;
Lift up your Heads, ye Saints, with chearful Voices.

2 No more shall Atheists mock his long Delay;
His Vengeance sleeps no more; behold the Day:
Behold the Judge descends; his Guards are nigh;
Tempests and Fire attend him down the Sky.

When God appears, all Nature shall adore him;
While Sinners tremble, Saints rejoice before him.

3 "Heaven, Earth, and Hell draw near; let all (Things come
"To hear my Justice and the Sinners Doom;
"But gather first my Saints; (the Judge com- (mands)
"Bring them, ye Angels, from their distant Lands.

When Christ returns, wake every chearful Passion;
And shout, ye Saints, he comes for your Salvation.

4 "Behold my Covenant stands for ever good,
"Seal'd by th' eternal Sacrifice in Blood, (*Jew*,
"And sign'd with all their Names; the *Greek*, the
"That paid the antient Worship or the new;

There's no Distinction here, join all your Voices,
And raise your Heads, ye Saints, for Heaven rejoices.

5 "Here (saith the Lord) ye Angels, spread their (Thrones,
"And near me seat my Favourites and my Sons.

"Come

" Come, my Redeem'd, poſſeſs the Joys prepar'd
" E'er Time began; 'tis your divine Reward.

When Chriſt returns, wake every chearful Paſſion,
And ſhout, ye Saints, he comes for your Salvation.

PAUSE the Firſt.

6 " I am the Saviour, I th' Almighty God,
" I am the Judge: Ye Heavens, proclaim abroad
" My juſt eternal Sentence, and declare
" Thoſe awful Truths that Sinners dread to hear.

When God appears, all Nature ſhall adore him;
While Sinners tremble, Saints rejoice before him.

7 " Stand forth, thou bold Blaſphemer, and pro-(fane,
" Now feel my Wrath, nor call my Threatnings (vain;
" Thou Hypocrite, once dreſt in Saints Attire,
" I doom the painted Hypocrite to Fire.

Judgment proceeds; Hell trembles; Heaven rejoices;
Lift up your Heads, ye Saints, with chearful Voices.

8 " Not for the Want of Goats or Bullocks ſlain
" Do I condemn thee; Bulls and Goats are vain
" Without the Flames of Love: In vain the Store
" Of brutal Offerings that were mine before:

Earth is the Lord's; all Nature ſhall adore him;
While Sinners tremble, Saints rejoice before him.

9 " If I were hungry, wou'd I ask thee Food?
" When did I thirſt, or drink thy Bullocks Blood?
" Mine are the tamer Beaſts and ſavage Breed,
" Flocks, Herds, and Fields, and Foreſts where (they feed.

All is the Lord's: He rules the wide Creation;
Gives Sinners Vengeance, and the Saints Salvation.

10 " Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing Bows,
" Thy solemn Chatterings and phantastick Vows?
" Are my Eyes charm'd, thy Vestments to behold,
" Glaring in Gems, and gay in woven Gold?

God is the Judge of Hearts, no fair Disguises
Can screen the Guilty when his Vengeance rises.

PAUSE the Second.

11 " Unthinking Wretch! how could'st thou hope (to please
" A God, a Spirit, with such Toys as these?
" While with my Grace and Statutes on thy (Tongue
" Thou lov'st Deceit, and dost thy Brother (wrong.

Judgment proceeds; Hell trembles; Heaven rejoices;
Lift up your Heads, ye Saints, with chearful Voices.

12 " In vain to pious Forms thy Zeal pretends;
" Thieves and Adulterers are thy chosen Friends;
" While the false Flatterer at my Altar waits,
" His harden'd Soul divine Instruction hates.

God is the Judge of Hearts, no fair Disguises
Can screen the Guilty when his Vengeance rises.

13 " Silent I waited with long-suffering Love;
" But did'st thou hope that I should ne'er reprove?
" And cherish such an impious Thought within,
" That the All-holy would indulge thy Sin?

See, God appears, all Nature joins t' adore him;
Judgment proceeds, and Sinners fall before him.

14 " Behold my Terrors now: My Thunders roll,
" And thy own Crimes affright thy guilty Soul;
" Now like a Lion shall my Vengeance tear
" Thy bleeding Heart, and no Deliverer near.

Judg-

Judgment concludes; Hell trembles; Heaven rejoices;
Lift up your Heads, ye Saints, with chearful Voices.

Epiphonema.

Sinners, awake betimes; ye Fools, be wise;
Awake before this dreadful Morning rise: (amend,
Change your vain Thoughts, your crooked Works
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your Friend:

Then join the Saints: Wake every chearful Passion,
When Christ returns, he comes for your Salvation.

PSALM LI. *First Part.* Long Metre.

A Penitent pleading for Pardon.

1 SHew Pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting Rebel live;
Are not thy Mercies large and free;
May not a Sinner trust in Thee?

2 My Crimes are great, but not surpass
The Power and Glory of thy Grace:
Great God, thy Nature hath no Bound,
So let thy pardoning Love be found.

3 O wash my Soul from every Sin,
And make my guilty Conscience clean;
Here on my Heart the Burden lies,
And past Offences pain mine Eyes.

4 My Lips with Shame my Sins confess
Against thy Law, against thy Grace:
Lord, should thy Judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden Vengeance seize my Breath,
I must pronounce Thee Just in Death;

And if my Soul were sent to Hell
Thy righteous Law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling Sinner, Lord,
Whose Hope still hovering round thy Word,
Would light on some sweet Promise there,
Some sure Support against Despair

PSALM LI. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

Original and actual Sin confess'd.

1 LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in Sin;
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the Man whose guilty Fall
Corrupts the Race, and taints us All.

2 Soon as we draw our Infant-Breath
The Seeds of Sin grow up for Death;
Thy Law demands a perfect Heart;
But we're defil'd in every Part.

3 [Great God, create my Heart a-new,
And form my Spirit pure and true:
O make me wise betimes, to spy
My Danger and my Remedy.]

4 Behold I fall before thy Face;
My only Refuge is thy Grace:
No outward Forms can make me clean;
The Leprosy lies deep within.

5 No bleeding Bird, nor bleeding Beast,
Nor Hyssop-Branch, nor sprinkling Priest,
Nor running Brook, nor Flood, nor Sea,
Can wash the dismal Stain away.

6 *Jesus*, my God, thy Blood alone
Hath Power sufficient to atone;
Thy Blood can make me white as Snow;
No *Jewish* Types could cleanse me so.

7 While

7 While Guilt disturbs and breaks my Peace,
Nor Flesh nor Soul hath Rest or Ease;
Lord, let me hear thy pardoning Voice,
And make my broken Bones rejoice.

PSALM LI. *Third Part.* Long Metre.

The Backslider restor'd; or, *Repentance and Faith in the Blood of* Christ.

1 O Thou that hear'st when Sinners cry,
Tho' all my Crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry Look,
But blot their Memory from thy Book.

2 Create my Nature pure within,
And form my Soul averse to Sin:
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy Presence from my Heart.

3 I cannot live without thy Light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy Sight:
Thine holy Joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Tho' I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His Help and Comfort still afford:
And let a Wretch come near thy Throne
To plead the Merits of thy Son.

5 A broken Heart, my God, my King,
Is all the Sacrifice I bring;
The God of Grace will ne'er despise
A broken Heart for Sacrifice.

6 My Soul lies humbled in the Dust,
And owns thy dreadful Sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying Eye,
And save the Soul condemn'd to die.

7 Then

7 Then will I teach the World thy Ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign Grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's Blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

8 O may thy Love inspire my Tongue!
Salvation shall be all my Song;
And all my Powers shall join to bless
The Lord my Strength and Righteousness.

PSALM LI. 3—13. *First Part.* Common Metre.

Original and Actual Sin confess'd and pardon'd.

1 LORD, I would spread my sore Distress
And Guilt before thine Eyes;
Against thy Laws, against thy Grace
How high my Crimes arise!

2 Should'st thou condemn my Soul to Hell,
And crush my Flesh to Dust,
Heav'n would approve thy Vengeance well,
And Earth must own it just.

3 I from the Stock of *Adam* came,
Unholy and unclean;
All my Original is Shame,
And all my Nature Sin.

4 Born in a World of Guilt I drew
Contagion with my Breath;
And as my Days advanc'd I grew
A juster Prey for Death.

5 Cleanse me, O Lord, and cheer my Soul
With thy forgiving Love;
O make my broken Spirit whole
And bid my Pains remove.

6 Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
Nor drive me from thy Face;

Create anew my vicious Heart,
And fill it with thy Grace.

7 Then will I make thy Mercy known
Before the Sons of Men;
Backsliders shall address thy Throne,
And turn to God again.

PSALM LI. 14—17. 2d *Part.* Common Metre.

Repentance and Faith in the Blood of Christ.

1 O God of Mercy, hear my Call,
My Loads of Guilt remove,
Break down this separating Wall
That bars me from thy Love.

2 Give me the Presence of thy Grace,
Then my rejoicing Tongue
Shall speak aloud thy Righteousness,
And make thy Praise my Song.

3 No Blood of Goats, nor Heifer slain
For Sin could e'er atone;
The Death of *Christ* shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

4 A Soul oppress with Sin's Desert
My God will ne'er despise;
A humble Groan, a broken Heart
Is our best Sacrifice.

PSALM LIII. 4—6.

Victory and Deliverance from Persecution.

1 ARE all the Foes of *Sion* Fools,
Who thus devour her Saints?
Do they not know her Saviour rules,
And pities her Complaints?

2 They shall be seiz'd with sad Surprize;
For God's revenging Arm

Scatters

Scatters the Bones of them that rise
To do his Children Harm.

3 In vain the Sons of *Satan* boast
Of Armies in Array;
When God has first despis'd their Host,
They fall an easy Prey.

4 O for a Word from *Sion*'s King
Her Captives to restore!
Jacob with all his Tribes shall sing,
And *Judah* weep no more.

PSALM LV. 1—8, 16, 17, 18, 22. Com. Metre.

Support for the afflicted and tempted Soul.

1 O God, my Refuge, hear my Cries,
Behold my flowing Tears,
For Earth and Hell my Hurt devise,
And triumph in my Fears.

2 Their Rage is levell'd at my Life,
My Soul with Guilt they load,
And fill my Thoughts with inward Strife
To shake my Hope in God.

3 With inward Pain my Heart-strings sound,
I groan with every Breath;
Horror and Fear beset me round
Amongst the Shades of Death.

4 O were I like a feather'd Dove,
And Innocence had Wings;
I'd fly, and make a long Remove
From all these restless Things.

5 Let me to some wild Desart go,
And find a peaceful Home,
Where Storms of Malice never blow,
Temptations never come.

6 Vain Hopes, and vain Inventions all
To 'scape the Rage of Hell!
The mighty God on whom I call
Can save me here as well.

PAUSE.

7 By Morning Light I'll seek his Face,
At Noon repeat my Cry,
The Night shall hear me ask his Grace,
Nor will he long deny.

8 God shall preserve my Soul from Fear,
Or shield me when afraid;
Ten thousand Angels must appear
If He command their Aid.

9 I cast my Burdens on the Lord,
The Lord sustains them all;
My Courage rests upon his Word
That Saints shall never fall.

10 My highest Hopes shall not be vain,
My Lips shall spread his Praise;
While cruel and deceitful Men,
Scarce live out half their Days.

PSALM LV. Ver. 15, 16, 17, 19, 22. Short Metre.

Dangerous Prosperity; or, *Daily Devotions encourag'd.*

1 LET Sinners take their Course,
And chuse the Road to Death;
But in the Worship of my God
I'll spend my daily Breath.

2 My Thoughts address his Throne
When Morning brings the Light;
I seek his Blessing every Noon,
And pay my Vows at Night.

3 Thou wilt regard my Cries,
O my eternal God,
While Sinners perish in Surprize
Beneath thine angry Rod.

4 Because they dwell at Ease,
And no sad Changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust thy Name,
Nor learn to do thy Will.

5 But I with all my Cares,
Will lean upon the Lord,
I'll cast my Burdens on his Arm
And rest upon his Word.

6 His Arm shall well sustain
The Children of his Love;
The Ground on which their Safety stands
No earthly Power can move.

PSALM LVI.

Deliverance from Oppression and Falsehood; or, *God's Care of his People in Answer to Faith and Prayer.*

1 O Thou whose Justice reigns on high,
And makes th' Oppressor cease,
Behold how envious Sinners try
To vex and break my Peace!

2 The Sons of Violence and Lies
Join to devour me, Lord;
But as my hourly Dangers rise
My Refuge is thy Word.

3 In God most holy, just and true
I have repos'd my Trust;
Nor will I fear what Flesh can do,
The Offspring of the Dust.

4 They wreſt my Words to Miſchief ſtill,
Charge me with unknown Fau'ts;
Miſchief doth all their Counſels fill,
And Malice all their Thoughts.

5 Shall they eſcape without thy Frown?
Muſt their Devices ſtand?
O caſt the haughty Sinner down,
And let him know thy Hand!

PAUSE.

6 God counts the Sorrows of his Saints,
Their Groans affect his Ears;
Thou haſt a Book for my Complaints,
A Bottle for my Tears.

7 When to thy Throne I raiſe my Cry,
The Wicked fear and flee;
So ſwift is Prayer to reach the Sky,
So near is God to me.

8 In Thee, moſt holy, juſt and true,
I have repos'd my Truſt;
Nor will I fear what Man can do,
The Offspring of the Duſt.

9 Thy ſolemn Vows are on me, Lord,
Thou ſhalt receive my Praiſe;
I'll ſing, *How faithful is thy Word*;
How righteous all thy Ways!

10 Thou haſt ſecur'd my Soul from Death,
O ſet thy Pris'ner free,
That Heart and Hand, and Life and Breath
May be employ'd for Thee.

PSALM LVII.

Praise for Protection, Grace and Truth.

1 MY God, in whom are all the Springs
Of boundless Love and Grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy spreading Wings
Till the dark Cloud is overblown.

2 Up to the Heavens I send my Cry,
The Lord will my Desires perform;
He sends his Angel from the Sky,
And saves me from the threatning Storm.

3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the Heav'ns where Angels dwell;
Thy Power on Earth be known abroad,
And Land to Land thy Wonders tell.

4 My Heart is fix'd; my Song shall raise
Immortal Honours to thy Name;
Awake, my Tongue, to sound his Praise,
My Tongue, the Glory of my Frame.

5 High o'er the Earth his Mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost Sky;
His Truth to endless Years remains,
When lower Worlds dissolve and die.

6 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the Heav'ns where Angels dwell;
Thy Power on Earth be known abroad,
And Land to Land thy Wonders tell.

PSALM LVIII. As the 113th Psalm.

Warning to Magistrates.

1 JUdges, who rule the World by Laws,
Will ye despise the righteous Cause,
When th' injur'd Poor before you stands?

Dare ye condemn the righteous Poor,
And let rich Sinners 'ſcape ſecure,
While Gold and Greatneſs bribe your Hands?

2 Have ye forgot, or never knew
That God will judge the Judges too?
High in the Heavens his Juſtice reigns;
Yet you invade the Rights of God,
And ſend your bold Decrees abroad
To bind the Conſcience in your Chains.

3 A poiſon'd Arrow is your Tongue,
The Arrow ſharp, the Poiſon ſtrong,
And Death attends where-e'er it wounds:
You hear no Counſels, Cries or Tears;
So the deaf Adder ſtops her Ears
Againſt the Pow'r of charming Sounds.

4 Break out their Teeth, eternal God,
Thoſe Teeth of Lions dy'd in Blood;
And cruſh the Serpents in the Duſt:
As empty Chaff, when Whirlwinds riſe,
Before the ſweeping Tempeſt flies,
So let their Hopes and Names be loſt.

5 Th' Almighty thunders from the Sky,
Their Grandeur melts, their Titles die,
As Hills of Snow diſſolve and run,
Or Snails that periſh in their Slime,
Or Births that come before their Time,
Vain Births that never ſee the Sun.

6 Thus ſhall the Vengeance of the Lord
Safety and Joy to Saints afford;
And all that hear ſhall join and ſay,
"Sure there's a God that rules on high,
"A God that hears his Children cry,
"And will their Sufferings well repay.

PSALM LX. 1—5, 10—12.

On a Day of Humiliation for Disappointments in War.

1 LORD, hast thou cast the Nation off?
Must we for ever mourn?
Wilt thou indulge immortal Wrath?
Shall Mercy ne'er return?

2 The Terror of one Frown of thine
Melts all our Strength away?
Like Men that totter drunk with Wine,
We tremble in Dismay.

3 *Great Britain* shakes beneath thy Stroke,
And dreads thy threatning Hand;
O heal the Island Thou hast broke,
Confirm the wav'ring Land.

4 Lift up a Banner in the Field
For those that fear thy Name;
Save thy Beloved with thy Shield,
And put our Foes to Shame.

5 Go with our Armies to the Fight
Like a Confed'rate God;
In vain Confed'rate Pow'rs unite
Against thy lifted Rod.

6 Our Troops shall gain a wide Renown
By thine assisting Hand;
'Tis God that treads the Mighty down,
And makes the Feeble stand.

PSALM LXI. 1—6.

Safety in God.

1 WHEN overwhelm'd with Grief
My Heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all Relief
To Heaven I lift mine Eyes.

2 O lead me to the Rock
That's high above my Head,
And make the Covert of thy Wings
My Shelter and my Shade.

3 Within thy Presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the Tower of my Defence,
The Refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the Lot
Of those that fear thy Name;
If endless Life be their Reward,
I shall possess the same.

PSALM LXII. 5—12.

No Trust in the Creatures; or, *Faith in Divine Grace and Power.*

1 MY Spirit looks to God alone;
My Rock and Refuge is his Throne;
In all my Fears, in all my Straits
My Soul on his Salvation waits.

2 Trust him, ye Saints, in all your Ways,
Pour out your Hearts before his Face:
When Helpers fail, and Foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient Aid.

3 False are the Men of high Degree,
The baser Sort are Vanity;
Laid in the Balance both appear
Light as a Puff of empty Air.

4 Make not increasing Gold your Trust,
Nor set your Heart on glittering Dust;
Why will you grasp the fleeting Smoke,
And not believe what God has spoke?

5 Once

5 Once has his awful Voice declar'd,
Once and again my Ears have heard,
" All Power is his eternal Due;
" He must be fear'd and trusted too.

6 For Sovereign Power reigns not alone,
Grace is a Partner of the Throne:
Thy Grace and Justice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last Reward.

PSALM LXIII. 1, 2, 5, 3, 4. *First Part.* Com. Met.

The Morning of a Lord's-Day.

1 EArly, my God, without Delay,
I haste to seek thy Face;
My thirsty Spirit faints away
Without thy chearing Grace.

2 So Pilgrims on the scorching Sand
Beneath a burning Sky
Long for a cooling Stream at hand
And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen thy Glory and thy Pow'r
Thro' all thy Temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly Hour,
That Vision so divine.

4 Not all the Blessings of a Feast
Can please my Soul so well
As when thy richer Grace I taste,
And in thy Presence dwell.

5 Not Life it self with all her Joys
Can my best Passions move,
Or raise so high my chearful Voice
As thy forgiving Love.

6 Thus till my last expiring Day
I'll bless my God and King;

Thus

Thus will I lift my Hands to pray,
And tune my Lips to sing.

PSALM LXIII. 6—10. *Second Part.* Common Met.

Midnight Thoughts recollected.

1 'TWAS in the Watches of the Night
I thought upon thy Pow'r,
I kept thy lovely Face in Sight
Amidst the darkest Hour.

2 My Flesh lay resting on my Bed,
My Soul arose on high;
" *My God, my Life, my Hope,* I said,
" *Bring thy Salvation nigh.*

3 My Spirit labours up thine Hill,
And climbs the heavenly Road;
But thy Right-hand upholds me still,
While I pursue my God.

4 Thy Mercy stretches o'er my Head
The Shadow of thy Wings;
My Heart rejoices in thine Aid,
My Tongue awakes and sings.

5 But the Destroyers of my Peace
Shall fret and rage in vain;
The Tempter shall for ever cease,
And all my Sins be slain.

6 Thy Sword shall give my Foes to Death,
And send them down to dwell
In the dark Caverns of the Earth,
Or to the Deeps of Hell.

PSALM LXIII. Long Metre.

Longing after God; or, *The Love of God better than Life.*

1 GReat God, indulge my humble Claim,
Thou art my Hope, my Joy, my Reſt;
The Glories that compoſe thy Name
Stand all engag'd to make me bleſt.

2 Thou Great and Good, thou Juſt and Wiſe,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine by ſacred Ties;
Thy Son, thy Servant bought with Blood.

3 With Heart and Eyes and lifted Hands
For Thee I long, to Thee I look,
As Travellers in thirſty Lands
Pant for the cooling Water-brook.

4 With early Feet I love t' appear
Among thy Saints, and ſeek thy Face,
Oft have I ſeen thy Glory there,
And felt the Power of ſovereign Grace.

5 Not Fruits nor Wines that tempt our Taſte,
Nor all the Joys our Senſes know,
Could make me ſo divinely bleſt,
Or raiſe my chearful Paſſion ſo.

6 My Life it ſelf without thy Love
No Taſte of Pleaſure could afford;
'Twould but a tireſome Burden prove,
If I were baniſh'd from the Lord.

7 Amidſt the wakeful Hours of Night,
When buſy Cares afflict my Head,
One Thought of Thee gives new Delight,
And adds Refreſhment to my Bed.

8 I'll lift my Hands, I'll raise my Voice,
While I have Breath to pray or praise;
This Work shall make my Heart rejoice,
And spend the Remnant of my Days.

PSALM LXIII. Short Metre.

Seeking God.

1 MY God, permit my Tongue
This Joy, to call Thee mine;
And let my early Cries prevail
To taste thy Love divine.

2 My thirsty fainting Soul
Thy Mercy does implore;
Not Travellers in Desart Lands
Can pant for Water more.

3 Within thy Churches, Lord,
I long to find my Place,
Thy Power and Glory to behold,
And feel thy quick'ning Grace.

4 For Life without thy Love
No Relish can afford;
No Joy can be compar'd with this,
To serve and please the Lord.

5 To thee I'll lift my Hands,
And praise Thee while I live;
Not the rich Dainties of a Feast
Such Food or Pleasure give.

6 In wakeful Hours at Night
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy Counsels are,
And all thy Dealings kind.

7 Since thou hast been my Help,
To Thee my Spirit flies,

And

And on thy watchful Providence
My chearful Hope relies.

8 The Shadow of thy Wings
My Soul in Safety keeps!
I follow where my Father leads
And he supports my Steps.

PSALM LXV. 1—5. *First Part.* Long Metre.

Publick Prayer and Praise.

1 THE Praise of *Sion* waits for Thee,
My God: And Praise becomes thy House;
There shall thy Saints thy Glory see,
And there perform their publick Vows.

2 O Thou, whose Mercy bends the Skies
To save, when humble Sinners pray;
All Lands to Thee shall lift their Eyes,
And Islands of the *Northern* Sea.

3 Against my Will my Sins prevail,
But Grace shall purge away their Stain;
The Blood of Christ will never fail,
To wash my Garments white again.

4 Blest is the Man whom thou shalt chuse
And give him kind Access to Thee;
Give him a Place within thy House,
To taste thy Love divinely free.

PAUSE.

5 Let *Babel* fear when *Sion* prays;
Babel, prepare for long Distress,
When *Sion's* God himself arrays
In Terror and in Righteousness.

6 With dreadful Glory God fulfils
What his afflicted Saints request;

And

And with Almighty Wrath reveals
His Love to give his Churches Reſt.

7 Then ſhall the flocking Nations run
To *Sion*'s Hill, and own their Lord;
The riſing and the ſetting Sun
Shall ſee the Saviour's Name ador'd.

PSALM LXV. 5—13. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

Divine Providence in Air, Earth and Sea; or, *The God of Nature and Grace.*

1 THE God of our Salvation hears
The Groans of *Sion* mix'd with Tears;
Yet when he comes with kind Deſigns,
Thro' all the Way his Terror ſhines.

2 On him the Race of Man depends,
Far as the Earth's remoteſt Ends,
Where the Creator's Name is known
By Nature's feeble Light alone.

3 Sailors that travel o'er the Flood
Addreſs their frighted Souls to God,
When Tempeſts rage, and Billows roar
At dreadful Diſtance from the Shore.

4 He bids the noiſy Tempeſt ceaſe;
He calms the raging Crowd to Peace,
When a tumultuous Nation raves
Wild as the Winds, and loud as Waves.

5 Whole Kingdoms ſhaken by the Storm
He ſettles in a peaceful Form;
Mountains eſtabliſh'd by his Hand
Firm on their old Foundations ſtand.

6 Behold his Enſigns ſweep the Sky,
New Comets blaze, and Lightnings fly;

The

The *Heathen* Lands with swift Surprize,
From the bright Horrors turn their Eyes.

7 At his Command the Morning-Ray
Smiles in the *East*, and leads the Day;
He guides the Sun's declining Wheels
Over the Tops of *Western* Hills.

8 Seasons and Times obey his Voice;
The Evening and the Morn rejoice
To see the Earth made soft with Showers,
Laden with Fruit and drest in Flowers.

9 'Tis from his watry Stores on high
He gives the thirsty Ground Supply;
He walks upon the Clouds, and thence
Doth his enriching Drops dispense.

10 The Desart grows a fruitful Field,
Abundant Food the Valleys yield;
The Valleys shout with chearful Voice,
And neighb'ring Hills repeat their Joys.

11 The Pastures smile in green Array,
There Lambs, and larger Cattle play;
The larger Cattle and the Lamb,
Each in his Language speaks thy Name.

12 Thy Works pronounce thy Power divine;
O'er every Field thy Glories shine;
Thro' every Month thy Gifts appear;
Great God, thy Goodness crowns the Year.

PSALM LXV. *First Part.* Common Metre.

A Prayer-hearing God, and the Gentiles called.

1 PRaise waits in *Sion*, Lord, for Thee;
There shall our Vows be paid:
Thou hast an Ear when Sinners pray,
All Flesh shall seek thine Aid.

2 Lord,

2 Lord, our Iniquities prevail,
But pardoning Grace is thine,
And thou wilt grant us Power and Skill
To conquer every Sin.

3 Bleſs'd are the Men whom thou wilt chuſe
To bring them near thy Face,
Give them a Dwelling in thine Houſe,
To feaſt upon thy Grace.

4 In anſw'ring what thy Church requeſts,
Thy Truth and Terror ſhine,
And Works of dreadful Righteouſneſs
Fulfil thy kind Deſign.

5 Thus ſhall the wond'ring Nations ſee
The Lord is good and juſt;
And diſtant Iſlands fly to Thee,
And make thy Name their Truſt.

6 They dread thy glitt'ring Tokens, Lord,
When Signs in Heaven appear;
But they ſhall learn thy holy Word,
And love as well as fear.

PSALM LXV. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

The Providence of God in Air, Earth and Sea; or, *The Bleſſing of Rain.*

1 'TIS by thy Strength the Mountains ſtand,
God of eternal Power;
The Sea grows calm at thy Command,
And Tempeſts ceaſe to roar.

2 Thy Morning-Light and Evening-Shade
Succeſſive Comforts bring:
Thy plenteous Fruits make Harveſt glad,
Thy Flow'rs adorn the Spring.

3 Seaſons

3 Seasons and Times, and Moons and Hours,
Heaven, Earth and Air are thine;
When Clouds distil in fruitful Show'rs,
The Author is divine.

4 Those wand'ring Cisterns in the Sky
Born by the Winds around,
With watry Treasures well supply
The Furrows of the Ground.

5 The thirsty Ridges drink their Fill,
And Ranks of Corn appear;
Thy Ways abound with Blessings still,
Thy Goodness crowns the Year.

PSALM LXV. *Third Part.* Common Metre.

The Blessings of the Spring; or, *God gives Rain.*

A Psalm for the Husbandman.

1 GOOD is the Lord, the heavenly King,
Who makes the Earth his Care,
Visits the Pastures every Spring,
And bids the Grass appear.

2 The Clouds, like Rivers rais'd on high,
Pour out at thy Command
Their watry Blessings from the Sky,
To chear the thirsty Land.

3 The soft'ned Ridges of the Field
Permit the Corn to spring:
The Valleys rich Provision yield,
And the poor Labourers sing.

4 The little Hills on ev'ry Side
Rejoice at falling Show'rs:
The Meadows dress'd in all their Pride
Perfume the Air with Flow'rs.

5 The

5 The barren Clods refresh'd with Rain
Promise a joyful Crop;
The parching Grounds look green again,
And raise the Reaper's Hope.

6 The various Months thy Goodness crowns;
How bounteous are thy Ways?
The bleating Flocks spread o'er the Downs,
And Shepherds shout thy Praise.

PSALM LXVI. *First Part.*

Governing Power and Goodness; or, *Our Grace tried by Afflictions.*

1 SING, all ye Nations, to the Lord,
Sing with a joyful Noise;
With Melody of Sound record
His Honours and your Joys.

2 Say to the Power that shakes the Sky,
" How terrible art Thou!
" Sinners before thy Presence fly,
" Or at thy Feet they bow.

3 [Come, see the Wonders of our God,
How glorious are his Ways!
In *Moses* Hand he puts his Rod,
And cleaves the frighted Seas.

4 He made the ebbing Channel dry,
While *Israel* pass'd the Flood;
There did the Church begin their Joy,
And triumph in their God.]

5 He rules by his resistless Might:
Will Rebel Mortals dare
Provoke th' Eternal to the Fight,
And tempt that dreadful War?

6 O bleſs our God, and never ceaſe;
Ye Saints, fulfil his Praiſe;
He keeps our Life, maintains our Peace,
And guides our doubtful Ways.

7 Lord, thou haſt prov'd our ſuffering Souls,
To make our Graces ſhine;
So Silver bears the burning Coals
The Metal to refine.

8 Thro' watry Deeps and fiery Ways
We march at thy Command,
Led to poſſeſs the promis'd Place
By thine unerring Hand.

PSALM LXVI. 13—20 *Second Part.*

Praiſe to God for hearing Prayer.

1 NOW ſhall my ſolemn Vows be paid
To that Almighty Power
That heard the long Requeſts I made
In my diſtreſsful Hour.

2 My Lips and chearful Heart prepare
To make his Mercies known;
Come ye that fear my God, and hear
The Wonders he has done.

3 When on my Head huge Sorrows fell,
I ſought his heavenly Aid;
He ſav'd my ſinking Soul from Hell,
And Death's eternal Shade.

4 If Sin lay cover'd in my Heart
While Pray'r employ'd my Tongue,
The Lord had ſhewn me no Regard,
Nor I his Praiſes ſung.

5 But God (his Name be ever bleſt)
Has ſet my Spirit free;

Nor

Nor turn'd from him my poor Requeſt,
Nor turn'd his Heart from me.

PSALM LXVII.

The Nation's Proſperity, and the Church's Increaſe.

1 SHine, mighty God, on *Britain* ſhine
With Beams of heavenly Grace;
Reveal thy Power thro' all our Coaſts,
And ſhew thy ſmiling Face.

2 [Amidſt our Iſle exalted high
Do thou our Glory ſtand,
And like a Wall of Guardian Fire
Surround the Favourite Land.]

3 When ſhall thy Name from Shore to Shore
Sound all the Earth abroad,
And diſtant Nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

4 Sing to the Lord, ye diſtant Lands,
Sing loud with ſolemn Voice;
While *Britiſh* Tongues exalt his Praiſe,
And *Britiſh* Hearts rejoice.

5 He the great Lord, the ſovereign Judge,
That ſits enthron'd above,
Wiſely commands the Worlds he made
In Juſtice and in Love.

6 Earth ſhall obey her Maker's Will,
And yield a full Increaſe:
Our God will crown his choſen Iſle
With Fruitfulneſs and Peace.

7 God the Redeemer ſcatters round
His choiceſt Favours here,
While the Creation's utmoſt Bound
Shall ſee, adore and fear.

PSALM

PSALM LXVIII. *First Part.* Ver. 1—6, 32—35.

The Vengeance and Compassion of God.

1 LET God arise in all his Might,
And put the Troops of Hell to flight;
As Smoak that sought to cloud the Skies
Before the rising Tempest flies.

2 [He comes array'd in burning Flames;
Justice and Vengeance are his Names:
Behold his fainting Foes expire
Like melting Wax before the Fire.]

3 He rides and thunders thro' the Sky;
His Name *Jehovah* sounds on high,
Sing to his Name, ye Sons of Grace;
Ye Saints, rejoice before his Face.

4 The Widow and the Fatherless
Fly to his Aid in sharp Distress:
In him the Poor and Helpless find,
A Judge that's just, a Father kind.

5 He breaks the Captive's heavy Chain,
And Pris'ners see the Light again:
But Rebels that dispute his Will
Shall dwell in Chains and Darkness still.

PAUSE.

6 Kingdoms and Thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye Nations, in your Song:
His wondrous Names and Pow'rs rehearse;
His Honours shall enrich your Verse.

7 He shakes the Heavens with loud Alarms;
How terrible is God in Arms!
In *Israel* are his Mercies known,
Israel is his peculiar Throne.

8 Proclaim him King, pronounce him bleſt;
He's your Defence, your Joy, your Reſt;
When Terrors riſe, and Nations faint,
God is the Strength of every Saint.

PSALM LXVIII. *Second Part.* Ver. 17, 18.

Chriſt's Aſcenſion, and the Gift of the Spirit.

1 LORD, when thou didſt aſcend on high,
Ten Thouſand Angels fill'd the Sky;
Thoſe heavenly Guards around Thee wait,
Like Chariots that attend thy State.

2 Not *Sinai*'s Mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there;
While he pronounc'd his dreadful Law,
And ſtrook the choſen Tribes with Awe.

3 How bright the Triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious Powers of Hell,
That thouſand Souls had Captive made,
Were all in Chains like Captives led.

4 Rais'd by his Father to the Throne
He ſent the promis'd Spirit down,
With Gifts and Grace for Rebel-Men,
That God might dwell on Earth again.

PSALM LXVIII. *Third Part.* Ver. 19, 9, 20, 21, 22.

Praiſe for Temporal Bleſſings; or, *Common and ſpecial Mercies.*

1 WE bleſs the Lord, the Juſt, the Good,
Who fills our Hearts with Joy and Food;
Who pours his Bleſſings from the Skies,
And loads our Days with rich Supplies.

2 He ſends the Sun his Circuit round,
To chear the Fruits, to warm the Ground:

He

He bids the Clouds with plenteous Rain
Refresh the thirsty Earth again.

3 'Tis to his Care we owe our Breath,
And all our near Escapes from Death:
Safety and Health to God belong;
He heals the Weak, and guards the Strong.

4 He makes the Saint and Sinner prove
The common Blessings of his Love;
But the wide Difference that remains
Is endless Joy or endless Pains.

5 The Lord that bruis'd the Serpent's Head
On all the Serpent's Seed shall tread,
The stubborn Sinner's Hope confound,
And smite him with a lasting Wound.

6 But his Right-hand his Saints shall raise
From the deep Earth, or deeper Seas;
And bring them to his Courts above,
There shall they taste his special Love.

PSALM LXIX. 1—14. *First Part.* Common Metre.

The Sufferings of Christ *for our Salvation.*

1 "SAVE me, O God, the swelling Floods
"Break in upon my Soul:
"I sink; and Sorrows o'er my Head
"Like mighty Waters roll.

2 "I cry till all my Voice be gone,
"In Tears I waste the Day;
"My God, behold my longing Eyes,
"And shorten thy Delay.

3 "They hate my Soul without a Cause,
"And still their Number grows,
"More than the Hairs around my Head,
"And mighty are my Foes.

4 " 'Twas then I paid that dreadful Debt
" That Men could never pay,
" And gave those Honours to thy Law
" Which Sinners took away.

5 Thus in the great *Messiah*'s Name
The royal Prophet mourns;
Thus he awakes our Hearts to Grief,
And gives us Joy by turns.

6 " Now shall the Saints rejoice and find
" Salvation in my Name,
" For I have born their heavy Load
" Of Sorrow, Pain and Shame.

7 " Grief like a Garment cloath'd me round,
" And Sackcloth was my Dress,
" While I procur'd for naked Souls
A Robe of Righteousness.

8 " Amongst my Brethren and the *Jews*
" I like a Stranger stood,
" And bore their vile Reproach, to bring
" The *Gentiles* near to God.

9 " I came in sinful Mortals Stead
" To do my Father's Will;
" Yet when I cleans'd my Father's House,
" They scandaliz'd my Zeal.

10 " My Fasting and my holy Groans
" Were made the Drunkard's Song;
" But God from his celestial Throne
" Heard my complaining Tongue.

11 " He sav'd me from the dreadful Deep,
" Nor let my Soul be drown'd;
" He rais'd and fix'd my sinking Feet
" On well-establish'd Ground.

12 " 'Twas

12 " 'Twas in a most accepted Hour
" My Pray'r arose on high,
" And for my sake my God shall hear
" The dying Sinner's Cry.

PSALM LXIX. 14—21, 26, 29, 32. *Second Part.*
Common Metre.

The Passion and Exaltation of Christ.

1 NOW let our Lips with holy Fear
And mournful Pleasure sing
The Sufferings of our great High-Priest,
The Sorrows of our King.

2 He sinks in Floods of deep Distress;
How high the Waters rise!
While to his heavenly Father's Ear
He sends perpetual Cries.

3 " Hear me, O Lord, and save thy Son,
" Nor hide thy shining Face;
" Why should thy Favourite look like One
" Forsaken of thy Grace?

4 " With Rage they persecute the Man
" That groans beneath thy Wound,
" While for a Sacrifice I pour
" My Life upon the Ground.

5 " They tread my Honour to the Dust,
" And laugh when I complain;
" Their sharp insulting Slanders add
" Fresh Anguish to my Pain.

6 " All my Reproach is known to Thee,
" The Scandal and the Shame;
" Reproach has broke my bleeding Heart,
" And Lies defil'd my Name.

7 " I look'd for Pity, but in vain;
" My Kindred are my Grief;
" I ask my Friends for Comfort round,
" But meet with no Relief.

8 " With Vinegar they mock my Thirſt,
" They give me Gall for Food;
" And ſporting with my dying Groans
They triumph in my Blood.

9 " Shine in to my diſtreſſed Soul,
" Let thy Compaſſions ſave;
" And tho' my Fleſh ſink down to Death,
" Redeem it from the Grave.

10 " I ſhall ariſe to praiſe thy Name,
" Shall reign in Worlds unknown,
" And thy Salvation, O my God,
" Shall ſeat me on thy Throne.

PSALM LXIX. *Third Part.* Common Metre.

Chriſt's *Obedience and Death*; or, *God glorified and Sinners ſaved.*

1 FAther, I ſing thy wondrous Grace,
I bleſs my Saviour's Name,
He bought Salvation for the Poor,
And bore the Sinner's Shame.

2 His deep Diſtreſs has rais'd us high,
His Duty and his Zeal
Fulfill'd the Law which Mortals broke,
And finiſh'd all thy Will.

3 His dying Groans, his living Songs
Shall better pleaſe my God
Than Harp or Trumpet's ſolemn Sound,
Than Goats or Bullocks Blood.

4 This shall his humble Followers see,
And set their Hearts at rest;
They by his Death draw near to Thee,
And live for ever blest.

5 Let Heaven and all that dwell on high
To God their Voices raise,
While Lands and Seas assist the Sky,
And join t' advance the Praise.

6 *Zion* is thine, Most holy God,
Thy Son shall bless her Gates;
And Glory purchas'd by his Blood
For thy own *Israel* waits.

PSALM LXIX. *First Part.* Long Metre.

Christ's *Passion, and Sinners Salvation.*

1 DEEP in our Hearts let us record
The deeper Sorrows of our Lord;
Behold the rising Billows roll
To overwhelm his holy Soul.

2 In long Complaints he spends his Breath,
While Hosts of Hell, and Powers of Death,
And all the Sons of Malice join
To execute their curst Design.

3 Yet, gracious God, thy Power and Love
Has made the Curse a Blessing prove;
Those dreadful Sufferings of thy Son
Aton'd for Sins which we had done.

4 The Pangs of our expiring Lord
The Honours of thy Law restor'd:
His Sorrows made thy Justice known,
And paid for Follies not his own.

5 O for his Sake our Guilt forgive,
And let the mourning Sinner live:

The Lord will hear us in his Name,
Nor shall our Hope be turn'd to Shame.

PSALM LXIX. *v.* 7, &c. *Second Part.* Long Metre.
Christ's *Sufferings and Zeal.*

1 'TWAS for thy Sake, eternal God,
Thy Son sustain'd that heavy Load
Of base Reproach and sore Disgrace,
And Shame defil'd his sacred Face.

2 The *Jews*, his Brethren and his Kin,
Abus'd the Man that check'd their Sin:
While he fulfill'd thy holy Laws,
They hate him, but without a Cause.

3 [*My Father's House*, said he, *was made*
A Place for Worship, not for Trade?
Then scattering all their Gold and Brass,
He scourg'd the Merchants from the Place.]

4 [Zeal for the Temple of his God
Consum'd his Life, expos'd his Blood:
Reproaches at thy Glory thrown
He felt, and mourn'd them as his own.]

5 [His Friends forsook, his Followers fled,
While Foes and Arms surround his Head;
They curse him with a sland'rous Tongue,
And the false Judge maintains the Wrong.]

6 His Life they load with hateful Lies,
And charge his Lips with Blasphemies;
They nail him to the shameful Tree;
There hung the Man that dy'd for me.

7 [Wretches with Hearts as hard as Stones
Insult his Piety and Groans;
Gall was the Food they gave him there,
And mock'd his Thirst with Vinegar.]

8 But

8 But God beheld ; and from his Throne
Marks out the Men that hate his Son ;
The Hand that rais'd him from the Dead,
Shall pour the Vengeance on their Head.

PSALM LXXI. 5——9. *First Part.*

The Aged Saint's Reflection and Hope.

1 MY God, my everlasting Hope,
I live upon thy Truth ;
Thine Hands have held my Childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my Youth.

2 My Flesh was fashion'd by thy Power,
With all these Limbs of mine ;
And from my Mother's painful Hour
I've been entirely thine.

3 Still has my Life new Wonders seen
Repeated ev'ry Year ;
Behold my Days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy Care.

4 Cast me not off when Strength declines,
When hoary Hairs arise ;
And round me let thy Glory shine
When-e'er thy Servant dies.

5 Then in the History of my Age,
When Men review my Days,
They'll read thy Love in ev'ry Page,
In ev'ry Line thy Praise.

PSALM LXXI. 15, 14, 16, 23, 22, 24. *Second Part.*

Christ *our Strength and Righteousness.*

1 MY Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin thy Praise,
Where will the growing Numbers end,
The Numbers of thy Grace ?

2 Thou art my everlasting Trust,
Thy Goodness I adore?
And since I knew thy Graces first
I speak thy Glories more.

3 My Feet shall travel all the Length
Of the celestial Road,
And march with Courage in thy Strength
To see my Father-God.

4 When I am fill'd with sore Distress
For some surprizing Sin,
I'll plead thy perfect Righteousness,
And mention none but Thine.

5 How will my Lips rejoice to tell
The Victories of my King!
My Soul redeem'd from Sin and Hell
Shall thy Salvation sing.

6 [My Tongue shall all the Day proclaim
My Saviour and my God:
His Death has brought my Foes to Shame,
And drown'd them in his Blood.

7 Awake, awake, my tuneful Powers;
With this delightful Song
I'll entertain the darkest Hours,
Nor think the Season long.]

PSALM LXXI. 17——21. *Third Part.*

The aged Christian's Prayer and Song; or, *Old-Age, Death, and the Resurrection.*

1 GOD of my Childhood and my Youth,
The Guide of all my Days,
I have declar'd thy heavenly Truth,
And told thy wondrous Ways.

2 Wilt

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary Hairs,
And leave my fainting Heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking Years
If God my Strength depart?

3 Let me thy Power and Truth proclaim
To the surviving Age,
And leave a Savour of thy Name
When I shall quit the Stage.

4 The Land of Silence, and of Death
Attends my next Remove;
O may these poor Remains of Breath
Teach the wide World thy Love!

PAUSE.

5 Thy Righteousness is deep and high,
Unsearchable thy Deeds;
Thy Glory spreads beyond the Sky,
And all my Praise exceeds.

6 Oft have I heard thy Threat'nings roar,
And oft endur'd the Grief;
But when thy Hand has prest me sore,
Thy Grace was my Relief.

7 By long Experience have I known
Thy sovereign Power to save;
At thy Command I venture down
Securely to the Grave.

8 When I lie buried deep in Dust,
My Flesh shall be thy Care;
These withering Limbs with thee I trust
To raise them strong and fair.

PSALM LXXII. *First Part.*

The Kingdom of Christ.

1 GReat God, whose universal Sway
The known and unknown Worlds obey,
Now give the Kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his Power, exalt his Throne.

2 Thy Sceptre well becomes his Hands,
All Heaven submits to his Commands;
His Justice shall avenge the Poor,
And Pride and Rage prevail no more.

3 With Power he vindicates the Just,
And treads th' Oppressor in the Dust;
His Worship and his Fear shall last,
Till Hours and Years and Time be past.

4 As Rain on Meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his Influence down:
His Grace on fainting Souls distills,
Like heavenly Dew on thirsty Hills.

5 The *Heathen* Lands that lie beneath
The Shades of over spreading Death
Revive at his first dawning Light,
And Deserts blossom at the Sight.

6 The Saints shall flourish in his Days,
Dress't in the Robes of Joy and Praise;
Peace like a River from his Throne
Shall flow to Nations yet unknown.

PSALM LXXII. *Second Part.*

Christ's *Kingdom among the* Gentiles.

1 JESUS shall reign where e'er the Sun
Does his successive Journeys run;
His Kingdom stretch from Shore to Shore,
Till Moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 [Behold the Islands with their Kings,
And *Europe* her best Tribute brings;
From *North* to *South* the Princes meet
To pay their Homage at his Feet.

3 There *Persia* glorious to behold,
There *India* shines in *Eastern* Gold;
And barbarous Nations at his Word
Submit and bow, and own their Lord.]

4 For him shall endless Pray'r be made,
And Praises throng to crown his Head;
His Name like sweet Perfume shall rise
With every Morning Sacrifice.

5 People and Realms of every Tongue
Dwell on his Love with sweetest Song;
And Infant-Voices shall proclaim
Their early Blessings on his Name.

6 Blessings abound where-e'er he reigns,
The Prisoner leaps to lose his Chains.
The Weary find eternal Rest,
And all the Sons of Want are blest.

7 [Where he displays his healing Power,
Death and the Curse are known no more;
In him the Tribes of *Adam* boast
More Blessings than their Father lost.

8 Let every Creature rise and bring,
Peculiar Honours to our King:
Angels descend with Songs again,
And Earth repeat the long *Amen*.]

PSALM LXXIII. *First Part.* Common Metre.

Afflicted Saints happy, and prosperous Sinners cursed.

1 NOW I'm convinc'd, the Lord is kind
To Men of Heart sincere,

Yet

Yet once my fooliſh Thoughts repin'd,
And border'd on Deſpair.

2 I griev'd to ſee the Wicked thrive,
And ſpoke with angry Breath,
" How pleaſant and profane they live!
" How peaceful is their Death!

3 " With well-fed Fleſh and haughty Eyes
" They lay their Fears to ſleep;
" Againſt the Heavens their Slanders riſe,
" While Saints in Silence weep.

4 " In vain I lift my Hands to pray,
" And cleanſe my Heart in vain,
" For I am chaſten'd all the Day,
" The Night renews my Pain.

5 Yet while my Tongue indulg'd Complaints,
I felt my Heart reprove;
" Sure I ſhall thus offend thy Saints,
" And grieve the Men I love.

6 But ſtill I found my Doubts too hard,
The Conflict too ſevere,
Till I retir'd to ſearch thy Word,
And learn thy Secrets there.

7 There, as in ſome prophetic Glaſs,
I ſaw the Sinner's Feet
High-mounted on a ſlippery Place
Beſide a fiery Pit.

8 I heard the Wretch profanely boaſt,
Till at thy Frown he fell;
His Honours in a Dream were loſt,
And he awakes in Hell.

9 Lord, what an envious Fool I was!
How like a thoughtless Beast!
Thus to suspect thy promis'd Grace,
And think the Wicked blest.

10 Yet I was kept from full Despair,
Upheld by Power unknown:
That blessed Hand that broke the Snare
Shall guide me to thy Throne.

PSALM LXXIII. 23—28. 2d *Part.* Common Metre.

God our Portion here and hereafter.

1 GOD my Supporter and my Hope,
My Help for ever near,
Thine Arm of Mercy held me up
When sinking in Despair.

2 Thy Counsels, Lord, shall guide my Feet
Thro' this dark Wilderness;
Thine Hand conduct me near thy Seat,
To dwell before thy Face.

3 Were I in Heaven without my God,
'Twould be no Joy to me;
And whilst this Earth is my Abode,
I long for none but Thee.

4 What if the Springs of Life were broke,
And Flesh and Heart should faint,
God is my Soul's eternal Rock,
The Strength of ev'ry Saint.

5 Behold, the Sinners that remove
Far from thy Presence die;
Not all the Idol-Gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

6 But to draw near to Thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet Employ;

My

My Tongue shall sound thy Works abroad,
And tell the World my Joy.

PSALM LXXIII. 22, 3, 6, 17—20. Long Metre.

The Prosperity of Sinners cursed.

1 LORD, what a thoughtless Wretch was I,
To mourn and murmur, and repine
To see the Wicked plac'd on high,
In Pride and Robes of Honour shine!

2 But, O their End! their dreadful End!
Thy Sanctuary taught me so:
On slippery Rocks I see them stand,
And fiery Billows roll below.

3 Now let them boast how tall they rise,
I'll never envy them again;
There they may stand with haughty Eyes,
Till they plunge deep in endless Pain.

4 Their fancy'd Joys, how fast they flee!
Just like a Dream when Man awakes;
Their Songs of softest Harmony
Are but a Preface to their Plagues.

5 Now I esteem their Mirth and Wine,
Too dear to purchase with my Blood;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My Life, my Portion, and my God.

PSALM LXXIII. Short Metre.

The Mystery of Providence unfolded.

1 SURE there's a righteous God,
Nor is Religion vain;
Tho' Men of Vice may boast aloud,
And Men of Grace complain.

2 I saw the Wicked rise,
And felt my Heart repine,

While

While haughty Fools with ſcornful Eyes
In Robes of Honour ſhine.

3 [Pamper'd with wanton Eaſe
Their Fleſh looks full and fair,
Their Wealth rolls in like flowing Seas,
And grows without their Care.

4 Free from the Plagues and Pains
That pious Souls endure,
Thro' all their Life Oppreſſion reigns,
And racks the humble Poor.

5 Their impious Tongues blaſpheme
The everlaſting God;
Their Malice blaſts the good Man's Name,
And ſpreads their Lies abroad.

6 But I with flowing Tears
Indulg'd my Doubts to riſe;
" Is there a God that ſees or hears
" The Things below the Skies?]

7 The Tumults of my Thought
Held me in hard Suſpenſe,
Till to thy Houſe my Feet were brought
To learn thy Juſtice thence.

8 Thy Word with Light and Power
Did my Miſtakes amend;
I view'd the Sinners Life before,
But here I learnt their End.

9 On what a ſlippery Steep
The thoughtleſs Wretches go;
And O that dreadful fiery Deep
That waits their Fall below!

10 Lord,

10 Lord, at thy Feet I bow,
My Thoughts no more repine:
I call my God my Portion now,
And all my Powers are thine.

PSALM LXXIV.

The Church pleading with God under sore Persecutions.

1 WILL God for ever cast us off?
His Wrath for ever smoak
Against the People of his Love,
His little chosen Flock.

2 Think of the Tribes so dearly bought
With their Redeemer's Blood;
Nor let thy *Sion* be forgot,
Where once thy Glory stood.

3 Lift up thy Feet, and march in haste,
Aloud our Ruin calls;
See what a wide and fearful Waste
Is made within thy Walls.

4 Where once thy Churches pray'd and sang,
Thy Foes profanely roar;
Over thy Gates their Ensigns hang,
Sad Tokens of their Power.

5 How are the Seats of Worship broke!
They tear the Buildings down,
And he that deals the heaviest Stroke
Procures the chief Renown.

6 With Flames they threaten to destroy
Thy Children in their Nest;
Come let us burn at once, they cry,
The Temple and the Priest.

7 And still to heighten our Distress
Thy Presence is withdrawn;

Thy

Thy wonted Signs of Power and Grace,
Thy Power and Grace are gone.

8 No Prophet speaks to calm our Woes,
But all the Seers mourn,
There's not a Soul amongst us knows
The Time of thy Return.

PAUSE.

9 How long, eternal God, how long,
Shall Men of Pride blaspheme?
Shall Saints be made their endless Song,
And bear immortal Shame?

10 Canst thou for ever sit and hear
Thine holy Name profan'd?
And still thy Jealousy forbear,
And still with-hold thine Hand?

11 What strange Deliv'rance hast thou shown
In Ages long before?
And now no other God we own,
No other God adore.

12 Thou didst divide the raging Sea
By thy resistless Might,
To make thy Tribes a wondrous Way,
And then secure their Flight.

13 Is not the World of Nature thine,
The Darkness and the Day?
Didst not thou bid the Morning shine,
And mark the Sun his Way?

14 Hath not thy Power form'd every Coast,
And set the Earth its Bounds,
With Summer's Heat, and Winter's Frost,
In their perpetual Rounds.

15 And shall the Sons of Earth and Dust
That sacred Power blaspheme?
Will not thy Hand that form'd them first
Avenge thine injur'd Name?

16 Think on the Covenant thou hast made,
And all thy Words of Love;
Nor let the Birds of Prey invade
And vex thy mourning Dove.

17 Our Foes would triumph in our Blood,
And make our Hope their Jest;
Plead thy own Cause, Almighty God,
And give thy Children Rest.

PSALM LXXV.

Power and Government from God alone.

Apply'd to the glorious Revolution by King WILLIAM, or the happy Accession of King GEORGE to the Throne.

1 TO Thee, most Holy, and most High,
To Thee we bring our thankful Praise;
Thy Works declare thy Name is nigh,
Thy Works of Wonder and of Grace.

2 *Britain* was doom'd to be a Slave,
Her Frame dissolv'd; her Fears were great;
When God a new Supporter gave
To bear the Pillars of the State.

3 He from thy Hand receiv'd his Crown,
And swear to rule by wholsome Laws;
His Foot shall tread th' Oppressor down,
His Arm defend the righteous Cause.

4 Let haughty Sinners sink their Pride,
Nor lift so high their scornful Head;

But

But lay their foolish Thoughts aside,
And own the King that God hath made.

5 Such Honours never come by Chance,
Nor do the Winds Promotion blow:
'Tis God the Judge doth one advance,
'Tis God that lays another low.

6 No vain Pretence to Royal Birth
Shall fix a Tyrant on the Throne,
God, the great Sovereign of the Earth,
Will rise and make his Justice known.

7 [His Hand holds out the dreadful Cup
Of Vengeance mix'd with various Plagues,
To make the Wicked drink them up,
Wring out, and taste the bitter Dregs.

8 Now shall the Lord exalt the Just,
And while he tramples on the Proud,
And lays their Glory in the Dust,
My Lips shall sing his Praise aloud.]

PSALM LXXVI.

Israel *sav'd, and the* Assyrians *destroy'd*; or, *God's Vengeance against his Enemies proceeds from his Church.*

1 IN *Judah* God of old was known;
His Name in *Israel* great;
In *Salem* stood his holy Throne,
And *Zion* was his Seat.

2 Among the Praises of his Saints,
His Dwelling there he chose;
There he receiv'd their just Complaints
Against their haughty Foes.

3 From

From *Zion* went his dreadful Word,
And broke the threatning Spear;
The Bow, the Arrows, and the Sword,
And crush'd th' *Assyrian* War.

What are the Earth's wide Kingdoms else
But mighty Hills of Prey?
The Hill on which *Jehovah* dwells
Is glorious more than they.

'Twas *Zion*'s King that stopp'd the Breath
Of Captains and their Bands:
The Men of Might slept fast in Death,
And never found their Hands.

At thy Rebuke, O *Jacob*'s God,
Both Horse and Chariot fell:
Who knows the Terrors of thy Rod?
Thy Vengeance who can tell?

What Power can stand before thy Sight
When once thy Wrath appears?
When Heaven shines round with dreadful Light,
The Earth lies still and fears.

When God in his own sovereign Ways
Comes down to save th' Oppress,
The Wrath of Man shall work his Praise,
And he'll restrain the rest.

[Vow to the Lord, and Tribute bring,
Ye Princes, fear his Frown:
His Terror shakes the proudest King,
And cuts an Army down.

o The Thunder of his sharp Rebuke
Our haughty Foes shall feel;
For *Jacob*'s God hath not forsook,
But dwells in *Zion* still.]

PSALM LXXVII. *First Part.*

Melancholy assaulting, and Hope prevailing.

1 TO God I cry'd with mournful Voice,
I sought his gracious Ear,
In the sad Day, when Troubles rose,
And fill'd the Night with Fear.

2 Sad were my Days, and dark my Nights,
My Soul refus'd Relief;
I thought on God the Just and Wise,
But Thoughts increas'd my Grief.

3 Still I complain'd, and still oppress,
My Heart began to break;
My God, thy Wrath forbid my Rest,
And kept my Eyes awake.

4 My overwhelming Sorrows grew,
Till I could speak no more;
Then I within my self withdrew,
And call'd thy Judgments o'er.

5 I call'd back Years and antient Times
When I beheld thy Face;
My Spirit search'd for secret Crimes
That might with-hold thy Grace.

6 I call'd thy Mercies to my Mind
Which I enjoy'd before;
And will the Lord no more be kind?
His Face appear no more?

7 Will he for ever cast me off?
His Promise ever fail?
Has he forgot his tender Love?
Shall Anger still prevail?

8 But I forbid this hopeless Thought,
This dark, despairing Frame,

Remem-

Remembring what thy Hand hath wrought;
Thy Hand is ſtill the ſame.

I'll think again of all thy Ways,
And talk thy Wonders o'er;
Thy Wonders of recovering Grace,
When Fleſh could hope no more.

O Grace dwells with Juſtice on the Throne;
And Men that love thy Word
Have in thy Sanctuary known
The Counſels of the Lord.

PSALM LXXVII. *Second Part.*

Comfort deriv'd from antient Providences; or, Iſrael *deliver'd from* Egypt *and brought to* Canaan.

1 "HOW awful is thy chaſt'ning Rod?
"(May thy own Children ſay)
"The Great, the Wiſe, the dreadful God!
"How holy is his Way!

2 I'll meditate his Works of old;
The King that reigns above;
I'll hear his antient Wonders told,
And learn to truſt his Love.

3 Long did the Houſe of *Joſeph* lye
With *Egypt*'s Yoke oppreſt;
Long he delay'd to hear their Cry,
Nor gave his People Reſt.

4 The Sons of good old *Jacob* ſeem'd
Abandon'd to their Foes;
But his Almighty Arm redeem'd
The Nation that he choſe.

5 *Iſrael* his People and his Sheep
Muſt follow where he calls;

He

He bid them venture thro' the Deep,
And made the Waves their Walls.

6 The Waters saw Thee, mighty God,
The Waters saw Thee come;
Backward they fled, and frighted stood
To make thine Armies Room.

7 Strange was thy Journey thro' the Sea,
Thy Footsteps, Lord, unknown:
Terrors attend the wondrous Way
That brings thy Mercies down.

8 [Thy Voice with Terror in the Sound
Thro' Clouds and Darkness broke;
All Heav'n in Lightning shone around,
And Earth with Thunder shook.

9 Thine Arrows thro' the Skies were hurl'd;
How glorious is the Lord!
Surprize and Trembling seiz'd the World,
And his own Saints ador'd.

10 He gave them Water from the Rock;
And safe by *Moses* Hand
Thro' a dry Desart led his Flock
Home to the promis'd Land.]

PSALM LXXVIII. *First Part.*

Providences of God recorded; or, *pious Education and Instruction of Children.*

1 LET Children hear the mighty Deeds
Which God perform'd of old,
Which in our younger Years we saw,
And which our Fathers told.

2 He bids us make his Glories known;
His Works of Power and Grace;

And

And we'll convey his Wonders down
Thro' every rising Race.

3 Our Lips shall tell them to our Sons,
And they again to theirs,
That Generations yet unborn
May teach them to their Heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their Hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his Works,
But practise his Commands.

PSALM LXXVIII. *Second Part.*

Israel's *Rebellion and Punishment*; or, *The Sins and Chastisements of God's People.*

1 O What a stiff rebellious House
Was *Jacob*'s antient Race!
False to their own most solemn Vows,
And to their Maker's Grace.

2 They broke the Cov'nant of his Love,
And did his Laws despise,
Forgot the Works he wrought to prove
His Pow'r before their Eyes.

3 They saw the Plagues on *Egypt* light
From his revenging Hand:
What dreadful Tokens of his Might
Spread o'er the stubborn Land?

4 They saw him cleave the mighty Sea,
And march'd in Safety thro',
With watry Walls to guard their Way,
'Till they had 'scap'd the Foe.

5 A wondrous Pillar mark'd the Road,
Compos'd of Shade and Light;

By Day it prov'd a shelt'ring Cloud,
A leading Fire by Night.

6 He from the Rock their Thirst supply'd;
The gushing Waters fell,
And ran in Rivers by their Side,
A constant Miracle.

7 Yet they provok'd the Lord most high,
And dar'd distrust his Hand:
" *Can he with Bread our Host supply*
" *Amidst this Desart Land?*

8 The Lord with Indignation heard,
And caus'd his Wrath to flame;
His Terrors ever stand prepar'd
To vindicate his Name.

PSALM LXXVIII. *Third Part.*

The Punishment of Luxury and Intemperance; or, *Chastisement and Salvation.*

1 WHEN *Israel* sins, the Lord reproves,
And fills their Hearts with Dread;
Yet he forgives the Men he loves,
And sends them heavenly Bread.

2 He fed them with a lib'ral Hand,
And made his Treasures known;
He gave the Midnight-Clouds Command
To pour Provision down.

3 The *Manna* like a Morning-show'r
Lay thick around their Feet;
The Corn of Heaven, so light, so pure,
As tho' 'twere Angels Meat.

4 But they in murmuring Language said,
" *Manna* is all our Feast;

" We loath this light, this airy Bread ;
" We must have Flesh to taste.

5 " *Ye shall have Flesh to please your Lust,*
The Lord in Wrath reply'd,
And sent them Quails like Sand or Dust,
Heap'd up from Side to Side.

6 He gave them all their own Desire ;
And greedy as they fed,
His Vengeance burnt with secret Fire,
And smote the Rebels dead.

7 When some were slain, the rest return'd,
And sought the Lord with Tears ;
Under the Rod they fear'd and mourn'd,
But soon forgot their Fears.

8 Oft he chastis'd, and still forgave,
Till by his gracious Hand
The Nation he resolv'd to save
Possest the promis'd Land.

PSALM LXXVIII. Ver. 32, *&c. Fourth Part.*
Backsliding and Forgiveness; or, *Sin punish'd and Saints saved.*

1 GReat God, how oft did *Israel* prove
By turns thine Anger and thy Love ?
There in a Glass our Hearts may see
How fickle and how false they be.

2 How soon the faithless *Jews* forgot
The dreadful Wonders God had wrought !
Then they provoke him to his Face,
Nor fear his Power, nor trust his Grace.

3 The Lord consum'd their Years in Pain,
And made their Travels long and vain ;

A tedious March thro' unknown Ways
Wore out their Strength and spent their Days.

4 Oft when they saw their Brethren slain,
They mourn'd, and sought the Lord again;
Call'd him the Rock of their Abode,
Their high Redeemer and their God.

5 Their Pray'rs and Vows before him rise
As flattering Words or solemn Lies,
While their rebellious Tempers prove
False to his Cov'nant and his Love.

6 Yet did his Sovereign Grace forgive
The Men who not deserv'd to live;
His Anger oft away he turn'd,
Or else with gentle Flame it burn'd.

7 He saw their Flesh was weak and frail,
He saw Temptations still prevail:
The God of *Abraham* lov'd them still,
And led them to his holy Hill.

PSALM LXXX.

The Church's Prayer under Affliction; or, *The Vineyard of God wasted.*

1 GReat Shepherd of thine *Israel*,
Who didst between the Cherubs dwell,
And lead the Tribes, thy chosen Sheep,
Safe thro' the Desart and the Deep.

2 Thy Church is in the Desart now,
Shine from on high and guide us thro';
Turn us to Thee, thy Love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

3 Great God, whom heavenly Hosts obey,
How long shall we lament and pray,

And wait in vain thy kind Return ?
How long shall thy fierce Anger burn ?

4 Instead of Wine and chearful Bread
Thy Saints with their own Tears are fed ;
Turn us to Thee, thy Love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

PAUSE I.

5 Hast thou not planted with thy Hands
A lovely Vine in *Heathen* Lands ?
Did not thy Power defend it round,
And heavenly Dews enrich the Ground ?

6 How did the spreading Branches shoot,
And bless the Nations with the Fruit ?
But now, dear Lord, look down and see
Thy mourning Vine, that lovely Tree.

7 Why is its Beauty thus defac'd ?
Why hast thou laid her Fences waste ?
Strangers and Foes against her join,
And every Beast devours the Vine.

8 Return, Almighty God, return ;
Nor let thy bleeding Vineyard mourn :
Turn us to Thee, thy Love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

PAUSE II.

9 Lord, when this Vine in *Canaan* grew
Thou wast its Strength and Glory too !
Attack'd in vain by all its Foes
Till the fair *Branch of Promise* rose.

10 Fair Branch, ordain'd of old to shoot
From *David's* Stock, from *Jacob's* Root ;
Himself a noble Vine, and we
The lesser Branches of the Tree.

11 'Tis thy own Son; and he shall stand
Girt with thy Strength at thy Right-hand;
Thy first-born Son, adorn'd and blest
With Power and Grace above the rest.

12 O! for his sake attend our Cry,
Shine on thy Churches lest they die;
Turn us to Thee, thy Love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

PSALM LXXXI. 1, 8—16.

The Warning of God to his People; or, *Spiritual Blessings and Punishments.*

1 SING to the Lord aloud,
And make a joyful Noise:
God is our Strength, our Saviour God;
Let *Israel* hear his Voice.

2 "From vile Idolatry
"Preserve my Worship clean;
"I am the Lord who set thee free
"From Slavery and Sin.

3 "Stretch thy Desires abroad,
"And I'll supply them well;
"But if ye will refuse your God,
"If *Israel* will rebel;

4 "I'll leave them, saith the Lord,
"To their own Lusts a Prey,
"And let them run the dangerous Road;
"'Tis their own chosen Way.

5 "Yet, O! that all my Saints
"Would hearken to my Voice!
"Soon I would ease their sore Complaints,
"And bid their Hearts rejoice.

6 " While I deſtroy their Foes,
" I'd richly feed my Flock,
" And they ſhould taſte the Stream that flows
" From their Eternal Rock.

PSALM LXXXII.

God the Supreme Governor; or, *Magiſtrates warned.*

1 AMong th' Aſſemblies of the Great
A greater Ruler takes his Seat;
The God of Heaven as Judge ſurveys
Thoſe Gods on Earth and all their Ways.

2 Why will ye then frame wicked Laws?
Or why ſupport th' unrighteous Cauſe?
When will ye once defend the Poor,
That Sinners vex the Saints no more?

3 They know not, Lord, nor will they know;
Dark are the Ways in which they go;
Their Name of earthly Gods is vain,
For they ſhall fall and die like Men.

4 Ariſe, O Lord, and let thy Son
Poſſeſs his univerſal Throne,
And rule the Nations with his Rod:
He is our Judge, and he our God.

PSALM LXXXIII.

A Complaint againſt Perſecutors.

1 AND will the God of Grace
Perpetual Silence keep?
The God of Juſtice hold his Peace,
And let his Vengeance ſleep?

2 Behold, what curſed Snares
The Men of Miſchief ſpread:
The Men that hate thy Saints and Thee
Lift up their threatning Head.

3 Againſt

3 Againſt thy hidden Ones
Their Counſels they employ,
And Malice with her watchful Eye
Purſues them to deſtroy.

4 The Noble and the Baſe
Into thy Paſtures leap;
The Lion and the ſtupid Aſs
Conſpire to vex thy Sheep.

5 "Come, let us join, thy cry,
"To root them from the Ground,
"Till not the Name of Saints remain,
"Nor Mem'ry ſhall be found.

6 Awake, Almighty God,
And call thy Wrath to mind;
Give them like Foreſts to the Fire,
Or Stubble to the Wind.

7 Convince their Madneſs, Lord,
And make them ſeek thy Name:
Or elſe their ſtubborn Rage confound,
That they may die in Shame.

8 Then ſhall the Nations know
That glorious dreadful Word
Jehovah is thy Name alone,
And Thou the Sovereign Lord.

PSALM LXXXIV. *First Part.* Long Metre.

The Pleaſure of Publick Worſhip.

1 HOW pleaſant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hoſts, thy Dwellings are!
With long Deſire my Spirit faints
To meet th' Aſſemblies of thy Saints.

2 My Fleſh would reſt in thine Abode,
My panting Heart cries out for God;

My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my Joys and Thee?

3 The Sparrow chuses where to rest,
And for her Young provides her Nest;
But will my God to Sparrows grant
That Pleasure which his Children want?

4 Blest are the Saints who sit on high
Around thy Throne of Majesty;
Thy brightest Glories shine above,
And all their Work is Praise and Love.

5 Blest are the Souls that find a Place
Within the Temple of thy Grace;
There they behold thy gentler Rays,
And seek thy Face, and learn thy Praise.

6 Blest are the Men whose Hearts are set
To find the Way to *Zion*'s Gate;
God is their Strength; and thro' the Road
They lean upon their Helper God.

7 Chearful they walk with growing Strength,
Till all shall meet in Heaven at length,
Till all before thy Face appear,
And join in nobler Worship there.

PSALM LXXXIV. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

God and his Church; or, *Grace and Glory.*

1 GReat God, attend while *Zion* sings
The Joy that from thy Presence springs:
To spend one Day with Thee on Earth
Exceeds a thousand Days of Mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest Place
Within thy House, O God of Grace,

Not

Not Tents of Eaſe, nor Thrones of Power
Should tempt my Feet to leave thy Door.

3 God is our Sun, he makes our Day ;
God is our Shield, he guards our Way
From all th' Aſſaults of Hell and Sin,
From Foes without and Foes within.

4 All needful Grace will God beſtow,
And crown that Grace with Glory too:
He gives us all Things, and with-holds
No real Good from upright Souls.

5 O God, our King, whoſe ſovereign Sway
The glorious Hoſts of Heaven obey,
And Devils at thy Preſence flee,
Bleſt is the Man that truſts in Thee.

PSALM LXXXIV. Ver. 1, 4, 2, 3, 10.

Paraphras'd in Common Metre.

Delight in Ordinances of Worſhip; or, *God preſent in his Churches.*

1 MY Soul, how lovely is the Place
To which thy God reſorts !
'Tis Heav'n to ſee his ſmiling Face,
Tho' in his earthly Courts.

2 There the great Monarch of the Skies
His ſaving Pow'r diſplays,
And Light breaks in upon our Eyes,
With kind and quickning Rays.

3 With his rich Gifts the heavenly *Dove*,
Deſcends and fills the Place,
While *Chriſt* reveals his wondrous Love,
And ſheds abroad his Grace.

4 There, mighty God, thy Words declare
The Secrets of thy Will;
And ſtill we ſeek thy Mercy there,
And ſing thy Praiſes ſtill.

PAUSE.

5 My Heart and Fleſh cry out for Thee,
While far from thine Abode;
When ſhall I tread thy Courts, and ſee
My Saviour and my God?

6 The Sparrow builds her ſelf a Neſt,
And ſuffers no Remove;
O make me, like the Sparrows, bleſt,
To dwell but where I love.

7 To ſit one Day beneath thine Eye,
And hear thy gracious Voice,
Exceeds a whole Eternity
Employ'd in carnal Joys.

8 Lord, at thy Threſhold I would wait
While Jeſus is within,
Rather than fill a Throne of State,
Or live in Tents of Sin.

9 Could I command the ſpacious Land,
And the more boundleſs Sea,
For one bleſt Hour at thy Right-hand
I'd give them both away.

PSALM LXXXIV. As the 148th Pſalm.

Longing for the Houſe of God.

1 LORD of the Worlds above,
How pleaſant and how fair
The Dwellings of thy Love,
Thy earthly Temples are!

To

To thine Abode
My Heart aſpires,
With warm Deſires
To ſee my God.

2 The Sparrow for her Young
With Pleaſure ſeeks a Neſt,
And wandring Swallows long
To find their wonted Reſt;
My Spirit faints
With equal Zeal
To riſe and dwell
Among thy Saints.

3 O happy Souls that pray,
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy Men that pay
Their conſtant Service there!
They praiſe Thee ſtill;
And happy they
That love the Way
To *Zion*'s Hill.

4 They go from Strength to Strength
Thro' this dark Vale of Tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in Heav'n appears:
O glorious Seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing Feet!

PAUSE.

5 To ſpend one ſacred Day
Where God and Saints abide
Affords diviner Joy
Than thouſand Days beſide:

Where

Where God resorts
I love it more
To keep the Door
Than shine in Courts.

6 God is our Sun and Shield,
Our Light and our Defence;
With Gift his Hands are fill'd,
We draw our Blessings thence;
He shall bestow
On *Jacob*'s Race
Peculiar Grace
And Glory too.

7 The Lord his People loves;
His Hand no Good with-holds
From those his Heart approves,
From pure and pious Souls:
Thrice happy he,
O God of Hosts,
Whose Spirit trusts
Alone in Thee.

PSALM LXXXV. Ver. 1—8. *First Part.*

Waiting for an Answer to Prayer; or, *Deliverance begun and compleated.*

1 LORD, thou hast call'd thy Grace to mind,
Thou hast revers'd our heavy Doom:
So God forgave when *Israel* sinn'd,
And brought his wandring Captives home.

2 Thou hast begun to set us free,
And made thy fiercest Wrath abate:
Now let our Hearts be turn'd to Thee,
And thy Salvation be compleat.

3 Revive our dying Graces, Lord,
And let thy Saints in Thee rejoice;

Make known thy Truth, fulfil thy Word;
We wait for Praise to tune our Voice.

4 We wait to hear what God will say;
He'll speak, and give his People Peace:
But let them run no more astray,
Lest his returning Wrath increase.

PSALM LXXXV. Ver. 9, &c. *Second Part.*

Salvation by Christ.

1 SAlvation is for ever nigh
The Souls that fear and trust the Lord;
And Grace descending from on high
Fresh Hopes of Glory shall afford.

2 Mercy and Truth on Earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from Heaven:
By his Obedience so compleat
Justice is pleas'd, and Peace is given.

3 Now Truth and Honour shall abound,
Religion dwell on Earth again,
And heavenly Influence bless the Ground
In our Redeemer's gentle Reign.

4 His Righteousness is gone before
To give us free Access to God;
Our wandring Feet shall stray no more,
But mark his Steps, and keep the Road.

PSALM LXXXVI. Ver. 8—13.

A general Song of Praise to God.

1 AMong the Princes, earthly Gods,
There's none hath Power divine;
Nor is their Nature, mighty Lord,
Nor are their Works like thine.

2 The Nations thou hast made shall bring
Their Offerings round thy Throne.

For thou alone doſt wondrous Things,
For thou art God alone.

3 Lord, I would walk with holy Feet;
Teach me thine heavenly Ways,
And my poor ſcatter'd Thoughts unite
In God my Father's Praiſe.

4 Great is thy Mercy, and my Tongue
Shall thoſe ſweet Wonders tell,
How by thy Grace my ſinking Soul
Roſe from the Deeps of Hell.

PSALM LXXXVII.

The Church the Birth-place of the Saints; or, Jews *and* Gentiles *united in the Chriſtian Church.*

1 GOD in his earthly Temple lays
Foundations for his heavenly Praiſe:
He likes the Tents of *Jacob* well,
But ſtill in *Zion* loves to dwell.

2 His Mercy viſits every Houſe
That pay their Night and Morning Vows;
But makes a more delightful Stay
Where Churches meet to praiſe and pray.

3 What Glories were deſcrib'd of old?
What Wonders are of *Zion* told?
Thou City of our God below,
Thy Fame ſhall *Tyre* and *Egypt* know.

4 *Egypt* and *Tyre*, and *Greek* and *Jew*,
Shall there begin their Lives anew:
Angels and Men ſhall join to ſing
The Hill where living Waters ſpring.

5 When God makes up his laſt Account
Of Natives in his holy Mount,

'Twill

'Twill be an Honour to appear
As one new-born or nouriſh'd there!

PSALM LXXXIX. *Firſt Part.* Long Metre.

The Covenant made with Chriſt; or, *The true* David.

1 FOR ever ſhall my Song record
The Truth and Mercy of the Lord:
Mercy and Truth for ever ſtand
Like Heaven eſtabliſh'd by his Hand.

2 Thus to his Son he ſware, and ſaid,
"With thee my Cov'nant firſt is made;
"In thee ſhall dying Sinners live,
"Glory and Grace are thine to give.

3 "Be thou my Prophet, thou my Prieſt;
"Thy Children ſhall be ever bleſt;
"Thou art my choſen King: Thy Throne
"Shall ſtand eternal like my own.

4 "There's none of all my Sons above
"So much my Image or my Love;
"Celeſtial Powers thy Subjects are,
"Then what can Earth to Thee compare?

5 "*David*, my Servant, whom I choſe,
"To guard my Flock, to cruſh my Foes,
"And rais'd him to the *Jewiſh* Throne,
"Was but a Shadow of my Son.

6 Now let the Church rejoice and ſing,
Jeſus her Saviour and her King:
Angels his heavenly Wonders ſhow,
And Saints declare his Works below.

PSALM LXXXIX. *First Part.* Common Metre.

The Faithfulness of God.

1 MY never-ceasing Songs shall show
The Mercies of the Lord;
And make succeeding Ages know
How faithful is his Word.

2 The sacred Truth his Lips pronounce
Shall firm as Heaven endure;
And if he speak a promise once,
Th' eternal Grace is sure.

3 How long the Race of *David* held
The promis'd *Jewish* Throne!
But there's a nobler Covenant seal'd
To *David*'s greater Son.

4 His Seed for ever shall possess
A Throne above the Skies;
The meanest Subject of his Grace
Shall to that Glory rise.

5 Lord God of Hosts, thy wondrous Ways
Are sung by Saints above;
And Saints on Earth their Honours raise
To thy unchanging Love.

PSALM LXXXIX. 7, &c. *Second Part.*

The Power and Majesty of God; or, *Reverential Worship.*

1 WITH Reverence let the Saints appear,
And bow before the Lord,
His high Commands with Reverence hear,
And tremble at his Word.

2 How terrible thy Glories be!
How bright thine Armies shine!

Where

Where is the Power that vies with Thee?
Or Truth compar'd with thine?

3 The *Northern* Pole and *Southern* reſt
On thy ſupporting Hand;
Darkneſs and Day from *Eaſt* to *Weſt*
Move round at thy Command.

4 Thy Words the raging Wind controul,
And rule the boiſterous Deep;
Thou mak'ſt the ſleeping Billows roll,
The rolling Billows ſleep.

5 Heaven, Earth, and Air, and Sea are thine,
And the dark World of Hell;
How did thine Arm in Vengeance ſhine
When *Egypt* durſt rebel!

6 Juſtice and Judgment are thy Throne,
Yet wondrous is thy Grace:
While Truth and Mercy join'd in one
Invite us near thy Face.

PSALM LXXXIX. 15, &c. *Third Part.*

A Bleſſed Goſpel.

1 BLeſt are the Souls that hear and know
The Goſpel's joyful Sound;
Peace ſhall attend the Path they go,
And Light their Steps ſurround.

2 Their Joy ſhall bear their Spirits up
Thro' their Redeemer's Name;
His Righteouſneſs exalts their Hope,
Nor *Satan* dares condemn.

3 The Lord our Glory and Defence
Strength and Salvation gives:
Iſrael, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

PSALM LXXXIX. 19, &c. *Fourth Part.*

Christ's *Mediatorial Kingdom*; or, *His divine and human Nature.*

1 HEAR what the Lord in Vision said,
And made his Mercy known:
"Sinners, behold your Help is laid
"On my Almighty Son.

2 Behold the Man my Wisdom chose
Among your mortal Race;
His Head my holy Oil o'erflows,
The Spirit of my Grace.

3 High shall he reign on *David*'s Throne,
My Peoples better King;
My Arm shall beat his Rivals down,
And still new Subjects bring.

4 My Truth shall guard him in his Way
With Mercy by his Side,
While in my Name thro' Earth and Sea
He shall in Triumph ride.

5 Me for his Father and his God
He shall for ever own,
Call me his Rock, his high Abode,
And I'll support my Son.

6 My first-born Son array'd in Grace
At my Right-hand shall sit;
Beneath him Angels know their Place,
And Monarchs at his Feet.

7 My Covenant stands for ever fast,
My Promises are strong;
Firm as the Heavens his Throne shall last,
His Seed endure as long.

PSALM

PSALM LXXXIX. 30, &c. *Fifth Part.*

The Covenant of Grace unchangeable; or, *Affliction without Rejection.*

1 YET (saith the Lord) if *David*'s Race,
The Children of my Son,
Should break my Laws, abuse my Grace,
And tempt mine Anger down,

2 Their Sins I'll visit with the Rod,
And make their Folly smart;
But I'll not cease to be their God,
Nor from my Truth depart.

3 My Cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
But keep my Grace in Mind;
And what eternal Love hath spoke
Eternal Truth shall bind.

4 Once have I sworn, (I need no more)
And pledg'd my Holiness
To seal the sacred Promise sure
To *David* and his Race.

5 The Sun shall see his Offspring rise
And spread from Sea to Sea,
Long as he travels round the Skies
To give the Nations Day.

6 Sure as the Moon that rules the Night
His Kingdom shall endure,
'Till the fix'd Laws of Shade and Light
Shall be observ'd no more.

PSALM LXXXIX. 47, &c. *6th Part.* Long Metre.

Mortality and Hope.

A Funeral Psalm.

1 REmember, Lord, our mortal State,
How frail our Life! how short the Date!
Where is the Man that draws his Breath
Safe from Disease, secure from Death?

2 Lord, while we see whole Nations die,
Our Flesh and Sense repine and cry,
"Must Death for ever rage and reign?
"Or hast thou made Mankind in vain?

3 Where is thy Promise to the Just?
Are not thy Servants turn'd to Dust?
But Faith forbids these mournful Sighs,
And sees the sleeping Dust arise.

4 That glorious Hour, that dreadful Day
Wipes the Reproach of Saints away,
And clears the Honour of thy Word:
Awake our Souls, and bless the Lord.

PSALM LXXXIX. 47, &c. *Last Part.* As the 113th Psalm.

Life, Death, and the Resurrection.

1 THink, mighty God, on feeble Man;
How few his Hours! how short his Span!
Short from the Cradle to the Grave:
Who can secure his vital Breath
Against the bold Demands of Death
With Skill to fly, or Power to save?

2 Lord, shall it be for ever said,
"The Race of Man was only made

"For

" For Sickneſs, Sorrow, and the Duſt!
Are not thy Servants Day by Day
Sent to their Graves, and turn'd to Clay?
Lord, where's thy Kindneſs to the Juſt?

3 Haſt thou not promis'd to thy Son,
And all his Seed a heavenly Crown?
But Fleſh and Senſe indulge Deſpair;
For ever bleſſed be the Lord
That Faith can read his holy Word,
And find a Reſurrection there.

4 For ever bleſſed be the Lord,
Who gives his Saints a long Reward,
For all their Toil, Reproach and Pain:
Let all below, and all above,
Join to proclaim thy wondrous Love,
And each repeat their loud *Amen.*

PSALM XC. Long Metre.

Man Mortal, and God Eternal.

A mournful Song at a Funeral.

1 THro' every Age, eternal God,
Thou art our Reſt, our ſafe Abode;
High was thy Throne e'er Heaven was made,
Or Earth thy humble Foot-ſtool laid.

2 Long hadſt thou reign'd e'er Time began,
Or Duſt was faſhion'd to a Man;
And long thy Kingdom ſhall endure
When Earth and Time ſhall be no more.

3 But Man, weak Man, is born to die,
Made up of Guilt and Vanity:
Thy dreadful Sentence, Lord, was juſt,
" *Return, ye Sinners, to your Duſt.*

4 [A thousand of our Years amount
Scarce to a Day in thine Account!
Like Yesterday's departed Light,
Or the last Watch of ending Night.

PAUSE.

5 Death, like an overflowing Stream,
Sweeps us away; our Life's a Dream;
An empty Tale; a Morning-Flow'r
Cut down and wither'd in an Hour.]

6 [Our Age to seventy Years is set;
How short the Term! how frail the State!
And if to Eighty we arrive,
We rather sigh and groan than live.

7 But O how oft thy Wrath appears,
And cuts off our expected Years!
Thy Wrath awakes our humble Dread:
We fear that Power that strikes us dead.]

8 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is Man;
And kindly lengthen out our Span,
Till a wise Care of Piety
Fit us to die, and dwell with Thee.

PSALM XC. 1—5. *First Part.* Common Metre.

Man Frail, and God Eternal.

1 OUR God, our Help in Ages past,
Our Hope for Years to come,
Our Shelter from the stormy Blast,
And our eternal Home.

2 Under the Shadow of thy Throne
Thy Saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine Arm alone,
And our Defence is sure.

3 Before

Before the Hills in order ſtood,
Or Earth receiv'd her Frame,
From everlaſting Thou art God,
To endleſs Years the ſame.

Thy Word commands our Fleſh to Duſt,
Return, ye Sons of Men:
All Nations roſe from Earth at firſt,
And turn to Earth again.

A thouſand Ages in thy Sight
Are like an Evening gone;
Short as the Watch that ends the Night
Before the riſing Sun.

[The buſy Tribes of Fleſh and Blood
With all their Lives and Cares
Are carried downwards by thy Flood,
And loſt in following Years.

Time, like an ever-rolling Stream,
Bears all its Sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a Dream
Dies at the opening Day.

Like flow'ry Fields the Nations ſtand
Pleas'd with the Morning Light;
The Flowers beneath the Mower's Hand
Lie withering e'er 'tis Night.]

Our God, our Help in Ages paſt,
Our Hope for Years to come,
Be thou our Guard while Troubles laſt,
And our eternal Home.

PSALM XC. 8, 11, 9, 10, 12. *Second Part.*
Common Metre.

Infirmities and Mortality the Effect of Sin; or, *Life, old Age, and Preparation for Death.*

1 LORD, if thine Eyes survey our Fau'ts,
And Justice grow severe,
Thy dreadful Wrath exceeds our Thoughts,
And burns beyond our Fear.

2 Thine Anger turns our Frame to Dust;
By one Offence to Thee
Adam with all his Sons have lost
Their Immortality.

3 Life, like a vain Amusement flies,
A Fable or a Song;
By swift Degrees our Nature dies,
Nor can our Joys be long.

4 'Tis but a few whose Days amount
To threescore Years and ten;
And all beyond that short Account
Is Sorrow, Toil, and Pain.

5 [Our Vitals with laborious Strife
Bear up the crazy Load,
And drag those poor Remains of Life
Along the tiresome Road.]

6 Almighty God, reveal thy Love,
And not thy Wrath alone;
O let our sweet Experience prove
The Mercies of thy Throne.

7 Our Souls would learn the heavenly Art
T' improve the Hours we have,
That we may act the wiser Part,
And live beyond the Grave.

PSALM

PSALM XC. Ver. 13, &c. *Third Part.* Com. Met.

Breathing after Heaven.

RETURN, O God of Love, return;
Earth is a tiresome Place:
How long shall we thy Children mourn
Our Absence from thy Face?

Let Heaven succeed our painful Years,
Let Sin and Sorrow cease,
And in Proportion to our Tears
So make our Joys increase.

Thy Wonders to thy Servants show,
Make thy own Work compleat,
Then shall our Souls thy Glory know,
And own thy Love was great.

Then shall we shine before thy Throne
In all thy Beauty, Lord;
And the poor Service we have done
Meet a divine Reward.

PSALM XC. Ver. 5, 10, 12. Short Metre.

The Frailty and Shortness of Life.

LORD, what a feeble Piece
Is this our mortal Frame?
Our Life how poor a Trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the Name!

Alas, the brittle Clay
That built our Body first!
And every Month and every Day
'Tis mouldring back to Dust.

Our Moments fly apace,
Nor will our Minutes stay;
Just like a Flood our hasty Days
Are sweeping us away.

4 Well, if our Days must fly,
We'll keep their End in sight,
We'll spend them all in Wisdom's Way,
And let them speed their Flight.

5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This Life's tempestuous Sea;
Soon we shall reach the peaceful Shore
Of blest Eternity.

PSALM XCI. 1——7. *First Part.*

Safety in publick Diseases and Dangers.

1 HE that hath made his Refuge God,
Shall find a most secure Abode;
Shall walk all Day beneath his Shade,
And there at Night shall rest his Head.

2 Then will I say, "My God, thy Power
"Shall be my Fortress and my Tow'r:
"I that am form'd of feeble Dust
"Make thine Almighty Arm my Trust.

3 Thrice happy Man! Thy Maker's Care
Shall keep thee from the Fowler's Snare,
Satan the Fowler, who betrays
Unguarded Souls a thousand Ways.

4 Just as a Hen protects her Brood,
From Birds of Prey that seek their Blood,
Under her Feathers, so the Lord
Makes his own Arm his People's Guard.

5 If burning Beams of Noon conspire
To dart a pestilential Fire,
God is their Life, his Wings are spread
To shield them with an healthful Shade.

6 If Vapours with malignant Breath
Rise thick, and scatter Midnight-death,

Israel

Israel is safe: The poisoned Air
Grows pure, if *Israel*'s God be there.

PAUSE.

7 What tho' a thousand at thy Side,
At thy Right-hand ten Thousand dy'd,
Thy God his chosen People saves
Amongst the Dead, amidst the Graves.

8 So when he sent his Angel down
To make his Wrath in *Egypt* known;
And slew their Sons, his careful Eye
Past all the Doors of *Jacob* by.

9 But if the Fire or Plague or Sword
Receive Commission from the Lord
To strike his Saints among the rest,
Their very Pains and Deaths are blest.

10 The Sword, the Pestilence or Fire
Shall but fulfil their best Desire;
From Sins and Sorrows set them free,
And bring thy Children, Lord, to Thee.

PSALM XCI. 9—16. *Second Part.*

Protection from Death, Guard of Angels, Victory and Deliverance.

1 YE Sons of Men, a feeble Race,
Expos'd to ev'ry Snare,
Come, make the Lord your Dwelling-place,
And try, and trust his Care.

2 No Ill shall enter where you dwell;
Or if the Plague come nigh,
And sweep the Wicked down to Hell,
'Twill raise his Saints on high.

3 He'll give his Angels charge to keep
Your Feet in all their Ways;

To watch your Pillow while you sleep,
And guard your happy Days.

4 Their Hands shall bear you, lest you fall
And dash against the Stones:
Are they not Servants at his Call,
And sent t' attend his Sons?

5 Adders and Lions ye shall tread;
The Tempter's Wiles defeat;
He that hath broke the Serpent's Head
Puts him beneath your Feet.

6 "Because on Me they set their Love,
"I'll save them, (saith the Lord)
"I'll bear their joyful Souls above
"Destruction, and the Sword.

7 "My Grace shall answer when they call;
"In Trouble I'll be nigh:
"My Power shall help them when they fall,
"And raise them when they die.

8 "Those that on Earth my Name have known,
"I'll honour them in Heaven;
"There my Salvation shall be shown,
"And endless Life be given.

PSALM XCII. *First Part.*

A Psalm for the Lord's Day.

1 SWeet is the Work, my God, my King,
To praise thy Name, give Thanks and sing;
To shew thy Love by Morning-light,
And talk of all thy Truth at Night.

2 Sweet is the Day of sacred Rest,
No mortal Cares shall seize my Breast;
O may my Heart in Tune be found
Like *David's* Harp of solemn Sound!

3 My

3 My Heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his Works, and bless his Word;
Thy Works of Grace how bright they shine!
How deep thy Counsels! how divine!

4 Fools never raise their Thoughts so high;
Like Brutes they live, like Brutes they die;
Like Grass they flourish, till thy Breath
Blast them in everlasting Death.

5 But I shall share a glorious Part
When Grace hath well refin'd my Heart,
And fresh Supplies of Joy are shed
Like holy Oil to chear my Head.

6 Sin (my worst Enemy before)
Shall vex my Eyes and Ears no more:
My inward Foes shall all be slain,
Nor *Satan* break my Peace again.

7 Then shall I see and hear and know
All I desir'd or wish'd below;
And every Power find sweet Employ
In that eternal World of Joy.

PSALM XCII. Ver. 12, &c. *Second Part.*

The Church is the Garden of God.

1 LORD, 'tis a pleasant Thing to stand
In Gardens planted by thine Hand;
Let me within thy Courts be seen
Like a young *Cedar* fresh and green.

2 There grow thy Saints in Faith and Love,
Blest with thine Influence from above;
Not *Lebanon* with all its Trees
Yields such a comely Sight as these.

3 The Plants of Grace shall ever live;
(Nature decays, but Grace must thrive)

Time, that doth all Things elſe impair,
Still makes them flouriſh ſtrong and fair.

4 Laden with Fruits of Age they ſhew,
The Lord is holy, juſt and true;
None that attend his Gates ſhall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

PSALM XCIII. *Firſt Metre, as the* 100th *Pſalm*

The Eternal and Sovereign God.

1 JEhovah reigns: He dwells in Light,
Girded with Majeſty and Might:
The World created by his Hands
Still on its firſt Foundation ſtands.

2 But e'er this ſpacious World was made,
Or had its firſt Foundations laid,
Thy Throne eternal Ages ſtood,
Thy ſelf the everlaſting God.

3 Like Floods the angry Nations riſe,
And aim their Rage againſt the Skies;
Vain Floods, that aim their Rage ſo high!
At thy Rebuke the Billows die.

4 For ever ſhall thy Throne endure;
Thy Promiſe ſtands for ever ſure;
And everlaſting Holineſs
Becomes the Dwellings of thy Grace.

PSALM XCIII. *Second Metre, as the Old* 50th *Pſalm.*

1 THE Lord of Glory reigns; he reigns on high;
His Robes of State are Strength and Majeſty:
This wide Creation roſe at his Command,
Built by his Word, and 'ſtabliſh'd by his Hand:
Long ſtood his Throne e'er he began Creation,
And his own Godhead is the firm Foundation.

2 God

2 God is th' eternal King. Thy Foes in vain
Raise their Rebellions to confound thy Reign:
In vain the Storms, in vain the Floods arise,
And roar, and toss their Waves against the Skies;
Foaming at Heaven they rage with wild Commotion,
But Heaven's high Arches scorn the swelling Ocean.

3 Ye Tempests rage no more; Ye Floods be still,
And the mad World submissive to his Will:
Built on his Truth his Church must ever stand;
Firm are his Promises, and strong his Hand:
See his own Sons, when they appear before him,
Bow at his Foot-stool, and with Fear adore him.

PSALM XCIII. *Third Metre, as the Old 122d Psalm.*

1 THE Lord *Jehovah* reigns,
And royal State maintains,
His Head with awful Glories crown'd;
Array'd in Robes of Light,
Begirt with sovereign Might,
And Rays of Majesty around.

2 Upheld by thy Commands
The World securely stands;
And Skies and Stars obey thy Word:
Thy Throne was fix'd on high
Before the starry Sky;
Eternal is thy Kingdom, Lord.

3 In vain the noisy Croud,
Like Billows fierce and loud,
Against thine Empire rage and roar;
In vain with angry Spite
The surly Nations fight,
And dash like Waves against the Shore.

4 Let Floods and Nations rage,
And all their Powers engage,
Let swelling Tides assault the Sky,
The Terrors of thy Frown
Shall beat their Madness down;
Thy Throne for ever stands on high.

5 Thy Promises are true,
Thy Grace is ever new;
There fix'd thy Church shall ne'er remove:
Thy Saints with holy Fear
Shall in thy Courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting Love.

Repeat the fourth Stanza to compleat the Tune.

PSALM XCIV. 1, 2, 7—14. *First Part.*

Saints chastised, and Sinners destroy'd; or, *Instructive Afflictions.*

1 O God to whom Revenge belongs,
Proclaim thy Wrath aloud;
Let sovereign Power redress our Wrongs,
Let Justice smite the Proud.

2 They say, "*The Lord nor sees nor hears*;
When will the Fools be wise?
Can he be deaf, who form'd their Ears?
Or blind, who made their Eyes?

3 He knows their impious Thoughts are vain,
And they shall feel his Power;
His Wrath shall pierce their Souls with Pain
In some surprizing Hour.

4 But if thy Saints deserve Rebuke
Thou hast a gentler Rod;
Thy Providences and thy Book
Shall make them know their God.

5 Blest

5 Blest is the Man thy Hands chastise,
And to his Duty draw:
Thy Scourges make thy Children wise
When they forget thy Law.

6 But God will ne'er cast off his Saints,
Nor his own Promise break;
He pardons his Inheritance
For their Redeemer's Sake.

PSALM XCIV. 16—23. *Second Part.*

God our Support and Comfort; or, *Deliverance from Temptation and Persecution.*

1 WHO will arise and plead my Right
Against my numerous Foes,
While Earth and Hell their Force unite,
And all my Hopes oppose?

2 Had not the Lord, my Rock, my Help,
Sustain'd my fainting Head,
My Life had now in Silence dwelt,
My Soul amongst the Dead.

3 *Alas! my sliding Feet!* I cry'd,
Thy Promise was my Prop;
Thy Grace stood constant by my Side,
Thy Spirit bore me up.

4 While Multitudes of mournful Thoughts
Within my Bosom roll,
Thy boundless Love forgives my Faults,
Thy Comforts chear my Soul.

5 Pow'rs of Iniquity may rise,
And frame pernicious Laws;
But God my Refuge rules the Skies,
He will defend my Cause.

6 Let Malice vent her Rage aloud,
Let bold Blasphemers scoff;
The Lord our God shall judge the Proud,
And cut the Sinners off.

PSALM XCV. Common Metre.

A Psalm before Prayer.

1 SING to the Lord *Jehovah*'s Name,
And in his Strength rejoice;
When his Salvation is our Theme,
Exalted be our Voice.

2 With Thanks approach his awful Sight,
And Psalms of Honour sing;
The Lord's a God of boundless Might,
The whole Creation's King.

3 Let Princes hear, let Angels know,
How mean their Natures seem,
Those Gods on high and Gods below,
When once compar'd with Him.

4 Earth with its Caverns dark and deep
Lies in his spacious Hand;
He fix'd the Seas what Bounds to keep,
And where the Hills must stand.

5 Come, and with humble Souls adore,
Come, kneel before his Face;
O may the Creatures of his Power
Be Children of his Grace!

6 Now is the Time, He bends his Ear,
And waits for your Request;
Come, lest he rouze his Wrath, and swear,
"*Ye shall not see my Rest.*

PSALM XCV. Short Metre.

A Psalm before Sermon.

1 COME sound his Praise abroad,
And Hymns of Glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He form'd the Deeps unknown;
He gave the Seas their Bound;
The watry Worlds are all his own,
And all the solid Ground.

3 Come, worship at his Throne,
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his Works, and not our own:
He form'd us by his Word.

4 To Day attend his Voice,
Nor dare provoke his Rod;
Come, like the People of his Choice,
And own your gracious God.

5 But if your Ears refuse
The Language of his Grace,
And Hearts grow hard like stubborn *Jews*,
That unbelieving Race;

6 The Lord in Vengeance dreſt
Will lift his Hand, and swear,
" *You that despise my promis'd Rest,*
" *Shall have no Portion there.*

PSALM XCV. 1, 2, 3, 6——11. Long Metre.

Canaan *lost thro' Unbelief*; or, *a Warning to delaying Sinners.*

1 COME, let our Voices join to raise
A sacred Song of solemn Praise:

God

God is a sovereign King: rehearse
His Honours in exalted Verse.

2 Come, let our Souls address the Lord,
Who fram'd our Natures with his Word:
He is our Shepherd; we the Sheep
His Mercy chose, his Pastures keep.

3 Come, let us hear his Voice to Day,
The Counsels of his Love obey;
Nor let our hardned Hearts renew
The Sins and Plagues that *Israel* knew.

4 *Israel*, that saw his Works of Grace,
Yet tempt their Maker to his Face;
A faithless unbelieving Brood,
That tir'd the Patience of their God.

5 Thus saith the Lord, "*How false they prove!*
"*Forget my Power, abuse my Love;*
"*Since they despise my Rest, I swear,*
"*Their Feet shall never enter there.*

6 [Look back, my Soul, with holy Dread,
And view those antient Rebels dead;
Attend the offer'd Grace to Day,
Nor lose the Blessing by Delay.

7 Seize the kind Promise while it waits,
And march to *Zion*'s heavenly Gates;
Believe, and take the promis'd Rest;
Obey, and be for ever blest]

PSALM XCVI. 1, 10, &c. Common Metre.

Christ's *first and second Coming.*

1 SING to the Lord, ye distant Lands,
Ye Tribes of every Tongue;
His new-discover'd Grace demands
A new and nobler Song.

2 Say

2 Say to the Nations, *Jesus* reigns,
God's own Almighty Son;
His Power the sinking World sustains,
And Grace surrounds his Throne.

3 Let Heaven proclaim the joyful Day,
Joy thro' the Earth be seen;
Let Cities shine in bright Array,
And Fields in chearful Green.

4 Let an unusual Joy surprize
The Islands of the Sea:
Ye Mountains sink, ye Valleys rise,
Prepare the Lord his Way.

5 Behold he comes, he comes to bless
The Nations as their God;
To shew the World his Righteousness,
And send his Truth abroad.

6 But when his Voice shall raise the Dead,
And bid the World draw near,
How will the guilty Nations dread
To see their Judge appear.

PSALM XCVI. As the 113th Psalm.

The God of the Gentiles.

1 LET all the Earth their Voices raise
To sing the choicest Psalm of Praise,
To sing and bless *Jehovah*'s Name:
His Glory let the Heathens know,
His Wonders to the Nations show,
And all his saving Works proclaim.

2 The Heathens know thy Glory, Lord;
The wond'ring Nations read thy Word,
In *Britain* is *Jehovah* known:

Our

Our Worſhip ſhall no more be paid
To Gods which mortal Hands have made;
Our Maker is our God alone.

3 He fram'd the Globe, he built the Sky,
He made the ſhining Worlds on high,
And reigns compleat in Glory there;
His Beams are Majeſty and Light;
His Beauties how divinely bright!
His Temple how divinely fair!

4 Come the great Day, the glorious Hour,
When Earth ſhall feel his ſaving Power,
And barbarous Nations fear his Name;
Then ſhall the Race of Man confeſs
The Beauty of his Holineſs,
And in his Courts his Grace proclaim.

PSALM XCVII. 1—5. *Firſt Part.*

Chriſt reigning in Heaven, and coming to Judgment.

1 HE reigns; the Lord, the Saviour reigns;
Praiſe him in evangelick Strains:
Let the whole Earth in Songs rejoice,
And diſtant Iſlands join their Voice.

2 Deep are his Counſels and unknown;
But Grace and Truth ſupport his Throne:
Tho' gloomy Clouds his Ways ſurround,
Juſtice is their eternal Ground.

3 In Robes of Judgment, lo, he comes,
Shakes the wide Earth, and cleaves the Tombs;
Before him burns devouring Fire,
The Mountains melt, the Seas retire.

4 His Enemies with ſore Diſmay
Fly from the Sight, and ſhun the Day;

Then

Then lift your Heads, ye Saints, on high,
And sing, for your Redemption's nigh.

PSALM XCVII. 6—9. *Second Part.*

Christ's *Incarnation.*

1 THE Lord is come; the Heavens proclaim
His Birth; the Nations learn his Name;
An unknown Star directs the Road
Of *Eastern* Sages to their God.

2 All ye bright Armies of the Skies,
Go, worship where the Saviour lies:
Angels and Kings, before him bow,
Those Gods on high, and Gods below.

3 Let Idols totter to the Ground,
And their own Worshippers confound:
But *Judah* shout, but *Zion* sing,
And Earth confess her sovereign King.

PSALM XCVII. *Third Part.*

Grace and Glory.

1 TH' Almighty reigns exalted high
O'er all the Earth, o'er all the Sky;
Tho' Clouds and Darkness vail his Feet,
His Dwelling is the Mercy-seat.

2 O ye that love his holy Name,
Hate every Work of Sin and Shame:
He guards the Souls of all his Friends,
And from the Snares of Hell defends.

3 Immortal Light, and Joys unknown,
Are for the Saints in Darkness sown;
Those glorious Seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright Harvest bless our Eyes.

4 Rejoice ye Righteous, and record
The sacred Honours of the Lord;

None

None but the Soul that feels his Grace
Can triumph in his Holineſs.

PSALM XCVII. 1, 3, 5—7, 11. Common Metre.

Chriſt's Incarnation, and the laſt Judgment.

1 YE Iſlands of the *Northern* Sea
Rejoice, the Saviour reigns:
His Word like Fire prepares his Way,
And Mountains melt to Plains.

2 His Preſence ſinks the proudeſt Hills,
And makes the Valleys riſe;
The humble Soul enjoys his Smiles,
The haughty Sinner dies.

3 The Heavn's his rightful Pow'r proclaim;
The Idol-Gods around
Fill their own Worſhippers with Shame,
And totter to the Ground.

4 Adoring Angels at his Birth
Make the Redeemer known;
Thus ſhall he come to judge the Earth,
And Angels guard his Throne.

5 His Foes ſhall tremble at his Sight,
And Hills and Seas retire:
His Children take their unknown Flight,
And leave the World in Fire.

6 The Seeds of Joy and Glory ſown
For Saints in Darkneſs here,
Shall riſe and ſpring in Worlds unknown,
And a rich Harveſt bear.

PSALM XCVIII. *Firſt Part.*

Praiſe for the Goſpel.

1 TO our Almighty Maker, God,
New Honours be addreſt;

His

His great Salvation shines abroad,
And makes the Nations blest.

2 He spake the Word to *Abraham* first,
His Truth fulfils the Grace;
The *Gentiles* make his Name their Trust,
And learn his Righteousness.

3 Let the whole Earth his Love proclaim
With all her different Tongues;
And spread the Honours of his Name
In Melody and Songs.

PSALM XCVIII. *Second Part.*

The Messiah's *Coming and Kingdom.*

1 JOY to the World; the Lord is come;
Let Earth receive her King:
Let every Heart prepare him Room,
And Heaven and Nature sing.

2 Joy to the Earth, the Saviour reigns;
Let Men their Songs employ;
While Fields and Floods, Rocks, Hills and Plains
Repeat the sounding Joy.

3 No more let Sins and Sorrows grow,
Nor Thorns infest the Ground:
He comes to make his Blessings flow
Far as the Curse is found.

4 He rules the World with Truth and Grace,
And makes the Nations prove
The Glories of his Righteousness,
And Wonders of his Love.

PSALM XCIX. *First Part.*

Christ's *Kingdom and Majesty.*

1 THE God *Jehovah* reigns,
Let all the Nations fear;

Let

Let Sinners tremble at his Throne,
And Saints be humble there.

2 *Jesus* the Saviour reigns,
Let Earth adore its Lord;
Bright Cherubs his Attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil his Word.

3 In *Zion* is his Throne,
His Honours are divine;
His Church shall make his Wonders known,
For there his Glories shine.

4 How holy is his Name!
How terrible his Praise!
Justice and Truth, and Judgment join
In all his Works of Grace.

PSALM XCIX. *Second Part.*

A Holy God worshipped with Reverence.

1 EXalt the Lord our God,
And worship at his Feet;
His Nature is all Holiness,
And Mercy is his Seat.

2 When *Israel* was his Church,
When *Aaron* was his Priest,
When *Moses* cry'd, when *Samuel* pray'd,
He gave his People Rest.

3 Oft he forgave their Sins,
Nor would destroy their Race;
And oft he made his Vengeance known
When they abus'd his Grace.

4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose Grace is still the same;
Still he's a God of Holiness,
And jealous for his Name.

PSALM C. First Metre. *A Plain Translation.*

Praise to our Creator.

1 YE Nations round the Earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve him with chearful Heart and Voice,
With all your Tongues his Glory sing.

2 The Lord is God: 'Tis he alone
Doth Life and Breath, and Being give:
We are his Work, and not our own;
The Sheep that on his Pastures live.

3 Enter his Gates with Songs of Joy,
With Praises to his Courts repair;
And make it your Divine Employ
To pay your Thanks and Honours there.

4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
Great is his Grace, his Mercy sure;
And the whole Race of Man shall find
His Truth from Age to Age endure.

PSALM C. Second Metre. *A Paraphrase.*

1 SING to the Lord with joyful Voice;
Let ev'ry Land his Name adore;
The *British* Isles shall send the Noise
A-cross the Ocean to the Shore.

2 Nations attend before his Throne
With solemn Fear, with sacred Joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

3 His sovereign Power without our Aid
Made us of Clay, and form'd us Men:
And when like wandring Sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his Fold again.

4 We

4 We are his People, we his Care,
Our Souls, and all our mortal Frame:
What lasting Honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy Name?

5 We'll croud thy Gates with thankful Songs,
High as the Heavens our Voices raise;
And Earth with her ten thousand Tongues
Shall fill thy Courts with sounding Praise.

6 Wide as the World is thy Command,
Vast as Eternity thy Love;
Firm as a Rock thy Truth must stand,
When rolling Years shall cease to move.

PSALM CI. Long Metre.

The Magistrates Psalm.

1 MErcy and Judgment are my Song;
And since they both to Thee belong,
My gracious God, my righteous King,
To Thee my Songs and Vows I bring.

2 If I am rais'd to bear the Sword,
I'll take my Counsels from thy Word,
Thy Justice and thy heavenly Grace
Shall be the Pattern of my Ways.

3 Let Wisdom all my Actions guide,
And let my God with me reside;
No wicked Thing shall dwell with me,
Which may provoke thy Jealousy.

4 No Sons of Slander, Rage and Strife
Shall be Companions of my Life;
The haughty Look, the Heart of Pride
Within my Doors shall ne'er abide.

5 I'll search the Land, and raise the Just
To Posts of Honour, Wealth and Trust:

The

The Men that work thy holy Will
Shall be my Friends and Favourites still.]

5 In vain shall Sinners hope to rise
By flattering or malicious Lies:
And while the Innocent I guard,
The bold Offender shan't be spar'd.

7 The impious Crew (that factious Band)
Shall hide their Heads, or quit the Land;
And all that break the publick Rest,
Where I have Power shall be suppress.

PSALM CI. Common Metre.

A Psalm for a Master of a Family.

1 OF Justice and of Grace I sing,
And pay my God my Vows,
Thy Grace and Justice, heavenly King,
Teach me to rule my House.

2 Now to my Tent, O God, repair,
And make thy Servant wise;
I'll suffer nothing near me there
That shall offend thine Eyes.

3 The Man that doth his Neighbour Wrong
By Falshood or by Force,
The scornful Eye, the slanderous Tongue,
I'll thrust them from my Doors.

4 I'll seek the Faithful and the Just,
And will their Help enjoy;
These are the Friends that I shall trust,
The Servants I'll employ.

5 The Wretch that deals in sly Deceit
I'll not endure a Night!
The Liar's Tongue I ever hate,
And banish from my Sight.

6 I'll purge my Family around
And make the Wicked flee,
So shall my House be ever found
A Dwelling fit for Thee.

PSALM CII. 1—13, 20, 21. *First Part.*
A Prayer of the Afflicted.

1 HEAR me, O God, nor hide thy Face,
But answer, lest I die:
Hast thou not built a Throne of Grace
To hear when Sinners cry?

2 My Days are wasted like the Smoak
Dissolving in the Air:
My Strength is dry'd, my Heart is broke,
And sinking in Despair.

3 My Spirits flag like withering Grass
Burnt with excessive Heat:
In secret Groans my Minutes pass,
And I forget to eat.

4 As on some lonely Building's Top
The Sparrow tells her Moan,
Far from the Tents of Joy and Hope
I sit and grieve alone.

5 My Soul is like a Wilderness,
Where Beasts of Midnight howl;
There the sad Raven finds her Place,
And there the screaming Owl.

6 Dark dismal Thoughts and boding Fears
Dwell in my troubled Breast;
While sharp Reproaches wound my Ears,
Nor give my Spirit Rest.

7 My Cup is mingled with my Woes,
And Tears are my Repast;

My

My daily Bread like Ashes grows
Unpleasant to my Taste.

8 Sense can afford no real Joy
To Souls that feel thy Frown:
Lord, 'twas thy Hand advanc'd me high,
Thy Hand hath cast me down.

9 My Looks like wither'd Leaves appear;
And Life's declining Light
Grows faint as Evening-Shadows are,
That vanish into Night.

10 But thou for ever art the same,
O my Eternal God:
Ages to come shall know thy Name,
And spread thy Works abroad.

11 Thou wilt arise, and shew thy Face,
Nor will my Lord delay
Beyond th' appointed Hour of Grace,
That long expected Day.

12 He hears his Saints, he knows their Cry,
And by mysterious Ways
Redeems the Prisoners doom'd to die,
And fills their Tongues with Praise.

PSALM CII. 13—21. *Second Part.*

Prayer heard, and Zion *restor'd.*

1 LET *Zion* and her Sons rejoice,
Behold the promis'd Hour:
Her God hath heard her mourning Voice,
And comes t'exalt his Power.

2 Her Dust and Ruins that remain
Are precious in our Eyes;
Those Ruins shall be built again,
And all that Dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will raiſe *Jeruſalem*,
And ſtand in Glory there;
Nations ſhall bow before his Name,
And Kings attend with Fear.

4 He ſits a Sovereign on his Throne,
With Pity in his Eyes:
He hears the dying Priſoners groan,
And ſees their Sighs ariſe.

5 He frees the Souls condemn'd to Death,
And when his Saints complain,
It ſhan't be ſaid, "That praying Breath
"Was ever ſpent in vain.

6 This ſhall be known when we are dead,
And left on long Record,
That Ages yet unborn may read,
And truſt, and praiſe the Lord.

PSALM CII. 23—28. *Third Part.*

Man's Mortality, and Chriſt's *Eternity*; or, *Saints die, but* Chriſt *and the Church live.*

1 IT is the Lord our Saviour's Hand
Weakens our Strength amidſt the Race;
Diſeaſe and Death at his Command
Arreſt us, and cut ſhort our Days.

2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our Sun go down at Noon:
Thy Years are one eternal Day,
And muſt thy Children die ſo ſoon?

3 Yet in the midſt of Death and Grief
This Thought our Sorrow ſhall aſſwage;
"Our Father and our Saviour live:
"*Chriſt* is the ſame thro' every Age.

4 'Twas

4 'Twas he this Earth's Foundations laid;
Heaven is the Building of his Hand:
This Earth grows old, these Heav'ns shall fade,
And all be chang'd at his Command.

5 The starry Curtains of the Sky
Like Garments shall be laid aside;
But still thy Throne stands firm and high;
Thy Church for ever must abide.

6 Before thy Face thy Church shall live,
And on thy Throne thy Children reign:
This dying World shall they survive,
And the dead Saints be rais'd again.

PSALM CIII. 1—7. *First Part.* Long Metre.

Blessing God for his Goodness to Soul and Body.

1 BLess, O my Soul, the living God,
Call home thy Thoughts that rove abroad,
Let all the Powers within me join
In Work and Worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my Soul, the God of Grace;
His Favours claim thy highest Praise:
Why should the Wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in Silence, and forgot?

3 'Tis He, my Soul, that sent his Son
To die for Crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the Ransom, and forgives
The hourly Follies of our Lives.

4 The Vices of the Mind he heals,
And cures the Pains that Nature feels;
Redeems the Soul from Hell, and saves
Our wasting Life from threatning Graves.

5 Our Youth decay'd his Pow'r repairs;
His Mercy crowns our growing Years:

He satisfies our Mouth with Good,
And fills our Hopes with heavenly Food.

6 He sees th' Oppressor and th' Oppress,
And often gives the Sufferers Rest:
But will his Justice more display
In the last great rewarding Day.

7 [His Power he shew'd by *Moses* Hands,
And gave to *Israel* his Commands;
But sent his Truth and Mercy down
To all the Nations by his Son.

8 Let the whole Earth his Power confess,
Let the whole Earth adore his Grace;
The *Gentile* with the *Jew* shall join
In Work and Worship so divine.]

PSALM CIII. 8—18. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

God's gentle Chastisement; or, *His tender Mercy to his People.*

1 THE Lord, how wondrous are his Ways!
How firm his Truth! how large his Grace!
He takes his Mercy for his Throne,
And thence he makes his Glories known.

2 Not half so high his Power hath spread
The starry Heavens above our Head,
As his rich Love exceeds our Praise,
Exceeds the highest Hopes we raise.

3 Not half so far hath Nature plac'd
The rising Morning from the West,
As his forgiving Grace removes
The daily Guilt of those he loves.

4 How slowly doth his Wrath arise!
On swifter Wings Salvation flies:

And if he lets his Anger burn,
How soon his Frowns to Pity turn.

5 Amidst his Wrath Compassion shines;
His Strokes are lighter than our Sins:
And while his Rod corrects his Saints,
His Ear indulges their Complaints.

6 So Fathers their young Sons chastise
With gentle Hand and melting Eyes:
The Children weep beneath the Smart,
And move the Pity of their Heart.

PAUSE.

7 The Mighty God, the Wise and Just,
Knows that our Frame is feeble Dust;
And will no heavy Loads impose
Beyond the Strength that he bestows.

8 He knows how soon our Nature dies,
Blasted by every Wind that flies;
Like Grass we spring, and die as soon,
Or Morning Flow'rs that fade at Noon.

9 But his eternal Love is sure
To all the Saints, and shall endure:
From Age to Age his Truth shall reign,
Nor Childrens Children hope in vain.

PSALM CIII. 1—7. *First Part.* Short Metre.

Praise for Spiritual and Temporal Mercies.

1 O Bless the Lord, my Soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my Tongue to bless his Name,
Whose Favours are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my Soul;
Nor let his Mercies lie

Forgotten in Unthankfulneſs,
And without Praiſes die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy Sins,
'Tis he relieves thy Pain,
'Tis he that heals thy Sickneſſes,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy Life with Love,
When ranſom'd from the Grave;
He that redeem'd my Soul from Hell
Hath ſovereign Power to ſave.

5 He fills the Poor with Good;
He gives the Sufferers Reſt;
The Lord hath Judgments for the Proud,
And Juſtice for th' Oppreſt.

6 His wondrous Works and Ways
He made by *Moſes* known;
But ſent the World his Truth and Grace,
By his beloved Son.

PSALM CIII. 8.—18. *Second Part.* Short Metre.

Abounding Compaſſion of God; or, *Mercy in the midſt of Judgment.*

1 MY Soul, repeat his Praiſe
Whoſe Mercies are ſo great;
Whoſe Anger is ſo ſlow to riſe,
So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide;
And when his Strokes are felt,
His Strokes are fewer than our Crimes,
And lighter than our Guilt.

3 High as the Heavens are rais'd
Above the Ground we tread,

So

So far the Riches of his Grace
Our higheſt Thoughts exceed.

4 His Power ſubdues our Sins,
And his forgiving Love
Far as the *Eaſt* is from the *Weſt*
Doth all our Guilt remove.

5 The Pity of the Lord
To thoſe that fear his Name
Is ſuch as tender Parents feel;
He knows our feeble Frame.

6 He knows we are but Duſt,
Scatter'd with ev'ry Breath;
His Anger like a riſing Wind
Can ſend us ſwift to Death.

7 Our Days are as the Graſs,
Or like the Morning-flower;
If one ſharp Blaſt ſweep o'er the Field,
It withers in an Hour.

8 But thy Compaſſions, Lord,
To endleſs Years endure;
And Childrens Children ever find
Thy Words of Promiſe ſure.

PSALM CIII. 19—22. *Third Part.* Short Metre.

God's univerſal Dominion; or, *Angels praiſe the Lord.*

1 THE Lord, the ſovereign King,
Hath fix'd his Throne on high;
O'er all the heavenly World he rules,
And all beneath the Sky.

2 Ye Angels, great in Might,
And ſwift to do his Will,
Bleſs ye the Lord, whoſe Voice ye hear,
Whoſe Pleaſure ye fulfil.

3 Let the bright Hosts who wait
The Orders of their King,
And guard his Churches when they pray,
Join in the Praise they sing.

4 While all his wondrous Works
Thro' his vast Kingdoms shew
Their Maker's Glory, thou, my Soul,
Shalt sing his Graces too.

PSALM CIV.

The Glory of God in Creation and Providence.

1 MY Soul, thy great Creator praise;
When cloth'd in his celestial Rays
He in full Majesty appears,
And like a Robe his Glory wears.

Note, *This Psalm may be sung to the Tune of the old* 112th *or* 127th *Psalm, by adding these two Lines to every Stanza,* (viz.)

Great is the Lord; What Tongue can frame
An equal Honour to his Name?

Otherwise it must be sung as the 100th *Psalm.*

2 The Heavens are for his Curtains spread;
Th' unfathom'd Deep he makes his Bed:
Clouds are his Chariot when he flies
On winged Storms a-cross the Skies.

3 Angels, whom his own Breath inspires,
His Ministers, are flaming Fires;
And swift as Thought their Armies move
To bear his Vengeance or his Love.

4 The World's Foundations by his Hand
Are pois'd, and shall for ever stand:
He binds the Ocean in his Chain,
Lest it should drown the Earth again.

5 When

5 When Earth was cover'd with the Flood,
Which high above the Mountains stood,
He thunder'd; and the Ocean fled,
Confin'd to its appointed Bed.

6 The swelling Billows know their Bound,
And in their Channels walk their Round;
Yet thence convey'd by secret Veins,
They spring on Hills, and drench the Plains.

7 He bids the Chrystal Fountains flow,
And cheer the Valleys as they go,
Tame Heifers there their Thirst allay,
And for the Stream wild Asses bray.

8 From pleasant Trees which shade the Brink,
The Lark and Linnet light to drink;
Their Songs the Lark and Linnet raise,
And chide our Silence in his Praise.

PAUSE I.

9 God from his cloudy Cistern pours
On the parch'd Earth enriching Show'rs:
The Grove, the Garden, and the Field,
A thousand joyful Blessings yield.

10 He makes the grassy Food arise,
And gives the Cattle large Supplies;
With Herbs for Man of various Power,
To nourish Nature, or to cure.

11 What noble Fruit the Vines produce!
The Olive yields a shining Juice;
Our Hearts are cheer'd with generous Wine,
With inward Joy our Faces shine.

12 O bless his Name, ye *Britons*, fed
With Nature's chief Supporter, Bread:

While Bread your vital Strength imparts,
Serve him with Vigour in your Hearts.

PAUSE II.

13 Behold the ſtately Cedar ſtands
Rais'd in the Foreſt by his Hands;
Birds to the Boughs for Shelter fly,
And build their Neſts ſecure on high.

14 To craggy Hills aſcends the Goat;
And at the airy Mountain's Foot
The feebler Creatures make their Cell;
He gives them Wiſdom where to dwell.

15 He ſets the Sun his circling Race,
Appoints the Moon to change her Face;
And when thick Darkneſs vails the Day,
Calls out wild Beaſts to hunt their Prey.

16 Fierce Lions lead their Young abroad,
And roaring ask their Meat from God;
But when the Morning-Beams ariſe,
The ſavage Beaſt to Covert flies.

17 Then Man to daily Labour goes;
The Night was made for his Repoſe:
Sleep is thy Gift, that ſweet Relief
From tireſome Toil and waſting Grief.

18 How ſtrange thy Works! how great thy Skill!
And every Land thy Riches fill:
Thy Wiſdom round the World we ſee,
This ſpacious Earth is full of Thee.

19 Nor leſs thy Glories in the Deep,
Where Fiſh in Millions ſwim and creep,
With wondrous Motions, ſwift or ſlow,
Still wandring in the Paths below.

20 There Ships divide their watry Way,
And Flocks of scaly Monsters play;
There dwells the huge *Leviathan*,
And foams and sports in Spite of Man.

PAUSE III.

21 Vast are thy Works, Almighty Lord,
All Nature rests upon thy Word,
And the whole Race of Creatures stands,
Waiting their Portion from thy Hands.

22 While each receives his different Food,
Their chearful Looks pronounce it good;
Eagles, and Bears, and Whales, and Worms
Rejoice and praise in different Forms.

23 But when thy Face is hid, they mourn,
And dying to their Dust return;
Both Man and Beast their Souls resign;
Life, Breath and Spirit, all is Thine.

24 Yet thou can'st breathe on Dust again,
And fill the World with Beasts and Men;
A Word of thy creating Breath
Repairs the Wastes of Time and Death.

25 His Works, the Wonders of his Might
Are honour'd with his own Delight:
How awful are his glorious Ways!
The Lord is dreadful in his Praise.

26 The Earth stands trembling at thy Stroke,
And at thy Touch the Mountains smoke;
Yet humble Souls may see thy Face,
And tell their Wants to sovereign Grace.

27 In Thee my Hopes and Wishes meet,
And make my Meditations sweet;

Thy Praiſes ſhall my Breath imploy,
Till it expire in endleſs Joy.

28 While haughty Sinners die accurſt,
Their Glory bury'd with their Duſt,
I to my God my heavenly King
Immortal *Hallelujahs* ſing.

PSALM CV. Abridg'd.

God's Conduct of Iſrael, *and the Plagues of* Egypt.

1 GIVE Thanks to God, invoke his Name,
And tell the World his Grace;
Sound thro' the Earth his Deeds of Fame,
That all may ſeek his Face.

2 His Covenant, which he kept in Mind
For numerous Ages paſt,
To numerous Ages yet behind
In equal Force ſhall laſt.

3 He ſware to *Abraham* and his Seed,
And made the Bleſſing ſure:
Gentiles the antient Promiſe read,
And find his Truth endure.

4 "Thy Seed ſhall make all Nations bleſt,
(Said the Almighty Voice)
"And *Canaan*'s Land ſhall be their Reſt,
"The Type of heavenly Joys.

5 [How large the Grant! how rich the Grace,
To give them *Canaan*'s Land,
When they were Strangers in the Place,
A little feeble Band!

6 Like Pilgrims thro' the Countries round
Securely they remov'd:
And haughty Kings that on them frown'd
Severely he reprov'd.

7 "Touch

7 " Touch mine Anointed, and my Arm
" Shall soon revenge the Wrong;
" The Man that does my Prophets harm
" Shall know their God is strong.

8 *Then let the World forbear its Rage,*
Nor put the Church in Fear;
Israel *must live thro' every Age,*
And be th' Almighty's Care.]

PAUSE I.

9 When *Pharaoh* dar'd to vex the Saints,
And thus provok'd their God,
Moses was sent at their Complaints,
Arm'd with his dreadful Rod.

10 He call'd for Darkness: Darkness came
Like an o'erwhelming Flood;
He turn'd each Lake and every Stream
To Lakes and Streams of Blood.

11 He gave the Sign, and noisome Flies
Thro' the whole Country spread;
And Frogs in croaking Armies rise
About the Monarch's Bed.

12 Thro' Fields and Towns and Palaces
The tenfold Vengeance flew;
Locusts in Swarms devour'd their Trees,
And Hail their Cattle slew.

13 Then by an Angel's Midnight Stroke
The Flower of *Egypt* dy'd;
The Strength of every House was broke,
Their Glory, and their Pride.

14 *Now let the World forbear its Rage,*
Nor put the Church in Fear;

Israel *must live thro' every Age,*
And be th' Almighty's Care.

PAUSE II.

15 Thus were the Tribes from Bondage brought,
And left the hated Ground;
Each some *Egyptian* Spoils had got,
And not one feeble found.

16 The Lord himself chose out their Way,
And mark'd their Journeys right,
Gave them a leading Cloud by Day,
A fiery Guide by Night.

17 They thirst; and Waters from the Rock
In rich Abundance flow,
And following still the Course they took
Ran all the Desart thro'.

18 O wondrous Stream! O blessed Type
Of ever-flowing Grace!
So *Christ* our Rock maintains our Life
Thro' all this Wilderness.

19 Thus guarded by th' Almighty Hand
The chosen Tribes possest
Canaan the rich, the promis'd Land,
And there enjoy'd their Rest.

20 *Then let the World forbear its Rage,*
The Church renounce her Fear;
Israel *must live thro' every Age,*
And be th' Almighty's Care.

PSALM CVI. 1—5. *First Part.*

Praise to God; or, *Communion with Saints.*

1 TO God the Great, the Ever-blest,
Let Songs of Honour be addrest;

His

His Mercy firm for ever ſtands;
Give him the Thanks his Love demands.

2 Who knows the Wonders of thy Ways?
Who ſhall fulfil thy boundleſs Praiſe?
Bleſt are the Souls that fear Thee ſtill,
And pay their Duty to thy Will.

3 Remember what thy Mercy did
For *Jacob*'s Race, thy choſen Seed;
And with the ſame Salvation bleſs
The meaneſt Suppliant of thy Grace.

4 O may I ſee thy Tribes rejoice,
And aid their Triumphs with my Voice!
This is my Glory, Lord, to be
Join'd to thy Saints, and near to Thee.

PSALM CVI. *Second Part.* Ver. 7, 8, 12—14, 43—48.

Iſrael *puniſh'd and pardon'd*; or, *God's unchangeable Love.*

1 GOD of eternal Love,
How fickle are our Ways!
And yet how oft did *Iſrael* prove
Thy Conſtancy of Grace!

2 They ſaw thy Wonders wrought,
And then thy Praiſe they ſung;
But ſoon thy Works of Power forgot,
And murmur'd with their Tongue.

3 Now they believe his Word
While Rocks with Rivers flow;
Now with their Luſts provoke the Lord,
And he reduc'd them low.

4 Yet when they mourn'd their Faults,
He hearken'd to their Groans,

Brought

Brought his own Cov'nant to his Thoughts,
And call'd them ſtill his Sons.

5 Their Names were in his Book,
He ſav'd them from their Foes;
Oft he chaſtis'd, but ne'er forſook
The People that he choſe.

6 Let *Iſrael* bleſs the Lord,
Who lov'd their ancient Race:
And Chriſtians join the ſolemn Word
Amen to all the Praiſe.

PSALM CVII. *Firſt Part.*

Iſrael *led to* Canaan, *and Chriſtians to Heaven.*

1 GIVE Thanks to God: He reigns above,
Kind are his Thoughts, his Name is Love:
His Mercy Ages paſt have known,
And Ages long to come ſhall own.

2 Let the Redeemed of the Lord
The Wonders of his Grace record;
Iſrael, the Nation whom he choſe,
And reſcu'd from their mighty Foes.

3 [When God's Almighty Arm had broke
Their Fetters and th' *Egyptian* Yoke,
They trac'd the Deſart wandring round;
A wild and ſolitary Ground!

4 There they could find no leading Road,
Nor City for a fix'd Abode;
Nor Food, nor Fountain to aſſwage
Their burning Thirſt, or Hunger's Rage.]

5 In their Diſtreſs to God they cry'd,
God was their Saviour and their Guide;
He led their March far wandring round;
'Twas the right Path to *Canaan*'s Ground.

6 Thus

6 Thus when our first Release we gain
From Sin's old Yoke and *Satan*'s Chain,
We have this desart World to pass,
A dangerous and a tiresome Place.

7 He feeds and clothes us all the Way,
He guides our Footsteps lest we stray,
He guards us with a powerful Hand,
And brings us to the heavenly Land.

8 O let the Saints with Joy record
The Truth and Goodness of the Lord!
How great his Works! how kind his Ways!
Let every Tongue pronounce his Praise.

PSALM CVII. *Second Part.*

Correction for Sin, and Release by Prayer.

1 FROM Age to Age exalt his Name,
God and his Grace are still the same:
He fills the hungry Soul with Food,
And feeds the Poor with every Good.

2 But if their Hearts rebel and rise
Against the God that rules the Skies,
If they reject his heavenly Word,
And slight the Counsels of the Lord;

3 He'll bring their Spirits to the Ground,
And no Deliv'rer shall be found;
Laden with Grief they waste their Breath
In Darkness and the Shades of Death.

4 Then to the Lord they raise their Cries,
He makes the dawning Light arise,
And scatters all that dismal Shade
That hung so heavy round their Head.

5 He cuts the Bars of Brass in two,
And lets the smiling Prisoners thro;

Takes

Takes off the Load of Guilt and Grief,
And gives the labouring Soul Relief.

6 O may the Sons of Men record
The wondrous Goodneſs of the Lord!
How great his Works! how kind his Ways!
Let every Tongue pronounce his Praiſe.

PSALM CVII. *Third Part.*

Intemperance puniſh'd and pardon'd; or, *a Pſalm for the Glutton and the Drunkard.*

1 VAIN Man on fooliſh Pleaſures bent
Prepares for his own Puniſhment,
What Pains, what loathſome Maladies
From Luxury and Luſt ariſe.

2 The Drunkard feels his Vitals waſte;
Yet drowns his Health to pleaſe his Taſte;
Till all his active Powers are loſt,
And fainting Life draws near the Duſt.

3 The Glutton groans, and loaths to eat,
His Soul abhors delicious Meat:
Nature with heavy Loads oppreſt
Would yield to Death to be releas'd.

4 Then how the frighted Sinners fly
To God for Help with earneſt Cry!
He hears their Groans, prolongs their Breath,
And ſaves them from approaching Death.

5 No Med'cines could effect the Cure
So quick, ſo eaſy, or ſo ſure:
The deadly Sentence God repeals,
He ſends his Sovereign Word and heals.

6 O may the Sons of Men record
The wondrous Goodneſs of the Lord!

And

And let their thankful Offerings prove
How they adore their Maker's Love.

PSALM CVII. *Fourth Part.* Long Metre.

Deliverance from Storms and Shipwrack; or, *The Seaman's Song.*

WOuld you behold the Works of God,
His Wonders in the World abroad,
Go with the Mariners, and trace
The unknown Regions of the Seas.

They leave their native Shores behind,
And seize the Favour of the Wind;
Till God command, and Tempests rise
That heave the Ocean to the Skies.

Now to the Heavens they mount amain,
Now sink to dreadful Deeps again;
What strange Affrights young Sailors feel,
And like a staggering Drunkard reel.

When Land is far, and Death is nigh,
Lost to all Hope, to God they cry:
His Mercy hears the loud Address,
And sends Salvation in Distress.

He bids the Winds their Wrath assuage,
The furious Waves forget their Rage;
'Tis calm; and Sailors smile to see
The Haven where they wish'd to be.

O may the Sons of Men record
The wondrous Goodness of the Lord!
Let them their private Offerings bring,
And in the Church his Glory sing.

PSALM CVII. *Fourth Part.* Common Metre.

The Mariner's Psalm.

1 THY Works of Glory, mighty Lord,
Thy Wonders in the Deeps
The Sons of Courage shall record
Who trade in floating Ships.

2 At thy Command the Winds arise,
And swell the tow'ring Waves;
The Men astonish'd mount the Skies
And sink in gaping Graves.

3 [Again they climb the watry Hills,
And plunge in Deeps again;
Each like a tottering Drunkard reels,
And finds his Courage vain.

4 Frighted to hear the Tempest roar
They pant with fluttering Breath;
And hopeless of the distant Shore
Expect immediate Death.]

5 Then to the Lord they raise their Cries;
He hears the loud Request,
And orders Silence thro' the Skies,
And lays the Floods to rest.

6 Sailors rejoice to lose their Fears,
And see the Storm allay'd:
Now to their Eyes the Port appears;
There let their Vows be paid.

7 'Tis God that brings them safe to Land;
Let stupid Mortals know
That Waves are under his Command,
And all the Winds that blow.

8 O that the Sons of Men would praise
The Goodness of the Lord!

And

And those that see thy wondrous Ways.
Thy wondrous Love record.

PSALM CVII. *Last Part.*

Colonies planted; or, *Nations blest and punished.*

A PSALM for *New-England.*

1 WHEN God provok'd with daring Crimes,
Scourges the Madness of the Times,
He turns their Fields to barren Sand,
And dries the Rivers from the Land.

2 His Word can raise the Springs again,
And make the wither'd Mountains green,
Send show'ry Blessings from the Skies;
And Harvests in the Desart rise.

3 [Where nothing dwelt but Beasts of Prey,
Or Men as fierce and wild as they,
He bids th' Oppress and Poor repair,
And builds them Towns and Cities there.

4 They sow the Fields, and Trees they plant,
Whose yearly Fruit supplies their Want:
Their Race grows up from fruitful Stocks,
Their Wealth increases with their Flocks.

5 Thus they are blest; but if they sin,
He lets the Heathen Nations in,
A savage Crew invades their Lands,
Their Princes die by barbarous Hands.

6 Their Captive Sons expos'd to Scorn
Wander unpity'd and forlorn:
The Country lies unfenc'd, untill'd,
And Desolation spreads the Field.

7 Yet if the humbled Nation mourns,
Again his dreadful Hand he turns;

Again

Again he makes their Cities thrive,
And bids the dying Churches live.]

8 The Righteous with a joyful Senſe
Admire the Works of Providence;
And Tongues of Atheiſts ſhall no more
Blaſpheme the God that Saints adore.

9 How few with pious Care record
Theſe wondrous Dealings of the Lord?
But wiſe Obſervers ſtill ſhall find,
The Lord is holy, juſt and kind.

PSALM CIX. Ver. 1—5, 31.

Love to Enemies from the Example of Chriſt.

1 GOD of my Mercy and my Praiſe,
Thy Glory is my Song;
Tho' Sinners ſpeak againſt thy Grace
With a blaſpheming Tongue.

2 When in the Form of mortal Man
Thy Son on Earth was found,
With cruel Slanders falſe and vain
They compaſs'd him around.

3 Their Miſeries his Compaſſion move,
Their Peace he ſtill purſu'd;
They render Hatred for his Love,
And Evil for his Good.

4 Their Malice rag'd without a Cauſe,
Yet with his dying Breath
He pray'd for Murderers on his Croſs,
And bleſt his Foes in Death.

5 Lord, ſhall thy bright Example ſhine
In vain before my Eyes?
Give me a Soul a-kin to thine,
To love my Enemies.

6 The Lord shall on my Side engage,
And in my Saviour's Name
I shall defeat their Pride and Rage
Who slander and condemn.

PSALM CX. *First Part.* Long Metre.

Christ *exalted, and Multitudes converted*; or, *The Success of the Gospel.*

1 THUS the eternal Father spake
To *Christ* the Son; "Ascend and sit
"At my Right-hand, till I shall make
"Thy Foes submissive at thy Feet.

2 "From *Zion* shall thy Word proceed,
"Thy Word, the Scepter in thy Hand,
"Shall make the Hearts of Rebels bleed,
"And bow their Wills to thy Command.

3 "That Day shall shew thy Power is great,
"When Saints shall flock with willing Minds,
"And Sinners croud thy Temple-Gate,
"Where Holiness in Beauty shines.

4 O blessed Power! O glorious Day!
What a large Victory shall ensue!
And Converts, who thy Grace obey,
Exceed the Drops of Morning-Dew.

PSALM CX. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

The Kingdom and Priesthood of Christ.

1 THUS the great Lord of Earth and Sea
Spake to his Son, and thus he swore;
"Eternal shall thy Priesthood be,
"And change from Hand to Hand no more.

2 "*Aaron* and all his Sons must die:
"But everlasting Life is thine,

"To

" To save for ever those that fly
" For Refuge from the Wrath divine.

3 " By me *Melchisedeck* was made
" On Earth a King and Priest at once;
" And Thou my heavenly Priest shalt plead;
" And thou, my King, shalt rule my Sons.

4 *Jesus* the Priest ascends his Throne,
While Counsels of eternal Peace,
Between the Father and the Son,
Proceed with Honour and Success.

5 Thro' the whole Earth his Reign shall spread,
And crush the Powers that dare rebel:
Then shall he judge the rising Dead,
And send the guilty World to Hell.

6 Tho' while he treads his glorious Way,
He drink the Cup of Tears and Blood,
The Sufferings of that dreadful Day
Shall but advance him near to God.

PSALM CX. Common Metre.

Christ's *Kingdom and Priesthood.*

1 JEsus, our Lord, ascend thy Throne,
And near the Father sit;
In *Zion* shall thy Power be known,
And make thy Foes submit.

2 What Wonders shall thy Gospel do!
Thy Converts shall surpass
The numerous Drops of Morning-Dew
And own thy sovereign Grace.

3 God hath pronounc'd a firm Decree,
Nor changes what he swore;
" Eternal shall thy Priesthood be,
" When *Aaron* is no more.

4 " *Melchi-*

4 " *Melchisedeck*, that wondrous Priest,
" That King of high Degree,
" That holy Man who *Abraham* blest
" Was but a Type of Thee.

5 *Jesus* our Priest for ever lives
To plead for us above;
Jesus our King for ever gives
The Blessings of his Love.

6 God shall exalt his glorious Head,
And his high Throne maintain,
Shall strike the Powers and Princes dead
Who dare oppose his Reign.

PSALM CXI. *First Part.*

The Wisdom of God in his Works.

1 SOngs of immortal Praise belong
To my Almighty God;
He has my Heart, and he my Tongue
To spread his Name abroad.

2 How great the Works his Hand has wrought!
How glorious in our Sight!
And Men in every Age have sought
His Wonders with Delight.

3 How most exact is Nature's Frame!
How wise th' Eternal Mind!
His Counsels never change the Scheme
That his first Thoughts design'd.

4 When he redeem'd his chosen Sons,
He fix'd his Cov'nant sure:
The Orders that his Lips pronounce
To endless Years endure.

5 Nature and Time, and Earth and Skies
Thy heavenly Skill proclaim:

What

What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy Name?

6 To fear thy Power, to trust thy Grace
Is our divinest Skill;
And he's the wisest of our Race
That best obeys thy Will.

PSALM CXI. *Second Part.*

The Perfections of God.

1 GReat is the Lord; his Works of Might
Demand our noblest Songs;
Let his assembled Saints unite
Their Harmony of Tongues.

2 Great is the Mercy of the Lord,
He gives his Children Food;
And ever mindful of his Word,
He makes his Promise good.

3 His Son the great Redeemer came
To seal his Covenant sure:
Holy and Reverend is his Name,
His Ways are just and pure.

4 They that would grow divinely wise
Must with his Fear begin;
Our fairest Proof of Knowledge lies
In hating every Sin.

PSALM CXII. As the 113th Psalm.

The Blessings of the liberal Man.

1 THAT Man is blest who stands in Awe
Of God, and loves his sacred Law:
His Seed on Earth shall be renown'd;
His House the Seat of Wealth shall be,
An inexhausted Treasury,
And with successive Honours crown'd.

2 His

2 His liberal Favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends:
A generous Pity fills his Mind:
Yet what his Charity impairs,
He saves by Prudence in Affairs,
And thus he's just to all Mankind.

3 His Hands, while they his Alms bestow'd,
His Glory's future Harvest sow'd;
The sweet Remembrance of the Just
Like a green Root revives, and bears
A Train of Blessings for his Heirs,
When dying Nature sleeps in Dust.

4 Beset with threatning Dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his Ground;
His Conscience holds his Courage up:
The Soul that's fill'd with Vertue's Light,
Shines brightest in Affliction's Night:
And sees in Darkness Beams of Hope.

PAUSE.

5 [Ill Tidings never can surprize
His Heart, that fix'd on God relies,
Tho' Waves and Tempests roar around:
Safe on the Rock he sits, and sees
The Shipwreck of his Enemies,
And all their Hope and Glory drown'd.

6 The Wicked shall his Triumph see,
And gnash their Teeth in Agony,
To find their Expectations croſt:
They and their Envy, Pride and Spite
Sink down to everlasting Night,
And all their Names in Darkness lost.]

PSALM CXII. Long Metre.

The Blessings of the Pious and Charitable.

1 THrice happy Man who fears the Lord,
Loves his Commands, and trusts his Word;
Honour and Peace his Days attend,
And Blessings to his Seed descend.

2 Compassion dwells upon his Mind,
To Works of Mercy still inclin'd:
He lends the Poor some present Aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid.

3 When Times grow dark, and Tidings spread
That fill his Neighbours round with Dread,
His Heart is arm'd against the Fear,
For God with all his Pow'r is there.

4 His Soul well fix'd upon the Lord
Draws heavenly Courage from his Word:
Amidst the Darkness Light shall rise,
To chear his Heart, and bless his Eyes.

5 He hath dispersed his Alms abroad,
His Works are still before his God;
His Name on Earth shall long remain,
While envious Sinners fret in vain.

PSALM CXII. Common Metre.

Liberality rewarded.

1 HAppy is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his Commands,
Who lends the Poor without Reward,
Or gives with liberal Hands.

2 As Pity dwells within his Breast
To all the Sons of Need;
So God shall answer his Request
With Blessings on his Seed.

3 No evil Tidings shall surprize
His well-establish'd Mind;
His Soul to God, his Refuge, flies,
And leaves his Fears behind.

4 In Times of general Distress
Some Beams of Light shall shine,
To shew the World his Righteousness,
And give him Peace divine.

5 His Works of Piety and Love
Remain before the Lord;
Honour on Earth and Joys above
Shall be his sure Reward.

PSALM CXIII. Proper Tune.

The Majesty and Condescension of God.

1 YE that delight to serve the Lord,
The Honours of his Name record,
His sacred Name for ever bless:
Where-e'er the circling Sun displays
His rising Beams, or setting Rays,
Let Lands and Seas his Power confess.

2 Not Time, nor Nature's narrow Rounds;
Can give his vast Dominion Bounds;
The Heavens are far below his Height:
Let no created Greatness dare
With our eternal God compare,
Arm'd with his uncreated Might.

3 He bows his glorious Head to view
What the bright Hosts of Angels do,
And bends his Care to mortal Things;
His sovereign Hand exalts the Poor,
He takes the Needy from the Door,
And makes them Company for Kings.

4 When childless Families despair,
He sends the Blessing of an Heir
To rescue their expiring Name;
The Mother with a thankful Voice
Proclaims his Praises and her Joys:
Let every Age advance his Fame.

PSALM CXIII. Long Metre.

God Sovereign and Gracious.

1 YE Servants of th' Almighty King,
In every Age his Praises sing;
Where-e'er the Sun shall rise or set,
The Nations shall his Praise repeat.

2 Above the Earth, beyond the Sky
Stands his high Throne of Majesty:
Nor Time nor Place his Power restrain,
Nor bound his universal Reign.

3 Which of the Sons of *Adam* dare,
Or Angels with their God compare?
His Glories how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated Light!

4 Behold his Love: He stoops to view
What Saints above and Angels do;
And condescends yet more to know
The mean Affairs of Men below.

5 From Dust and Cottages obscure
His Grace exalts the humble Poor;
Gives them the Honour of his Sons,
And fits them for their heavenly Thrones.

6 [A Word of his creating Voice
Can make the barren House rejoice:
Tho' *Sarah*'s ninety Years were past,
The promis'd Seed is born at last.

7 With Joy the Mother views her Son,
And tells the Wonders God has done:
Faith may grow strong when Sense despairs;
If Nature fails, the Promise bears.]

PSALM CXIV.

Miracles attending Israel's *Journey.*

1 WHEN *Israel*, freed from *Pharaoh*'s Hand,
Left the proud Tyrant and his Land,
The Tribes with chearful Homage own
Their King, and *Judah* was his Throne.

2 A-cross the Deep their Journey lay;
The Deep divides to make them way;
Jordan beheld their March, and fled
With backward Current to his Head.

3 The Mountains shook like frighted Sheep,
Like Lambs the little Hillocks leap;
Not *Sinai* on her Base could stand,
Conscious of sovereign Power at Hand.

4 What Power could make the Deep divide?
Make *Jordan* backward roll his Tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little Hills?
And whence the Fright that *Sinai* feels?

5 Let every Mountain, every Flood
Retire, and know th' approaching GOD,
The King of *Israel*: See him here;
Tremble thou Earth, adore and fear.

6 He thunders, and all Nature mourns,
The Rock to standing Pools he turns;
Flints spring with Fountains at his Word,
And Fires and Seas confess the Lord.

PSALM CXV. *First Metre.*

The true God our Refuge; or, *Idolatry reproved.*

1 NOT to our selves, who are but Dust,
Not to our selves is Glory due,
Eternal God, Thou only Just,
Thou only Gracious, Wise and True.

2 Shine forth in all thy dreadful Name;
Why should a *Heathen's* haughty Tongue
Insult us, and to raise our Shame,
Say, " *Where's the God you've serv'd so long?*

3 The God we serve maintains his Throne
Above the Clouds, beyond the Skies,
Thro' all the Earth his Will is done,
He knows our Groans, he hears our Cries.

4 But the vain Idols they adore
Are senseless Shapes of Stone and Wood;
At best a Mass of glittering Oar,
A silver Saint, or golden God.

5 [With Eyes and Ears they carve their Head;
Deaf are their Ears, their Eyes are blind;
In vain are costly Offerings made,
And Vows are scatter'd in the Wind.

6 Their Feet were never made to move,
Nor Hands to save when Mortals pray;
Mortals that pay them Fear or Love
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.]

7 O *Israel*, make the Lord thy Hope,
Thy Help, thy Refuge, and thy Rest;
The Lord shall build thy Ruins up,
And bless the People and the Priest.

8 The Dead no more can speak thy Praise,
They dwell in Silence and the Grave;

But

But we shall live to sing thy Grace,
And tell the World thy Pow'r to save.

PSALM CXV. *Second Metre.* As the New Tune of the 50th Psalm.

Popish Idolatry reprov'd.

A Psalm for the 5th of *November.*

1 NOT to our Names, Thou only Just and True,
Not to our worthless Names is Glory due:
Thy Power and Grace, thy Truth and Justice claim
Immortal Honours to thy sovereign Name.
Shine thro' the Earth from Heaven, thy blest Abode,
Nor let the Heathens say; "*And where's your God?*

2 Heaven is thine higher Court: There stands thy (Throne,
And thro' the lower Worlds thy Will is done:
Our God fram'd all this Earth, these Heavens he (spread,
But Fools adore the Gods their Hands have made;
The kneeling Crowd with Looks devout behold
Their Silver-Saviours, and their Saints of Gold.

3 [Vain are those artful Shapes of Eyes and Ears;
The molten Image neither sees nor hears:
Their Hands are helpless, nor their Feet can move,
They have no Speech, nor Thought, nor Power, (nor Love;
Yet sottish Mortals make their long Complaints
To their deaf Idols, and their moveless Saints.

4 The Rich have Statues well adorn'd with Gold;
The Poor content with Gods of coarser Mould,
With Tools of Iron carve the senseless Stock
Lopt from a Tree, or broken from a Rock:
People and Priest drive on the solemn Trade,
And trust the Gods that Saws and Hammers made.]

5 Be Heaven and Earth amaz'd! 'Tis hard to say
Which is more ſtupid, or their Gods, or they.
O *Iſrael*, truſt the Lord; he hears and ſees,
He knows thy Sorrows, and reſtores thy Peace:
His Worſhip does a thouſand Comforts yield,
He is thy Help, and he thine heavenly Shield.

6 O *Britain*, truſt the Lord: Thy Foes in vain
Attempt thy Ruin, and oppoſe his Reign;
Had they prevail'd, Darkneſs had clos'd our Days,
And Death and Silence had forbid his Praiſe:
But we are ſav'd, and live: Let Songs ariſe,
And *Britain* bleſs the God that built the Skies.

PSALM CXVI. *Firſt Part.*

Recovery from Sickneſs.

1 I Love the Lord: He heard my Cries,
And pity'd every Groan,
Long as I live, when Troubles riſe,
I'll haſten to his Throne.

2 I love the Lord: He bow'd his Ear
And chas'd my Griefs away:
O let my Heart no more deſpair,
While I have Breath to pray!

3 My Fleſh declin'd, my Spirits fell,
And I drew near the Dead,
While inward Pangs and Fears of Hell
Perplex'd my wakeful Head.

4 "My God, I cry'd, thy Servant ſave,
"Thou ever good and juſt;
"Thy Power can reſcue from the Grave,
"Thy Power is all my Truſt.

5 The Lord beheld me ſore diſtreſt,
He bid my Pains remove:

Return,

Return, my Soul, to God thy Rest,
For thou hast known his Love.

6 My God hath sav'd my Soul from Death,
And dry'd my falling Tears:
Now to his Praise I'll spend my Breath,
And my remaining Years.

PSALM CXVI. 12, &c. *Second Part.*

Vows made in Trouble paid in the Church; or, *Publick Thanks for private Deliverance.*

1 WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his Kindness shown?
My Feet shall visit thine Abode,
My Songs address thy Throne.

2 Among the Saints that fill thine House
My Offerings shall be paid;
There shall my Zeal perform the Vows
My Soul in Anguish made.

3 How much is Mercy thy Delight,
Thou ever-blessed God!
How dear thy Servants in thy Sight!
How precious is their Blood!

4 How happy all thy Servants are!
How great thy Grace to me!
My Life which thou hast made thy Care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my Purpose move;
Thy Hand has loos'd my Bonds of Pain,
And bound me with thy Love.

6 Here in thy Courts I leave my Vow,
And thy rich Grace record;

Witneſs, ye Saints, who hear me now,
If I forſake the Lord.

PSALM CXVII. Common Metre.

Praiſe to God from all Nations.

1 O All ye Nations, praiſe the Lord
Each with a different Tongue ;
In every Language learn his Word,
And let his Name be ſung.

2 His Mercy reigns thro' every Land ;
Proclaim his Grace abroad ;
For ever firm his Truth ſhall ſtand ;
Praiſe ye the faithful God.

PSALM CXVII. Long Metre.

1 FROM all that dwell below the Skies
Let the Creator's Praiſe ariſe :
Let the Redeemer's Name be ſung
Thro' every Land, by every Tongue.

2 Eternal are thy Mercies, Lord ;
Eternal Truth attends thy Word ;
Thy Praiſe ſhall ſound from Shore to Shore
Till Suns ſhall riſe and ſet no more.

PSALM CXVII. Short Metre.

1 THY Name, Almighty Lord,
Shall ſound thro' diſtant Lands ;
Great is thy Grace, and ſure thy Word ;
Thy Truth for ever ſtands.

2 Far be thine Honour ſpread,
And long thy Praiſe endure,
Till Morning-Light and Evening-Shade
Shall be exchang'd no more.

PSALM CXVIII. *First Part.* Ver. 6—15.

Deliverance from a Tumult.

1 THE Lord appears my Helper now,
Nor is my Faith afraid
What all the Sons of Earth can do,
Since Heaven affords its Aid.

2 'Tis safer, Lord, to hope in Thee,
And have my God my Friend,
Than trust in Men of high Degree,
And on their Truth depend.

3 Like Bees my Foes beset me round,
A large and angry Swarm;
But I shall all their Rage confound
By thine Almighty Arm.

4 'Tis thro' the Lord my Heart is strong,
In him my Lips rejoice;
While his Salvation is my Song,
How chearful is my Voice!

5 Like angry Bees they girt me round;
When God appears they fly:
So burning Thorns with crackling Sound
Make a fierce Blaze, and die.

6 Joy to the Saints and Peace belongs;
The Lord protects their Days:
Let *Israel* tune immortal Songs
To his Almighty Grace.

PSALM CXVIII. *Second Part.* Ver. 17—21.

Publick Praise for Deliverance from Death.

1 LORD, thou hast heard thy Servant cry,
And rescu'd from the Grave;
Now shall he live: (and none can die,
If God resolve to save.)

2 Thy Praiſe more conſtant than before,
Shall fill his daily Breath;
Thy Hand that hath chaſtis'd him ſore
Defends him ſtill from Death.

3 Open the Gates of *Zion* now,
For we ſhall worſhip there,
The Houſe where all the Righteous go
Thy Mercy to declare.

4 Among th' Aſſemblies of thy Saints
Our thankful Voice we raiſe;
There we have told Thee our Complaints,
And there we ſpeak thy Praiſe.

PSALM CXVIII. *Third Part.* Ver. 22, 23.

Chriſt *the Foundation of his Church.*

1 BEhold the ſure Foundation Stone
Which God in *Zion* lays
To build our heavenly Hopes upon,
And his eternal Praiſe.

2 Choſen of God, to Sinners dear,
And Saints adore the Name,
They truſt their whole Salvation here,
Nor ſhall they ſuffer Shame.

3 The fooliſh Builders, Scribe and Prieſt,
Reject it with Diſdain;
Yet on this Rock the Church ſhall reſt,
And Envy rage in vain.

4 What tho' the Gates of Hell withſtood?
Yet muſt this Building riſe:
'Tis thy own Work, Almighty God,
And wondrous in our Eyes.

PSALM CXVIII. *Fourth Part.* Ver. 24, 25, 26. Hosanna; *the Lord's-Day*; or, Christ's *Resurrection, and our Salvation.*

1 THIS is the Day the Lord hath made,
He calls the Hours his own;
Let Heaven rejoice, let Earth be glad,
And Praise surround the Throne.

2 To Day he rose and left the Dead;
And *Satan*'s Empire fell;
To Day the Saints his Triumph spread,
And all his Wonders tell.

3 *Hosanna* to th' anointed King,
To *David*'s holy Son:
Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
Salvation from the Throne.

4 Blest be the Lord who comes to Men
With Messages of Grace;
Who comes in God his Father's Name
To save our sinful Race.

5 *Hosanna* in the highest Strains
The Church on Earth can raise;
The highest Heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler Praise.

PSALM CXVIII. Ver. 22——27. Short Metre.

An Hosanna *for the Lord's Day*; or, *A new Song of Salvation by* Christ.

1 SEE what a living Stone
The Builders did refuse;
Yet God hath built his Church thereon
In Spite of envious *Jews*.

2 The Scribe and angry Prieſt
Reject thine only Son;
Yet on this Rock ſhall *Zion* reſt,
As the Chief Corner-ſtone.

3 The Work, O Lord, is Thine,
And wondrous in our Eyes;
This Day declares it all Divine,
This Day did *Jeſus* riſe.

4 This is the glorious Day
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice and ſing, and pray,
Let all the Church be glad.

5 *Hoſanna* to the King
Of *David*'s Royal Blood;
Bleſs Him, ye Saints, He comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

6 We bleſs thine holy Word
Which all this Grace diſplays;
And offer on thine Altar, Lord,
Our Sacrifice of Praiſe.

PSALM CXVIII. 22——27. Long Metre.

An Hoſannah *for the Lord's Day*; or, *A new Song of Salvation by* Chriſt.

1 LO, what a glorious Corner-ſtone
The *Jewiſh* Builders did refuſe;
But God hath built his Church thereon
In Spight of Envy, and the *Jews*.

2 Great God, the Work is all divine,
The Joy and Wonder of our Eyes;
This is the Day that proves it thine,
The Day that ſaw our Saviour riſe.

3 Sinners

3 Sinners rejoice, and Saints be glad :
Hosanna, let his Name be bleſt ;
A thouſand Honours on his Head
With Peace and Light and Glory reſt !

4 In God's own Name he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying Race ;
Let the whole Church addreſs their King
With Hearts of Joy, and Songs of Praiſe.

PSALM CXIX.

I have collected and diſpoſed the moſt uſeful Verſes of this Pſalm under eighteen different Heads, and form'd a Divine Song *upon each of them. But the Verſes are much tranſpos'd to attain ſome Degree of Connexion.*

In ſome Places among the Words, Law, Commands, Judgments, Teſtimonies, *I have uſed* Goſpel, Word, Grace, Truth, Promiſes, *&c. as more agreeable to the New Teſtament, and the common Language of Chriſtians, and it equally anſwers the Deſign of the* Pſalmiſt, *which was to recommend the holy Scripture.*

PSALM CXIX. *Firſt Part.*

The Bleſſedneſs of Saints, and Miſery of Sinners.

Ver. 1, 2, 3.

1 BLeſt are the undefil'd in Heart,
Whoſe Ways are right and clean ;
Who never from thy Law depart,
But fly from every Sin.

2 Bleſt are the Men that keep thy Word,
And practiſe thy Commands ;
With their whole Heart they ſeek the Lord,
And ſerve Thee with their Hands.

Ver.

Ver. 165.

3 Great is their Peace who love thy Law;
How firm their Souls abide!
Nor can a bold Temptation draw
Their steady Feet aside.

Ver. 6.

4 Then shall my Heart have inward Joy,
And keep my Face from Shame,
When all thy Statutes I obey,
And honour all thy Name.

Ver. 21, 118.

5 But haughty Sinners God will hate,
The Proud shall die accurst;
The Sons of Falshood and Deceit
Are trodden to the Dust.

Ver. 119, 155.

6 Vile as the Dross the Wicked are:
And those that leave thy Ways
Shall see Salvation from afar,
But never taste thy Grace.

PSALM CXIX. *Second Part.*

Secret Devotion and Spiritual-Mindedness; or, *Constant Converse with God.*

Ver. 147, 55.

1 TO Thee, before the dawning Light,
My gracious God, I pray;
I meditate thy Name by Night,
And keep thy Law by Day.

Ver. 81.

2 My Spirit faints to see thy Grace,
Thy Promise bears me up;
And while Salvation long delays,
Thy Word supports my Hope.

Ver. 164.

3 Seven times a Day I lift my Hands,
And pay my Thanks to Thee:

Thy

Thy righteous Providence demands
Repeated Praise from me.

Ver. 62.

4 When Midnight-Darkness vails the Skies,
I call thy Works to Mind;
My Thoughts in warm Devotion rise,
And sweet Acceptance find.

PSALM CXIX. *Third Part.*

Profession of Sincerity, Repentance and Obedience.

Ver. 57, 60.

1 THOU art my Portion, O my God;
Soon as I know thy Way,
My Heart makes haste t' obey thy Word,
And suffers no Delay.

Ver. 30, 14.

2 I chuse the Path of Heavenly Truth,
And glory in my Choice:
Not all the Riches of the Earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3 The Testimonies of thy Grace
I set before my Eyes;
Thence I derive my daily Strength,
And there my Comfort lies.

Ver. 59.

4 If once I wander from thy Path,
I think upon my Ways,
Then turn my Feet to thy Commands,
And trust thy pardoning Grace.

Ver. 94, 114.

5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
O save thy Servant, Lord;
Thou art my Shield, my Hiding-place;
My Hope is in thy Word.

Ver. 112.

6 Thou hast inclin'd this Heart of mine
Thy Statutes to fulfil; And

And thus till mortal Life shall end
Would I perform thy Will.

PSALM CXIX. *Fourth Part.*

Instruction from Scripture.

Ver. 9.

1 HOW shall the Young secure their Hearts,
And guard their Lives from Sin?
Thy Word the choicest Rules imparts
To keep the Conscience clean.

Ver. 130.

2 When once it enters to the Mind,
It spreads such Light abroad,
The meanest Souls Instruction find,
And raise their Thoughts to God.

Ver. 105.

3 'Tis like the Sun, a heavenly Light,
That guides us all the Day;
And thro' the Dangers of the Night,
A Lamp to lead our Way.

Ver. 99, 100.

4 The Men that keep thy Law with Care,
And meditate thy Word,
Grow wiser than their Teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

Ver. 104, 113.

5 Thy Precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the Sinner's Road:
I hate my own vain Thoughts that rise,
But love thy Law, my God.

Ver. 89, 90, 91.

6 [The starry Heavens thy Rule obey,
The Earth maintains her Place;
And these thy Servants Night and Day
Thy Skill and Power express.

7 But

7 But ſtill thy Law and Goſpel, Lord,
Have Leſſons more divine:
Not Earth ſtands firmer than thy Word,
Nor Stars ſo nobly ſhine.]

Ver. 160, 140, 9, 116.

8 Thy Word is everlaſting Truth;
How pure is every Page!
That holy Book ſhall guide our Youth,
And well ſupport our Age.

PSALM CXIX. *Fifth Part.*

Delight in Scripture; or, *the Word of God dwelling in us.*

Ver. 97.

1 O How I love thy holy Law!
'Tis daily my Delight;
And thence my Meditations draw
Divine Advice by Night.

Ver. 148.

2 My waking Eyes prevent the Day
To meditate thy Word;
My Soul with Longing melts away
To hear thy Goſpel, Lord.

Ver. 3, 13, 54.

3 How doth thy Word my Heart engage?
How well employ my Tongue!
And in my tireſome Pilgrimage
Yields me a heavenly Song.

Ver. 19, 103.

4 Am I a Stranger, or at Home,
'Tis my perpetual Feaſt;
Not Honey dropping from the Comb
So much allures the Taſte.

Ver. 72, 127.

5 No Treaſures ſo enrich the Mind;
Nor ſhall thy Word be ſold

For

For Loads of Silver well refin'd,
Nor Heaps of choiceſt Gold.
Ver. 28, 49, 175.

6 When Nature ſinks, and Spirits droop,
Thy Promiſes of Grace
Are Pillars to ſupport my Hope,
And there I write thy Praiſe.

PSALM CXIX. *Sixth Part.*

Holineſs and Comfort from the Word.
Ver. 128.

1 LORD, I eſteem thy Judgments right,
And all thy Statutes juſt;
Thence I maintain a conſtant Fight
With every flattering Luſt.
Ver. 97, 9.

2 Thy Precepts often I ſurvey;
I keep thy Law in Sight,
Thro' all the Buſineſs of the Day,
To form my Actions right.
Ver. 62.

3 My Heart in Midnight Silence cries,
" How ſweet thy Comforts be;
My Thoughts in holy Wonder riſe,
And bring their Thanks to Thee.
Ver. 162.

4 And when my Spirit drinks her Fill
At ſome good Word of thine,
Not mighty Men that ſhare the Spoil
Have Joys compar'd to mine.

PSALM CXIX. *Seventh Part.*

Imperfection of Nature, and Perfection of Scripture.
Ver. 96. paraphras'd.

1 LET all the *Heathen* Writers join
To form one perfect Book;
Great God, if once compar'd with Thine,
How mean their Writings look!

2 Not

2 Not the most perfect Rules they gave
Could shew one Sin forgiven;
Nor lead a Step beyond the Grave,
But thine conduct to Heaven.

3 I've seen an End of what we call
Perfection here below;
How short the Powers of Nature fall,
And can no farther go.

4 Yet Men would fain be just with God
By Works their Hands have wrought;
But thy Commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to every Thought.

5 In vain we boast Perfection here,
While Sin defiles our Frame;
And sinks our Vertues down so far,
They scarce deserve the Name.

6 Our Faith and Love, and every Grace
Fall far below thy Word;
But perfect Truth and Righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

PSALM CXIX. *Eighth Part.*

The Word of God is the Saint's Portion; or, *The Excellency and Variety of Scripture.*

Ver. 111. paraphras'd.

1 LORD, I have made thy Word my Choice,
My lasting Heritage;
There shall my noblest Powers rejoice,
My warmest Thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the Histories of thy Love,
And keep thy Laws in Sight,
While thro' the Promises I rove,
With ever-fresh Delight.

3 'Tis

3 'Tis a broad Land of Wealth unknown,
Where Springs of Life arise,
Seeds of immortal Bliss are sown,
And hidden Glory lies.

4 The best Relief that Mourners have,
It makes our Sorrows blest;
Our fairest Hope beyond the Grave,
And our eternal Rest.

PSALM CXIX. *Ninth Part.*

Desire of Knowledge; or, *The teaching of the Spirit with the Word.*

Ver. 64, 68, 18.

1 THY Mercies fill the Earth, O Lord,
How good thy Works appear!
Open mine Eyes to read thy Word,
And see thy Wonders there.

Ver. 73, 125.

2 My Heart was fashion'd by thy Hand,
My Service is thy Due;
O make thy Servant understand
The Duties he must do.

Ver. 19.

3 Since I'm a Stranger here below,
Let not thy Path be hid,
But mark the Road my Feet should go,
And be my constant Guide.

Ver. 26.

4 When I confess'd my wandring Ways,
Thou heard'st my Soul complain;
Grant me the Teachings of thy Grace,
Or I shall stray again.

Ver. 33, 34.

5 If God to me his Statutes shew,
And heav'nly Truth impart,

His

His Work for ever I'll pursue,
His Law shall rule my Heart.
Ver. 50, 71.

5 This was my Comfort when I bore
Variety of Grief;
It made me learn thy Word the more,
And fly to that Relief.
Ver. 51.

7 [In vain the Proud deride me now;
I'll ne'er forget thy Law,
Nor let that blessed Gospel go
Whence all my Hopes I draw.
Ver. 27, 171.

8 When I have learn'd my Father's Will,
I'll teach the World his Ways;
My thankful Lips inspir'd with Zeal
Shall loud pronounce his Praise.]

PSALM CXIX. *Tenth Part.*

Pleading the Promises.

Ver. 38, 49.

1 BEhold thy waiting Servant, Lord,
Devoted to thy Fear;
Remember and confirm thy Word,
For all my Hopes are there.
Ver. 41, 58, 107.

2 Hast thou not writ Salvation down,
And promis'd quickning Grace?
Doth not my Heart address thy Throne?
And yet thy Love delays.
Ver. 123, 42.

3 Mine Eyes for thy Salvation fail;
O bear thy Servant up;
Nor let the scoffing Lips prevail,
Who dare reproach my Hope.

Ver. 49, 74.

4 Didſt Thou not raiſe my Faith, O Lord?
Then let thy Truth appear:
Saints ſhall rejoice in my Reward,
And truſt as well as fear.

PSALM CXIX. *Eleventh Part.*
Breathing after Holineſs.

Ver. 5, 33.

1 O That the Lord would guide my Ways
To keep his Statutes ſtill!
O that my God would grant me Grace
To know and do his Will.

Ver. 29.

2 O ſend thy Spirit down to write
Thy Law upon my Heart!
Nor let my Tongue indulge Deceit,
Nor act the Liar's Part.

Ver. 37, 36.

3 From Vanity turn off my Eyes;
Let no corrupt Deſign,
Nor covetous Deſires ariſe
Within this Soul of mine.

Ver. 133.

4 Order my Footſteps by thy Word,
And make my Heart ſincere;
Let Sin have no Dominion, Lord,
But keep my Conſcience clear.

Ver. 176.

5 My Soul hath gone too far aſtray,
My Feet too often ſlip;
Yet ſince I've not forgot thy Way,
Reſtore thy wand'ring Sheep.

Ver. 35.

6 Make me to walk in thy Commands:
'Tis a delightful Road;
Nor let my Head, or Heart, or Hands,
Offend againſt my God.

PSALM CXIX. *Twelfth Part.*

Breathing after Comfort and Deliverance.

Ver. 153.

1 MY God, consider my Distress,
Let Mercy plead my Cause;
Tho' I have sinn'd against thy Grace,
I can't forget thy Laws.

Ver. 39, 116.

2 Forbid, forbid the sharp Reproach
Which I so justly fear;
Uphold my Life, uphold my Hopes,
Nor let my Shame appear.

Ver. 122, 135.

3 Be thou a Surety, Lord, for me,
Nor let the Proud oppress;
But make thy waiting Servant see
The Shinings of thy Face.

Ver. 82.

4 My Eyes with Expectation fail,
My Heart within me cries,
" *When will the Lord his Truth fulfil,*
" *And make my Comforts rise?*

Ver. 132.

5 Look down upon my Sorrows, Lord,
And shew thy Grace the same
As thou art ever wont t' afford
To those that love thy Name.

PSALM CXIX. *Thirteenth Part.*

Holy Fear, and Tenderness of Conscience.

Ver. 10.

1 WITH my whole Heart I've sought thy Face,
O let me never stray
From thy Commands, O God of Grace,
Nor tread the Sinners Way.

Ver. 11.

2 Thy Word I've hid within my Heart
To keep my Conscience clean,
And be an everlasting Guard
From every rising Sin.

Ver. 63, 53, 158.

3 I'm a Companion of the Saints
Who fear and love the Lord;
My Sorrows rise, my Nature faints,
When Men transgress thy Word.

Ver. 161, 163.

4 While Sinners do thy Gospel wrong,
My Spirit stands in Awe;
My Soul abhors a lying Tongue,
But loves thy righteous Law.

Ver. 161, 120.

5 My Heart with sacred Rev'rence hears
The Threatnings of thy Word;
My Flesh with holy Trembling fears
The Judgments of the Lord.

Ver. 166, 174.

6 My God, I long, I hope, I wait
For thy Salvation still;
While thy whole Law is my Delight,
And I obey thy Will.

PSALM CXIX. *Fourteenth Part.*

Benefit of Afflictions, and Support under them.

Ver. 153, 81, 82.

1 CONsider all my Sorrows, Lord,
And thy Deliv'rance send;
My Soul for thy Salvation faints,
When will my Troubles end?

Ver. 71.

2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's Rod;

Affliction

Afflictions make me learn thy Law,
And live upon my God.

Ver. 50.

3 This is the Comfort I enjoy
When new Distress begins,
I read thy Word, I run thy Way,
And hate my former Sins.

Ver. 92.

4 Had not thy Word been my Delight
When earthly Joys were fled,
My Soul, oppress with Sorrows Weight,
Had sunk amongst the Dead.

Ver. 75.

5 I know thy Judgments, Lord, are right,
Tho' they may seem severe;
The sharpest Sufferings I endure
Flow from thy faithful Care.

Ver. 67.

6 Before I knew thy chastening Rod
My Feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep thy Word,
Nor wander from thy Way.

PSALM CXIX. *Fifteenth Part.*

Holy Resolutions.

Ver. 93.

1 O That thy Statutes every Hour
Might dwell upon my Mind!
Thence I derive a quick'ning Power,
And daily Peace I find.

Ver. 15, 16.

2 To meditate thy Precepts, Lord,
Shall be my sweet Employ;
My Soul shall ne'er forget thy Word,
Thy Word is all my Joy.

Ver. 32.

3 How would I run in thy Commands,
If thou my Heart discharge
From Sin and *Satan*'s hateful Chains,
And set my Feet at large?

Ver. 13, 46.

4 My Lips with Courage shall declare
Thy Statutes, and thy Name;
I'll speak thy Word tho' Kings should hear,
Nor yield to sinful Shame.

Ver. 61, 69, 70.

5 Let Bands of Persecutors rise
To rob me of my Right,
Let Pride and Malice forge their Lies,
Thy Law is my Delight.

Ver. 115.

6 Depart from me ye wicked Race,
Whose Hands and Hearts are ill:
I love my God, I love his Ways,
And must obey his Will.

PSALM CXIX. *Sixteenth Part.*

Prayer for quickning Grace.

Ver. 25, 37.

1 MY Soul lies cleaving to the Dust;
Lord, give me Life divine;
From vain Desires, and every Lust
Turn off these Eyes of mine.

2 I need the Influence of thy Grace
To speed me in thy Way,
Lest I should loiter in my Race,
Or turn my Feet astray.

Ver. 107.

3 When sore Afflictions press me down,
I need thy quickning Powers;
Thy Word that I have rested on
Shall help my heaviest Hours.

Ver. 156, 40.

4 Are not thy Mercies sov'reign still?
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer Zeal
To run the heavenly Road?

Ver. 159, 40.

5 Does not my Heart thy Precepts love,
And long to see thy Face?
And yet how slow my Spirits move
Without enlivening Grace!

Ver. 93.

6 Then shall I love thy Gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy Word,
When I have felt its quickning Power
To draw me near the Lord.

PSALM CXIX. *Seventeenth Part.*

Courage and Perseverance under Persecution; or, *Grace shining in Difficulties and Trials.*

Ver. 143, 28.

1 WHEN Pain and Anguish seize me, Lord,
All my Support is from thy Word:
My Soul dissolves for Heaviness,
Uphold me with thy strengthning Grace.

Ver. 51, 69, 110.

2 The Proud have fram'd their Scoffs and Lies,
They watch my Feet with envious Eyes,
And tempt my Soul to Snares and Sin,
Yet thy Commands I ne'er decline.

Ver. 161, 78.

3 They hate me, Lord, without a Cause,
They hate to see me love thy Laws;
But I will trust and fear thy Name,
Till Pride and Malice die with Shame.

PSALM CXIX. *Last Part.*
Sanctify'd Afflictions; or, *Delight in the Word of God.*

Ver. 67, 59.

1 FAther, I bleſs thy gentle Hand;
How kind was thy chaſtiſing Rod
That forc'd my Conſcience to a Stand,
And brought my wandring Soul to God!

2 Fooliſh and vain I went aſtray
E'er I had felt thy Scourges, Lord,
I left my Guide, and loſt my Way;
But now I love and keep thy Word.

Ver. 71.

3 'Tis good for me to wear the Yoke,
For Pride is apt to riſe and ſwell;
'Tis good to bear my Father's Stroke,
That I might learn his Statutes well.

Ver. 72.

4 The Law that iſſues from thy Mouth
Shall raiſe my chearful Paſſions more
Than all the Treaſures of the *South*,
Or *Weſtern* Hills of golden Ore.

Ver. 73.

5 Thy Hands have made my mortal Frame,
Thy Spirit form'd my Soul within;
Teach me to know thy wondrous Name,
And guard me ſafe from Death and Sin.

Ver. 74.

6 Then all that love and fear the Lord
At my Salvation ſhall rejoice;
For I have hoped in thy Word,
And made thy Grace my only Choice.

PSALM CXX.

Complaint of quarrelſome Neighbours; or, *A devout Wiſh for Peace.*

1 THOU God of Love, thou Ever-bleſt,
Pity my ſuffering State; When

When wilt thou ſet my Soul at Reſt
From Lips that love Deceit?

2 Hard Lot of mine! my Days are caſt
Among the Sons of Strife,
Whoſe never-ceaſing Brawlings waſte
My golden Hours of Life.

3 O might I fly to change my Place,
How would I chuſe to dwell
In ſome wide loneſome Wilderneſs,
And leave theſe Gates of Hell!

4 Peace is the Bleſſing that I ſeek,
How lovely are its Charms!
I am for Peace; but when I ſpeak,
They all declare for Arms.

5 New Paſſions ſtill their Souls engage,
And keep their Malice ſtrong:
What ſhall be done to curb thy Rage,
O thou devouring Tongue!

6 Should burning Arrows ſmite thee thro'
Strict Juſtice would approve;
But I had rather ſpare my Foe,
And melt his Heart with Love.

PSALM CXXI. Long Metre.

Divine Protection.

1 UP to the Hills I lift mine Eyes,
Th' eternal Hills beyond the Skies;
Thence all her Help my Soul derives;
There my Almighty Refuge lives.

2 He lives; the everlaſting God,
That built the World, that ſpread the Flood;
The Heav'ns, with all their Hoſts he made,
And the dark Regions of the Dead.

3 He guides our Feet, he guards our Way;
His Morning-smiles bless all the Day;
He spreads the Evening Veil, and keeps
The silent Hours, while *Israel* sleeps.

4 *Israel*, a Name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful Eyes
Admit no Slumber nor Surprize.

5 No Sun shall smite thy Head by Day,
Nor the pale Moon with sickly Ray
Shall blast thy Couch; no baleful Star
Dart his malignant Fire so far.

6 Should Earth and Hell with Malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return
Safe in the Lord; his heavenly Care
Defends thy Life from every Snare.

7 On thee foul Spirits have no Power;
And in thy last departing Hour
Angels that trace the airy Road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

PSALM CXXI. Common Metre.

Preservation by Day and Night.

1 TO Heaven I lift my waiting Eyes,
There all my Hopes are laid:
The Lord that built the Earth and Skies
Is my perpetual Aid.

2 Their Feet shall never slide to fall,
Whom he designs to keep;
His Ear attends the softest Call;
His Eyes can never sleep.

3 He will sustain our weakest Powers
With his Almighty Arm,

And watch our most unguarded Hours
Against surprising Harm.

4 *Israel*, rejoice and rest secure,
Thy Keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful Eyes employ his Power
For thine eternal Guard.

5 Nor scorching Sun, nor sickly Moon
Shall have his Leave to smite;
He shields thy Head from burning Noon,
From blasting Damps at Night.

6 He guards thy Soul, he keeps thy Breath,
Where thickest Dangers come;
Go and return, secure from Death,
Till God commands thee home.

PSALM CXXI. As the 148th Psalm.

God our Preserver.

1 UPward I lift mine Eyes,
From God is all my Aid;
The God that built the Skies,
And Earth and Nature made:
God is the Tow'r
To which I fly;
His Grace is nigh
In ev'ry Hour.

2 My Feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal Snares,
Since God my Guard and Guide
Defends me from my Fears.
Those wakeful Eyes
That never sleep
Shall *Israel* keep
When Dangers rise.

3 No burning Heats by Day,
Nor Blasts of Evening Air
Shall take my Health away,
If God be with me there:
Thou art my Sun,
And thou my Shade,
To guard my Head
By Night or Noon.

4 Hast thou not giv'n thy Word
To save my Soul from Death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal Breath:
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me Home.

PSALM CXXII. Common Metre.

Going to Church.

1 HOW did my Heart rejoice to hear
My Friends devoutly say,
"*In* Zion *let us all appear,*
"*And keep the solemn Day?*

2 I love her Gates, I love the Road;
The Church adorn'd with Grace
Stands like a Palace built for God
To shew his milder Face.

3 Up to her Courts with Joys unknown
The holy Tribes repair;
The Son of *David* holds his Throne,
And sits in Judgment there.

4 He hears our Praises and Complaints;
And while his awful Voice

Divides

Divides the Sinners from the Saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred Place,
And Joy a constant Guest!
With holy Gifts and heavenly Grace
Be her Attendants blest!

6 My Soul shall pray for *Zion* still,
While Life or Breath remains;
There my best Friends, my Kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

PSALM CXXII. *Proper Tune.*

Going to Church.

1 HOW pleas'd and blest was I
To hear the People cry,
Come, let us seek our God to Day;
Yes, with a chearful Zeal
We haste to *Zion's* Hill,
And there our Vows and Honours pay.

2 *Zion*, thrice happy Place,
Adorn'd with wondrous Grace,
And Walls of Strength embrace thee round;
In thee our Tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred Gospel's joyful Sound.

3 There *David's* greater Son
Has fix'd his royal Throne,
He sits for Grace and Judgment there;
He bids the Saint be glad,
He makes the Sinner sad,
And humble Souls rejoice with Fear.

4 May Peace attend thy Gate,
And Joy within thee wait

To

To bless the Soul of every Guest!
The Man that seeks thy Peace,
And wishes thine Increase,
A thousand Blessings on him rest!

5 My Tongue repeats her Vows,
Peace to this sacred House!
For there my Friends and Kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest Abode,
My Soul shall ever love thee well.

Repeat the 9th Stanza to compleat the Tune.

PSALM CXXIII.

Pleading with Submission.

1 O Thou whose Grace and Justice reign
Enthron'd above the Skies,
To thee our Hearts would tell their Pain,
To thee we lift our Eyes.

2 As Servants watch their Master's Hand,
And fear the angry Stroke;
Or Maids before their Mistress stand,
And wait a peaceful Look:

3 So for our Sins we justly feel
Thy Discipline, O God;
Yet wait the gracious Moment still,
Till thou remove thy Rod.

4 Those that in Wealth and Pleasure live
Our daily Groans deride,
And thy Delays of Mercy give
Fresh Courage to their Pride.

5 Our Foes insult us, but our Hope
In thy Compassion lies;
This Thought shall bear our Spirits up,
That God will not despise.

PSALM CXXIV.

A Song for the 5th of November.

1 HAD not the Lord, may *Israel* say,
Had not the Lord maintain'd our Side,
When Men, to make our Lives a Prey,
Rose like the Swelling of the Tide.

2 The swelling Tide had stopt our Breath,
So fiercely did the Waters roll,
We had been swallow'd deep in Death;
Proud Waters had o'erwhelm'd our Soul.

3 We leap for Joy, we shout and sing,
Who just escap'd the fatal Stroke;
So flies the Bird with chearful Wing,
When once the Fowler's Snare is broke.

4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who broke the Fowler's cursed Snare,
Who sav'd us from the murdering Sword,
And made our Lives and Souls his Care.

5 Our Help is in *Jehovah*'s Name,
Who form'd the Earth, and built the Skies;
He that upholds that wondrous Frame
Guards his own Church with watchful Eyes.

PSALM CXXV. Common Metre.

The Saints Trial and Safety.

1 UNshaken as the sacred Hill,
And firm as Mountains be,
Firm as a Rock the Soul shall rest
That leans, O Lord, on Thee.

2 Not Walls nor Hills could guard so well
Old *Salem*'s happy Ground,
As those eternal Arms of Love
That every Saint surround.

3 While

3 While Tyrants are a ſmarting Scourge
To drive them near to God,
Divine Compaſſion does allay
The Fury of the Rod.

4 Deal gently, Lord, with Souls ſincere,
And lead them ſafely on
To the bright Gates of Paradiſe
Where Chriſt their Lord is gone.

5 But if we trace thoſe crooked Ways
That the old Serpent drew,
The Wrath that drove him firſt to Hell
Shall ſmite his Followers too.

PSALM CXXV. Short Metre.

The Saints Trial and Safety; or, *moderated Afflictions.*

1 FIRM and unmov'd are they
That reſt their Souls on God;
Firm as the Mount where *David* dwelt,
Or where the Ark abode.

2 As Mountains ſtood to guard
The City's ſacred Ground,
So God and his Almighty Love
Embrace his Saints around.

3 What tho' the Father's Rod
Drop a chaſtiſing Stroke,
Yet leſt it wound their Souls too deep
Its Fury ſhall be broke.

4 Deal gently, Lord, with thoſe
Whoſe Faith and pious Fear,
Whoſe Hope, and Love, and every Grace
Proclaim their Hearts ſincere.

5 Nor shall the Tyrant's Rage
Too long oppress the Saint;
The God of *Israel* will support
His Children lest they faint.

6 But if our slavish Fear
Will chuse the Road to Hell,
We must expect our Portion there
Where bolder Sinners dwell.

PSALM CXXVI. Long Metre.
Surprizing Deliverance.

1 WHEN God restor'd our captive State,
Joy was our Song, and Grace our Theme;
The Grace beyond our Hopes so great,
That Joy appear'd a painted Dream.

2 The Scoffer owns thy Hand, and pays
Unwilling Honours to thy Name;
While we with Pleasure shout thy Praise,
With chearful Notes thy Love proclaim.

3 When we review our dismal Fears,
'Twas hard to think they'd vanish so;
With God we left our flowing Tears,
He makes our Joys like Rivers flow.

4 The Man that in his furrow'd Field,
His scatter'd Seed with Sadness leaves,
Will shout to see the Harvest yield
A welcome Load of joyful Sheaves.

PSALM CXXVI. Common Metre.
The Joy of a remarkable Conversion; or, *Melancholy removed.*

1 WHEN God reveal'd his gracious Name,
And chang'd my mournful State,
My Rapture seem'd a pleasing Dream,
The Grace appear'd so great.

2 The

2 The World beheld the glorious Change,
And did thy Hand confeſs:
My Tongue broke out in unknown Strains,
And ſung ſurprizing Grace.

3 *Great is the Work*, my Neighbours cry'd,
And own'd the Power divine;
Great is the Work, my Heart reply'd,
And be the Glory thine.

4 The Lord can clear the darkeſt Skies,
Can give us Day for Night;
Make Drops of ſacred Sorrow riſe
To Rivers of Delight.

5 Let thoſe that ſow in Sadneſs wait
Till the fair Harveſt come,
They ſhall confeſs their Sheaves are great,
And ſhout the Bleſſings home.

6 Tho' Seed lie buried long in Duſt,
It ſhan't deceive their Hope!
The precious Grain can ne'er be loſt,
For Grace inſures the Crop.

PSALM CXXVII. Long Metre.

The Bleſſing of God on the Buſineſs and Comforts of Life.

1 IF God ſucceed not, all the Coſt
And Pains to build the Houſe are loſt.
If God the City will not keep,
The watchful Guards as well may ſleep.

2 What if you riſe before the Sun,
And work and toil when Day is done,
Careful and ſparing eat your Bread
To ſhun that Poverty you dread;

'Tis all in vain, till God hath bleſt;
He can make rich, yet give us Reſt:
Children and Friends are Bleſſings too,
If God our Sovereign make them ſo.

4 Happy the Man to whom he ſends
Obedient Children, faithful Friends!
How ſweet our daily Comforts prove
When they are ſeaſon'd with his Love!

PSALM CXXVII. Common Metre.

God all in all.

1 IF God to build the Houſe deny,
The Builders work in vain;
And Towns without his wakeful Eye
An uſeleſs Watch maintain.

2 Before the Morning-Beams ariſe
Your painful Work renew,
And till the Stars aſcend the Skies
Your tireſome Toil purſue.

3 Short be your Sleep, and coarſe your Fare;
In vain, till God has bleſt;
But if his Smiles attend your Care,
You ſhall have Food and Reſt.

4 Nor Children, Relatives, nor Friends,
Shall real Bleſſings prove,
Nor all the earthly Joys he ſends
If ſent without his Love.

PSALM CXXVIII.

Family Bleſſings.

1 O Happy Man, whoſe Soul is fill'd
With Zeal and reverend Awe!
His Lips to God their Honours yield,
His Life adorns the Law.

2 A careful Providence shall stand
And ever guard thy Head,
Shall on the Labours of thy Hand
Its kindly Blessings shed.

3 Thy Wife shall be a fruitful Vine;
Thy Children round thy Board
Each like a Plant of Honour shine,
And learn to fear the Lord.

4 The Lord shall thy best Hopes fulfil
For Months and Years to come;
The Lord who dwells on *Zion's* Hill
Shall send thee Blessings home.

5 This is the Man whose happy Eyes
Shall see his House increase,
Shall see the sinking Church arise,
Then leave the World in Peace.

PSALM CXXIX.

Persecutors punish'd.

1 UP from my Youth, may *Israel* say,
Have I been nurs'd in Tears;
My Griefs were constant as the Day,
And tedious as the Years.

2 Up from my Youth I bore the Rage
Of all the Sons of Strife;
Oft they assail'd my riper Age,
But not destroy'd my Life.

3 Their cruel Plow had torn my Flesh
With Furrows long and deep,
Hourly they vex'd my Wounds afresh,
Nor let my Sorrows sleep.

4 The Lord grew angry on his Throne,
And with impartial Eye

Measur'd

Measur'd the Mischiefs they had done,
Then let his Arrows fly.

5 How was their Insolence surpriz'd
To hear his Thunders roll!
And all the Foes of *Sion* seiz'd
With Horror to the Soul.

6 Thus shall the Men that hate the Saints
Be blasted from the Sky;
Their Glory fades, their Courage faints,
And all their Projects die.

7 [What tho' they flourish tall and fair,
They have no Root beneath;
Their Growth shall perish in Despair,
And lie despis'd in Death.]

8 [So Corn that on the House-top stands
No Hope of Harvest gives;
The Reaper ne'er shall fill his Hands,
Nor Binder fold the Sheaves.

9 It springs and withers on the Place;
No Traveller bestows
A Word of Blessing on the Grass,
Nor minds it as he goes.]

PSALM CXXX. Common Metre.

Pardoning Grace.

1 OUT of the Deeps of long Distress,
The Borders of Despair,
I sent my Cries to seek thy Grace,
My Groans to move thine Ear.

2 Great God, should thy severer Eye
And thine impartial Hand,
Mark and revenge Iniquity,
No mortal Flesh could stand.

3 But

3 But there are Pardons with my God
For Crimes of high Degree;
Thy Son has bought them with his Blood
To draw us near to Thee.

4 [I wait for thy Salvation, Lord,
With ſtrong Deſires I wait;
My Soul invited by thy Word
Stands watching at thy Gate.]

5 [Juſt as the Guards that keep the Night
Long for the Morning-Skies,
Watch the firſt Beams of breaking Light,
And meet them with their Eyes;

6 So waits my Soul to ſee thy Grace,
And more intent than they
Meets the firſt Openings of thy Face,
And finds a brighter Day.]

7 Then in the Lord let *Iſrael* truſt,
Let *Iſrael* ſeek his Face;
The Lord is good as well as juſt,
And plenteous is his Grace.

8 There's full Redemption at his Throne
For Sinners long enſlav'd;
The great Redeemer is his Son:
And *Iſrael* ſhall be ſav'd.]

PSALM CXXX. Long Metre.

Pardoning Grace.

1 FROM deep Diſtreſs and troubl'd Thoughts
To Thee, my God, I rais'd my Cries:
If thou ſeverely mark our Faults,
No Fleſh can ſtand before thine Eyes.

2 But thou haſt built thy Throne of Grace,
Free to diſpenſe thy Pardons there,

That

That Sinners may approach thy Face,
And hope, and love, as well as fear.

3 As the benighted Pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for breaking Day,
So waits my Soul before thy Gate;
When will my God his Face display?

4 My Trust is fix'd upon thy Word,
Nor shall I trust thy Word in vain:
Let mourning Souls address the Lord,
And find Relief from all their Pain.

5 Great is his Love, and large his Grace,
Thro' the Redemption of his Son:
He turns our Feet from sinful Ways,
And pardons what our Hands have done.

PSALM CXXXI.

Humility and Submission.

1 IS there Ambition in my Heart?
Search, gracious God, and see;
Or do I act a haughty Part?
Lord, I appeal to Thee.

2 I charge my Thoughts, be humble still,
And all my Carriage mild,
Content, my Father, with thy Will,
And quiet as a Child.

3 The patient Soul, the lowly Mind
Shall have a large Reward:
Let Saints in Sorrow lie resign'd,
And trust a faithful Lord.

PSALM CXXXII. 5, 13—18. Long Metre.

At the Settlement of a Church; or, *The Ordination of a Minister.*

1 WHere shall we go to seek and find
An Habitation for our God,
A Dwelling for th' eternal Mind
Amongst the Sons of Flesh and Blood?

2 The God of *Jacob* chose the Hill
Of *Zion* for his ancient Rest;
And *Zion* is his Dwelling still,
His Church is with his Presence blest.

3 Here will I fix my gracious Throne,
And reign for ever, saith the Lord;
Here shall my Power and Love be known,
And Blessings shall attend my Word.

4 Here will I meet the hungry Poor,
And fill their Souls with living Bread;
Sinners that wait before my Door
With sweet Provision shall be fed.

5 Girded with Truth and cloath'd with Grace,
My Priests, my Ministers shall shine;
Not *Aaron* in his costly Dress
Made an Appearance so divine.

6 The Saints unable to contain
Their inward Joys, shall shout and sing;
The Son of *David* here shall reign,
And *Zion* triumph in her King.

7 [*Jesus* shall see a numerous Seed
Born here, t' uphold his glorious Name;
His Crown shall flourish on his Head,
While all his Foes are cloathed with Shame.]

PSALM CXXXII. 4, 5, 7, 8, 15—17. Com. Met.

A Church eſtabliſh'd.

1 [NO Sleep, nor Slumber to his Eyes
Good *David* would afford,
Till he had found below the Skies
A Dwelling for the Lord.

2 The Lord in *Zion* plac'd his Name,
His Ark was ſettled there;
To *Zion* the whole Nation came
To worſhip thrice a Year.

3 But we have no ſuch Lengths to go,
Nor wander far abroad;
Where-e'er thy Saints aſſemble now
There is a Houſe for God.]

PAUSE.

4 Ariſe, O King of Grace, ariſe,
And enter to thy Reſt,
Lo! thy Church waits with longing Eyes
Thus to be own'd and bleſt.

5 Enter with all thy glorious Train,
Thy Spirit and thy Word;
All that the Ark did once contain
Could no ſuch Grace afford.

6 Here, mighty God, accept our Vows,
Here let thy Praiſe be ſpread;
Bleſs the Proviſions of thy Houſe,
And fill thy Poor with Bread.

7 Here let the Son of *David* reign,
Let God's Anointed ſhine;
Juſtice and Truth his Court maintain,
With Love and Pow'r divine.

8 Here let him hold a lasting Throne;
And as his Kingdom grows,
Fresh Honours shall adorn his Crown,
And Shame confound his Foes.

PSALM CXXXIII. Common Metre.

Brotherly Love.

1 LO, what an entertaining Sight
Are Brethren that agree,
Brethren, whose chearful Hearts unite
In Bands of Piety!

2 When Streams of Love from Christ the Spring
Descend to every Soul,
And heavenly Peace with balmy Wing
Shades and bedews the Whole:

3 'Tis like the Oil divinely sweet
On *Aaron*'s reverend Head,
The trickling Drops perfum'd his Feet,
And o'er his Garments spread.

4 'Tis pleasant as the Morning-Dews
That fall on *Sion*'s Hill,
Where God his mildest Glory shews,
And makes his Grace distil.

PSALM CXXXIII. Short Metre.

Communion of Saints; or, *Love and Worship in a Family.*

1 BLest are the Sons of Peace,
Whose Hearts and Hopes are One,
Whose kind Designs to serve and please
Thro' all their Actions run.

2 Blest is the pious House
Where Zeal and Friendship meet,
Their Songs of Praise, their mingled Vows
Make their Communion sweet.

3 Thus when on *Aaron*'s Head
They pour'd the rich Perfume,
The Oil thro' all his Raiment spread,
And Pleasure fill'd the Room.

4 Thus on the heavenly Hills
The Saints are blest above,
Where Joy like Morning-Dew distils,
And all the Air is Love.

PSALM CXXXIII. As the 122d Psalm.

The Blessings of Friendship.

1 HOW pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and Friends agree,
Each in their proper Station move,
And each fulfil their Part
With sympathizing Heart,
In all the Cares of Life and Love!

2 'Tis like the Ointment shed
On *Aaron*'s sacred Head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet;
The Oil thro' all the Room
Diffus'd a choice Perfume,
Ran thro' his Robes, and blest his Feet.

3 Like fruitful Show'rs of Rain
That water all the Plain,
Descending from the neighbouring Hills;
Such Streams of Pleasure roll
Thro' every friendly Soul,
Where Love like heavenly Dew distils.

Repeat the first Stanza to compleat the Tune.

PSALM CXXXIV.

Daily and Nightly Devotion.

YE that obey th' Immortal King,
Attend his holy Place,

Bow to the Glories of his Power,
And bless his wondrous Grace.

2 Lift up your Hands by Morning-light,
And send your Souls on high;
Raise your admiring Thoughts by Night
Above the starry Sky.

3 The God of *Zion* chears our Hearts
With Rays of quickning Grace;
The God that spreads the Heavens abroad,
And rules the swelling Seas.

PSALM CXXXV. 1—4, 14, 19—21. *First Part.*
Long Metre.

The Church is God's House and Care.

1 PRaise ye the Lord; exalt his Name,
While in his holy Courts ye wait,
Ye Saints, that to his House belong,
Or stand attending at his Gate.

2 Praise ye the Lord; the Lord is good;
To praise his Name is sweet Employ:
Israel he chose of old, and still
His Church is his peculiar Joy.

3 The Lord himself will judge his Saints;
He treats his Servants as his Friends;
And when he hears their sore Complaints,
Repents the Sorrows that he sends.

4 Thro' every Age the Lord declares
His Name, and breaks th' Oppressor's Rod;
He gives his suffering Servants Rest,
And will be known *Th' Almighty God.*

5 Bless ye the Lord, who taste his Love,
People and Priests exalt his Name:

Amongst

Amongſt his Saints he ever dwells;
His Church is his *Jeruſalem.*

PSALM CXXXV. Ver. 5—12. *Second Part.*

The Works of Creation, Providence, Redemption of Iſrael, and Deſtruction of Enemies.

1 GReat is the Lord, exalted high
Above all Powers, and every Throne;
Whate'er he pleaſe in Earth or Sea,
Or Heaven, or Hell, his Hand hath done.

2 At his Command the Vapours riſe,
The Lightnings flaſh, the Thunders roar;
He pours the Rain, he brings the Wind
And Tempeſt from his airy Store.

3 'Twas he thoſe dreadful Tokens ſent,
O *Egypt*, thro' thy ſtubborn Land;
When all thy firſt-born Beaſts and Men
Fell dead by his avenging Hand.

4 What mighty Nations, mighty Kings
He ſlew, and their whole Country gave
To *Iſrael*, whom his Hand redeem'd,
No more to be proud *Pharaoh*'s Slave!

5 His Power the ſame, the ſame his Grace,
That ſaves us from the Hoſts of Hell;
And Heaven he gives us to poſſeſs,
Whence thoſe apoſtate Angels fell.

PSALM CXXXV. Common Metre.

Praiſe due to God, not to Idols.

1 AWake, ye Saints: To praiſe your King
Your ſweeteſt Paſſions raiſe,
Your pious Pleaſure, while you ſing,
Increaſing with the Praiſe.

2 Great is the Lord ; and Works unknown
Are his divine Employ :
But ſtill his Saints are near his Throne,
His Treaſure and his Joy.

3 Heaven, Earth, and Sea confeſs his Hand ;
He bids the Vapours riſe ;
Lightning and Storm at his Command
Sweep thro' the ſounding Skies.

4 All Power that Gods or Kings have claim'd
Is found with him alone ;
But *Heathen* Gods ſhould ne'er be nam'd
Where our *Jehovah*'s known.

5 Which of the Stocks and Stones they truſt
Can give them Show'rs of Rain ?
In vain they worſhip glittering Duſt,
And pray to Gold in vain.

6 [Their Gods have Tongues that cannot talk,
Such as their Makers gave :
Their Feet were ne'er deſign'd to walk ;
Nor Hands have Power to ſave.

7 Blind are their Eyes, their Ears are deaf,
Nor hear when Mortals pray ;
Mortals, that wait for their Relief,
Are blind and deaf as they.]

8 O *Britain*, know thy living God,
Serve him with Faith and Fear ;
He makes thy Churches his Abode,
And claims thine Honours there.

PSALM CXXXVI. Common Metre.

God's Wonders of Creation, Providence, Redemption of Iſrael, *and Salvation of his People.*

1 GIVE Thanks to God the ſovereign Lord ;
His Mercies ſtill endure. And

And be the King of Kings ador'd :
His Truth is ever ſure.

2 What Wonders hath his Wiſdom done !
How mighty is his Hand !
Heav'n, Earth and Sea, he fram'd alone :
How wide is his Command !

3 The Sun ſupplies the Day with Light ;
How bright his Counſels ſhine !
The Moon and Stars adorn the Night :
His Works are all divine.

4 [He ſtrook the Sons of *Egypt* dead :
How dreadful is his Rod ?
And thence with Joy his People led :
How gracious is our God !

5 He cleft the ſwelling Sea in two :
His Arm is great in Might,
And gave the Tribes a Paſſage thro' ;
His Power and Grace unite.

6 But *Pharaoh*'s Army there he drown'd ;
How glorious are his Ways !
And brought his Saints thro' deſart Ground :
Eternal be his Praiſe.

7 Great Monarchs fell beneath his Hand ;
Victorious is his Sword ;
While *Iſrael* took the promis'd Land :
And faithful is his Word]

8 He ſaw the Nations dead in Sin ;
He felt his Pity move.
How ſad the State the World was in !
How boundleſs was his Love !

9 He ſent to ſave us from our Woe ;
His Goodneſs never fails ;

From Death and Hell, and every Foe;
And still his Grace prevails.

10 Give Thanks to God the heavenly King;
His Mercies still endure.
Let the whole Earth his Praises sing;
His Truth is ever sure.

PSALM CXXXVI. As the 148th Psalm

1 GIVE Thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord;
The sovereign King of Kings;
And be his Grace ador'd.
His Power and Grace
Are still the same;
And let his Name
Have endless Praise.

2 How mighty is his Hand!
What Wonders hath he done!
He form'd the Earth and Seas,
And spread the Heavens alone.
Thy Mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy Word.

3 His Wisdom fram'd the Sun
To crown the Day with Light;
The Moon and twinkling Stars
To cheer the darksome Night.
His Power and Grace
Are still the same;
And let his Name
Have endless Praise.

4 [He smote the first-born Sons,
The Flower of *Egypt*, dead;
And thence his chosen Tribes
With Joy and Glory led.
Thy Mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy Word.

5 His Power and lifted Rod
Cleft the Red-Sea in two;
And for his People made
A wondrous Passage thro'.
His Power and Grace
Are still the same;
And let his Name
Have endless Praise.

6 But cruel *Pharaoh* there
With all his Host he drown'd;
And brought his *Israel* safe
Thro' a long desart Ground.
Thy Mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy Word.

PAUSE.

7 The Kings of *Canaan* fell
Beneath his dreadful Hand;
While his own Servants took
Possession of their Land.
His Power and Grace
Are still the same;
And let his Name
Have endless Praise.]

8 He saw the Nations lie
All perishing in Sin,
And pity'd the sad State
The ruin'd World was in.
Thy Mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy Word.

9 He sent his only Son
To save us from our Woe,
From *Satan*, Sin and Death,
And every hurtful Foe.
His Power and Grace
Are still the same;
And let his Name
Have endless Praise.

10 Give Thanks aloud to God,
To God the heavenly King:
And let the spacious Earth
His Works and Glories sing.
Thy Mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy Word.

PSALM CXXXVI. *Abridg'd.* Long Metre.

1 GIVE to our God immortal Praise!
Mercy and Truth are all his Ways:
Wonders of Grace to God belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

2 Give to the Lord of Lords Renown,
The King of Kings with Glory crown;
His Mercies ever shall endure
When Lords and Kings are known *no more.*

3 He

3 He built the Earth, he ſpread the Sky,
And fix'd the ſtarry Lights on high:
Wonders of Grace to God belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

4 He fills the Sun with Morning-Light,
He bids the Moon direct the Night:
His Mercies ever ſhall endure,
When Suns and Moons ſhall ſhine *no more.*

5 The *Jews* he freed from *Pharaoh's* Hand,
And brought them to the Promis'd Land:
Wonders of Grace to God belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

6 He ſaw the *Gentiles* dead in Sin,
And felt his Pity work within:
His Mercies ever ſhall endure,
When Death and Sin ſhall reign *no more.*

7 He ſent his Son with Power to ſave
From Guilt and Darkneſs, and the Grave:
Wonders of Grace to God belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

8 Thro' this vain World he guides our Feet,
And leads us to his heavenly Seat:
His Mercies ever ſhall endure,
When this vain World ſhall be *no more.*

PSALM CXXXVIII.

Reſtoring and Preſerving Grace.

1 [WITH all my Powers of Heart and Tongue
I'll praiſe my Maker in my Song:
Angels ſhall hear the Notes I raiſe,
Approve the Song, and join the Praiſe.

2 Angels that make thy Church their Care
Shall witneſs my Devotions there,

While holy Zeal directs my Eyes
To thy fair Temple in the Skies.]

3 I'll sing thy Truth and Mercy, Lord,
I'll sing the Wonders of thy Word;
Not all thy Works and Names below
So much thy Power and Glory show.

4 To God I cry'd when Troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdu'd my Foes:
He did my rising Fears controul,
And Strength diffus'd thro' all my Soul.

5 The God of Heav'n maintains his State,
Frowns on the Proud, and scorns the Great
But from his Throne descends to see
The Sons of humble Poverty.

6 Amidst a thousand Snares I stand
Upheld and guarded by thy Hand;
Thy Words my fainting Soul revive,
And keep my dying Faith alive.

7 Grace will compleat what Grace begins,
To save from Sorrows, or from Sins:
The Work that Wisdom undertakes
Eternal Mercy ne'er forsakes.

PSALM CXXXIX. *First Part.* Long Metre.

The All-seeing God.

1 LORD, thou hast search'd, and seen me thro';
Thine Eye commands with piercing View
My rising and my resting Hours,
My Heart and Flesh with all their Powers.

2 My Thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the Words I mean to speak
E'er from my opening Lips they break.

3 Within

3 Within thy circling Power I ſtand ;
On every Side I find thy Hand :
Awake, aſleep, at home, abroad,
I am ſurrounded ſtill with God.

4 Amazing Knowledge, vaſt and great !
What large Extent ! What lofty Height !
My Soul with all the Pow'rs I boaſt
Is in the boundleſs Proſpect loſt.

5 *O may theſe Thoughts poſſeſs my Breaſt,*
Where-e'er I rove, where-e'er I reſt !
Nor let my weaker Paſſions dare
Conſent to Sin, for God is there.

PAUSE I.

6 Could I ſo falſe, ſo faithleſs prove,
To quit thy Service and thy Love,
Where, Lord, could I thy Preſence ſhun,
Or from thy dreadful Glory run ?

7 If up to Heaven I take my Flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'ſt enthron'd in Light ;
Or dive to Hell, there Vengeance reigns,
And *Satan* groans beneath thy Chains.

8 If mounted on a Morning-Ray
I fly beyond the *Weſtern* Sea,
Thy ſwifter Hand wou'd firſt arrive,
And there arreſt thy Fugitive.

9 Or ſhould I try to ſhun thy Sight
Beneath the ſpreading Vail of Night,
One Glance of thine, one piercing Ray
Wou'd kindle Darkneſs into Day.

10 *O may theſe Thoughts poſſeſs my Breaſt,*
Where-e'er I rove, where-e'er I reſt !

Nor let my weaker Passions dare
Consent to Sin, for God is there.

PAUSE II.

11 The Vail of Night is no Disguise,
No Screen from thy All-searching Eyes;
Thy Hand can seize thy Foes as soon
Thro' Midnight-shades as blazing Noon.

12 Midnight and Noon in this agree,
Great God, they're both alike to Thee.
Not Death can hide what God will spy,
And Hell lies naked to his Eye.

13 *O may these Thoughts possess my Breast,*
Where-e'er I rove, where-e'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker Passions dare
Consent to Sin, for God is there.

PSALM CXXXIX. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

The wonderful Formation of Man.

1 'TWAS from thy Hand, my God, I came,
A Work of such a curious Frame;
In me thy fearful Wonders shine,
And each proclaims thy Skill divine.

2 Thine Eyes did all my Limbs survey,
Which yet in dark Confusion lay;
Thou saw'st the daily Growth they took,
Form'd by the Model of thy Book.

3 By Thee my growing Parts were nam'd,
And what thy sovereign Counsels fram'd,
(The breathing Lungs, the beating Heart)
Was copy'd with unerring Art.

4 At last to shew my Maker's Name,
God stamp'd his Image on my Frame,

And

And in some unknown Moment join'd
The finish'd Members to the Mind.

5 There the young Seeds of Thought began,
And all the Passions of the Man;
Great God, our Infant-Nature pays
Immortal Tribute to thy Praise.

PAUSE.

6 Lord, since in my advancing Age
I've acted on Life's busy Stage,
Thy Thoughts of Love to me surmount
The Power of Numbers to recount.

7 I could survey the Ocean o'er,
And count each Sand that makes the Shore,
Before my swiftest Thoughts could trace
The numerous Wonders of thy Grace.

8 These on my Heart are still impress,
With these I give my Eyes to Rest;
And at my waking Hour I find
God and his Love possess my Mind.

PSALM CXXXIX. *Third Part.* Long Metre.

Sincerity profest, and Grace try'd; or, *The Heart-searching God.*

1 MY God, what inward Grief I feel
When impious Men transgress thy Will!
I mourn to hear their Lips profane,
Take thy tremendous Name in vain.

2 Does not my Soul detest and hate
The Sons of Malice and Deceit?
Those that oppose thy Laws and Thee,
I count them Enemies to me.

3 Lord, search my Soul, try every Thought;
Tho' my own Heart accuse me not

Of

Of walking in a false Disguise,
I beg the Trial of thine Eyes.

4 Doth secret Mischief lurk within?
Do I indulge some unknown Sin?
O turn my Feet when-e'er I stray,
And lead me in thy perfect Way.

PSALM CXXXIX. *First Part.* Common Metre.

God is every where.

1 IN all my vast Concerns with Thee
In vain my Soul wou'd try
To shun thy Presence, Lord, or flee
The Notice of thine Eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding Sight surveys
My Rising and my Rest,
My publick Walks, my private Ways,
And Secrets of my Breast.

3 My Thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're form'd within;
And e'er my Lips pronounce the Word,
He knows the Sense I mean.

4 O wondrous Knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a Creature hide?
Within thy circling Arms I lie,
Beset on every Side.

5 So let thy Grace surround me still,
And like a Bulwark prove,
To guard my Soul from every Ill
Secur'd by sovereign Love.

PAUSE.

6 Lord, where shall guilty Souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?

In

In Hell they meet thy dreadful Fire,
In Heaven thy glorious Throne.

7 Should I suppress my vital Breath,
To 'scape the Wrath divine,
Thy Voice would break the Bars of Death,
And make the Grave resign.

8 If wing'd with Beams of Morning-Light
I fly beyond the *West*,
Thy Hand, which must support my Flight,
Wou'd soon betray my Rest.

9 If o'er my Sins I think to draw
The Curtains of the Night,
Those flaming Eyes that guard thy Law
Wou'd turn the Shades to Light.

10 The Beams of Noon, the Midnight Hour
Are both alike to Thee:
O may I ne'er provoke that Power
From which I cannot flee.

PSALM CXXXIX. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

The Wisdom of God in the Formation of Man.

1 WHEN I with pleasing Wonder stand,
And all my Frame survey,
Lord, 'tis thy Work; I own, thy Hand
Thus built my humble Clay.

2 Thy Hand my Heart and Reins possest
Where unborn Nature grew;
Thy Wisdom all my Features trac'd,
And all my Members drew.

3 Thine Eye with nicest Care survey'd
The Growth of every Part;
Till the whole Scheme thy Thoughts had laid
Was copy'd by thy Art.

4 Heaven,

4 Heaven, Earth, and Sea, and Fire, and Wind
Shew me thy wondrous Skill
But I review my self, and find
Diviner Wonders still.

5 Thy awful Glories round me shine,
My Flesh proclaims thy Praise;
Lord, to thy Works of Nature join
Thy Miracles of Grace.

PSALM CXXXIX. 14, 17, 18. *Third Part.*
Common Metre.

The Mercies of God innumerable.

An Evening Psalm.

1 LORD, when I count thy Mercies o'er,
They strike me with Surprize;
Not all the Sands that spread the Shore
To equal Numbers rise.

2 My Flesh with Fear and Wonder stands,
The Product of thy Skill,
And hourly Blessings from thy Hands
Thy Thoughts of Love reveal.

3 These on my Heart by Night I keep;
How kind, how dear to me!
O may the Hour that ends my Sleep
Still find my Thoughts with Thee.

PSALM CXLI. Ver. 2, 3, 4, 5.

Watchfulness and Brotherly Reproof.

A Morning or Evening Psalm.

1 MY God, accept my early Vows,
Like Morning-Incense in thine House,
And let my nightly Worship rise
Sweet as the Evening Sacrifice.

Watch o'er my Lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless Word;
Nor let my Feet incline to tread
The guilty Path where Sinners lead.

3 O may the Righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wand'ring Way!
Their gentle Words, like Ointment shed,
Shall never bruise but cheer my Head.

4 When I behold them prest with Grief,
I'll cry to Heaven for their Relief;
And by my warm Petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful Love.

PSALM CXLII.

God is the Hope of the Helpless.

1 TO God I made my Sorrows known,
From God I sought Relief;
In long Complaints before his Throne
I pour'd out all my Grief.

2 My Soul was overwhelm'd with Woes,
My Heart began to break;
My God, who all my Burdens knows,
He knows the Way I take.

3 On every Side I cast mine Eye,
And found my Helpers gone,
While Friends and Strangers past me by
Neglected or unknown.

4 Then did I raise a louder Cry,
And call'd thy Mercy near,
"Thou art my Portion when I die,
"Be thou my Refuge here.

5 Lord, I am brought exceeding low,
Now let thine Ear attend,

And make my Foes who vex me know
I've an Almighty Friend.

6 From my sad Prison set me free,
Then shall I praise thy Name,
And holy Men shall join with me
Thy Kindness to proclaim.

PSALM CXLIII.

Complaint of heavy Afflictions in Mind and Body.

1 MY righteous Judge, my gracious God,
Hear when I spread my Hands abroad,
And cry for Succour from thy Throne,
O make thy Truth and Mercy known.

2 Let Judgment not against me pass;
Behold thy Servant pleads thy Grace:
Should Justice call us to thy Bar,
No Man alive is guiltless there.

3 Look down in Pity, Lord, and see
The mighty Woes that burden me;
Down to the Dust my Life is brought,
Like one long bury'd and forgot.

4 I dwell in Darkness and unseen,
My Heart is desolate within:
My Thoughts in musing Silence trace
The ancient Wonders of thy Grace.

5 Thence I derive a Glimpse of Hope
To bear my sinking Spirits up;
I stretch my Hands to God again,
And thirst like parched Lands for Rain.

6 For Thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn;
When will thy smiling Face return?
Shall all my Joys on Earth remove?
And God for ever hide his Love?

7 My God, thy long Delay to save
Will sink thy Prisoner to the Grave;
My Heart grows faint, and dim mine Eye;
Make hake to help before I die.

8 The Night is Witness to my Tears,
Distressing Pains, distressing Fears;
O might I hear thy Morning Voice,
How would my wearied Powers rejoice!

9 In Thee I trust, to Thee I sigh,
And lift my heavy Soul on high;
For Thee sit waiting all the Day,
And wear the tiresome Hours away.

10 Break off my Fetters, Lord, and show
Which is the Path my Feet should go;
If Snares and Foes beset the Road,
I flee to hide me near my God.

11 Teach me to do thy holy Will,
And lead me to thy heavenly Hill;
Let the good Spirit of thy Love
Conduct me to thy Courts above.

12 Then shall my Soul no more complain,
The Tempter then shall rage in vain;
And Flesh, that was my Foe before,
Shall never vex my Spirit more.

PSALM CXLIV. *First Part.* Ver. 1, 2.

Assistance and Victory in the spiritual Warfare.

1 FOR ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my Shield;
He sends his Spirit with his Word,
To arm me for the Field.

2 When Sin and Hell their Force unite,
He makes my Soul his Care,

Instructs me to the heavenly Fight,
And guards me thro' the War.

3 A Friend and Helper so divine
Doth my weak Courage raise;
He makes the glorious Victory mine,
And his shall be the Praise.

PSALM CXLIV. *Second Part.* Ver. 3, 4, 5, 6.

The Vanity of Man, and Condescension of God.

1 LORD, what is Man, poor feeble Man,
Born of the Earth at first?
His Life a Shadow, light and vain,
Still hasting to the Dust.

2 O what is feeble dying Man,
Or any of his Race,
That God should make it his Concern
To visit him with Grace?

3 That God who darts his Lightnings down,
Who shakes the Worlds above,
And Mountains tremble at his Frown,
How wondrous is his Love!

PSALM CXLIV. *Third Part.* Ver. 12——15.

Grace above Riches; or, *The happy Nation.*

1 HAppy the City, where their Sons
Like Pillars round a Palace set,
And Daughters bright as polish'd Stones
Gives Strength and Beauty to the State.

2 Happy the Country, where the Sheep,
Cattle, and Corn, have large Increase;
Where Men securely work or sleep,
Nor Sons of Plunder break the Peace.

3 Happy the Nation thus endow'd,
But more divinely blest are those

On

On whom the All-sufficient God
Himself with all his Grace bestows.

PSALM CXLV. Long Metre.

The Greatness of God.

MY God, my King, thy various Praise
Shall fill the Remnant of my Days:
Thy Grace employ my humble Tongue
Till Death and Glory raise the Song.

2 The Wings of every Hour shall bear
Some thankful Tribute to thine Ear;
And every setting Sun shall see
New Works of Duty done for Thee.

3 Thy Truth and Justice I'll proclaim;
Thy Bounty flows, an endless Stream;
Thy Mercy swift; thine Anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn Foe.

4 Thy Works with sovereign Glory shine;
And speak thy Majesty divine;
Let *Britain* round her Shores proclaim
The Sound and Honour of thy Name.

5 Let distant Times and Nations raise
The long Succession of thy Praise:
And unborn Ages make my Song
The Joy and Labour of their Tongue.

6 But who can speak thy wondrous Deeds?
Thy Greatness all our Thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable thy Ways,
Vast and immortal be thy Praise.

PSALM CXLV. 1—7, 11—13. *First Part.*

The Greatness of God.

1 LONG as I live I'll bless thy Name,
My King, my God of Love;

My

My Work and Joy shall be the same
In the bright World above.

2 Great is the Lord, his Power unknown,
And let his Praise be great:
I'll sing the Honours of thy Throne,
Thy Works of Grace repeat.

3 Thy Grace shall dwell upon my Tongue;
And while my Lips rejoice,
The Men that hear my sacred Song
Shall join their chearful Voice.

4 Fathers to Sons shall teach thy Name,
And Children learn thy Ways;
Ages to come thy Truth proclaim,
And Nations sound thy Praise.

5 Thy glorious Deeds of ancient Date
Shall thro' the World be known;
Thine Arm of Power, thy heavenly State
With publick Splendor shown.

6 The World is manag'd by thy Hands,
Thy Saints are rul'd by Love;
And thine eternal Kingdom stands
Tho' Rocks and Hills remove.

PSALM CXLV. *Second Part.* Ver. 7, &c.

The Goodness of God.

1 SWeet is the Memory of thy Grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let Age to Age thy Righteousness
In Sounds of Glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His Goodness to the Skies;
Thro' the whole Earth his Bounty shines,
And every Want supplies.

3 With

With longing Eyes thy Creatures wait
On Thee for daily Food,
Thy liberal Hand provides their Meat,
And fills their Mouths with Good.

How kind are thy Compassions, Lord!
How slow thine Anger moves!
But soon he sends his pardoning Word
To cheer the Souls he loves.

Creatures with all their endless Race
Thy Power and Praise proclaim;
But Saints that taste thy richer Grace
Delight to bless thy Name.

PSALM CXLV. 14, 17, &c. *Third Part.*

Mercy to Sufferers; or, *God hearing Prayer.*

LET every Tongue thy Goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all;
Thy strengthning Hands uphold the Weak,
And raise the Poor that fall.

When Sorrow bows the Spirit down,
Or Virtue lies distrest
Beneath some proud Oppressor's Frown,
Thou giv'st the Mourners Rest.

The Lord supports our tottering Days,
And guides our giddy Youth:
Holy and just are all his Ways,
And all his Words are Truth.

He knows the Pains his Servants feel,
He hears his Children cry,
And their best Wishes to fulfil
His Grace is ever nigh.

His Mercy never shall remove
From Men of Heart sincere;

He

He saves the Souls whose humble Love
Is join'd with holy Fear.

6 [His stubborn Foes his Sword shall slay,
And pierce their Hearts with Pain;
But none that serve the Lord shall say,
" They sought his Aid in vain.]

7 [My Lips shall dwell upon his Praise,
And spread his Fame abroad;
Let all the Sons of *Adam* raise
The Honours of their God.]

PSALM CXLVI. Long Metre.

Praise to God for his Goodness and Truth.

1 PRaise ye the Lord. My Heart shall join
In Work so pleasant, so divine,
Now while the Flesh is mine Abode,
And when my Soul ascends to God.

2 Praise shall employ my noblest Powers
While Immortality endures;
My Days of Praise shall ne'er be past,
While Life and Thought and Being last.

3 Why should I make a Man my Trust?
Princes must die and turn to Dust;
Their Breath departs, their Pomp and Power,
And Thoughts all vanish in an Hour.

4 Happy the Man whose Hopes rely
On *Israel*'s God: He made the Sky,
And Earth and Seas with all their Train,
And none shall find his Promise vain.

5 His Truth for ever stands secure:
He saves th' Oppress, he feeds the Poor;
He sends the labouring Conscience Peace,
And grants the Prisoner sweet Release.

6 The Lord hath Eyes to give the Blind;
The Lord ſupports the ſinking Mind:
He helps the Stranger in Diſtreſs,
The Widow and the Fatherleſs.

7 He loves his Saints, he knows them well,
But turns the Wicked down to Hell:
Thy God, O *Zion*, ever reigns;
Praiſe him in everlaſting Strains.

PSALM CXLVI. As the 113th Pſalm.

Praiſe to God for his Goodneſs and Truth.

1 I'LL praiſe my Maker with my Breath;
And when my Voice is loſt in Death,
Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler Powers,
My Days of Praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt
While Life and Thought and Being laſt,
Or Immortality endures.

2 Why ſhould I make a Man my Truſt?
Princes muſt die and turn to Duſt;
Vain is the Help of Fleſh and Blood;
Their Breath departs, their Pomp and Power
And Thoughts all vaniſh in an Hour,
Nor can they make their Promiſe good.

3 Happy the Man whoſe Hopes rely
On *Iſrael*'s God: He made the Sky,
And Earth and Seas with all their Train:
His Truth for ever ſtands ſecure;
He ſaves th' Oppreſt, he feeds the Poor,
And none ſhall find his Promiſe vain.

4 The Lord hath Eyes to give the Blind;
The Lord ſupports the ſinking Mind;
He ſends the labouring Conſcience Peace:

He helps the Stranger in Distress,
The Widow and the Fatherless,
And grants the Prisoner sweet Release.

5 He loves his Saints; he knows them well,
But turns the Wicked down to Hell:
Thy God, O *Zion*, ever reigns;
Let every Tongue, let every Age
In this exalted Work engage;
Praise him in everlasting Strains.

6 I'll praise him while he lends me Breath,
And when my Voice is lost in Death
Praise shall employ my nobler Powers:
My Days of Praise shall ne'er be past
While Life and Thought and Being last,
Or Immortality endures.

PSALM CXLVII. *First Part.*

The Divine Nature, Providence and Grace.

1 PRaise ye the Lord: 'Tis good to raise
Our Hearts and Voices in his Praise:
His Nature and his Works invite
To make this Duty our Delight.

2 The Lord builds up *Jerusalem*,
And gathers Nations to his Name:
His mercy melts the stubborn Soul,
And makes the broken Spirit whole.

3 He form'd the Stars, those heavenly Flames,
He counts their Numbers, calls their Names:
His Wisdom vast, and knows no Bound,
A Deep where all our Thoughts are drown'd.

4 Great is our Lord, and great his Might;
And all his Glories infinite.

He crowns the Meek, rewards the Juſt,
And treads the Wicked to the Duſt.

PAUSE.

Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who ſpreads his Cloud all round the Sky;
There he prepares the fruitful Rain,
Nor lets the Drops deſcend in vain.

He makes the Graſs the Hills adorn,
And clothes the ſmiling Fields with Corn.
The Beaſts with Food his Hands ſupply,
And the young Ravens when they cry.

What is the Creatures Skill or Force,
The ſprightly Man, the warlike Horſe,
The nimble Wit, the active Limb?
All are too mean Delights for Him.

But Saints are lovely in his Sight;
He views his Children with Delight:
He ſees their Hope, he knows their Fear;
And looks and loves his Image there.

PSALM CXLVII. *Second Part.*

Summer and Winter.

A Song for *Great Britain.*

O *Britain*, praiſe thy mighty God,
And make his Honours known abroad;
He bid the Ocean round thee flow:
Not Bars of Braſs could guard thee ſo.

Thy Children are ſecure and bleſt;
Thy Shores have Peace, thy Cities Reſt:
He feeds thy Sons with fineſt Wheat,
And adds his Bleſſing to their Meat.

3 Thy changing Seasons he ordains,
Thine early and thy later Rains;
His Flakes of Snow like Wool he sends,
And thus the springing Corn defends.

4 With hoary Frost he strows the Ground;
His Hail descends with clattering Sound:
Where is the Man so vainly bold
That dares defy his dreadful Cold?

5 He bids the *Southern* Breezes blow;
The Ice dissolves, the Waters flow:
But he hath nobler Works and Ways
To call the *Britons* to his Praise.

6 To all the Isle his Laws are shown;
His Gospel thro' the Nation known;
He hath not thus reveal'd his Word
To every Land: Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM CXLVII. 7—9, 13—18. Common Met.

The Seasons of the Year.

1 WITH Songs and Honours sounding loud
Address the Lord on high;
Over the Heav'ns he spreads his Cloud,
And Waters vail the Sky.

2 He sends his Show'rs of Blessing down
To cheer the Plains below;
He makes the Grass the Mountains crown,
And Corn in Valleys grow.

3 He gives the grazing Ox his Meat,
He hears the Ravens cry;
But Man who tastes his finest Wheat
Should raise his Honours high.

4 His steady Counsels change the Face
Of the declining Year;
He bids the Sun cut short his Race,
And wint'ry Days appear.

5 His hoary Frost, his fleecy Snow,
Descend and clothe the Ground;
The liquid Streams forbear to flow,
In Icy Fetters bound.

6 When from his dreadful Stores on high
He pours the rattling Hail,
The Wretch that dares this God defy
Shall find his Courage fail.

7 He sends his Word and melts the Snow,
The Fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer Gales to blow,
And bids the Spring return.

8 The changing Wind, the flying Cloud
Obey his mighty Word:
With Songs and Honours sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

PSALM CXLVIII. Proper Metre.

Praise to God from all Creatures.

1 YE Tribes of *Adam* join
With Heaven and Earth and Seas,
And offer Notes divine
To your Creator's Praise.
Ye holy Throng
Of Angels bright
In Worlds of Light
Begin the Song.

2 Thou Sun with dazling Rays,
And Moon that rules the Night,
Shine to your Maker's Praise,
With Stars of twinkling Light.
His Power declare,
Ye Floods on high,
And Clouds that fly
In empty Air.

3 The shining Worlds above
In glorious Order stand,
Or in swift Courses move
By his supreme Command.
He spake the Word,
And all their Frame
From Nothing came
To praise the Lord.

4 He mov'd their mighty Wheels
In unknown Ages past,
And each his Word fulfils
While Time and Nature last.
In different Ways
His Works proclaim
His wondrous Name,
And speak his Praise.

PAUSE.

5 Let all the Earth-born Race,
And Monsters of the Deep,
The Fish that cleave the Seas,
Or in their Bosom sleep,
From Sea and Shore
Their Tribute pay,
And still display
Their Maker's Power.

6 Ye Vapours, Hail, and Snow,
Praise ye th' Almighty Lord,
And stormy Winds that blow
To execute his Word.
When Lightnings shine,
Or Thunders roar,
Let Earth adore
His Hand divine.

7 Ye Mountains near the Skies,
With lofty Cedars there,
And Trees of humbler Size,
That Fruit in Plenty bear,
Beasts wild and tame,
Birds, Flies and Worms,
In various Forms
Exalt his Name.

8 Ye Kings, and Judges fear
The Lord, the sovereign King;
And while you rule us here,
His heavenly Honours sing:
Nor let the Dream
Of Power and State
Make you forget
His Power supreme.

9 Virgins and Youths, engage
To sound his Praise divine,
While Infancy and Age
Their feebler Voices join:
Wide as he reigns
His Name be sung
By every Tongue
In endless Strains.

10 Let all the Nations fear
The God that rules above
He brings his People near,
And makes them taste his Love:
While Earth and Sky
Attempt his Praise,
His Saints shall raise
His Honours high.

PSALM CXLVIII. *Paraphras'd in* Long Metre.

Universal Praise to God.

1 LOUD *Hallejujahs* to the Lord
From distant Worlds where Creatures dwell;
Let Heaven begin the solemn Word,
And sound it dreadful down to Hell.

Note, *This Psalm may be sung to the Tune of the old* 112th *or* 127th *Psalm, if these two Lines be added to every Stanza,* (viz.)

Each of his Works his Name displays,
But they can ne'er fulfil the Praise.

Otherwise it must be sung to the usual Tunes of the Long Metre.

2 The Lord! how absolute he reigns!
Let every Angel bend the Knee;
Sing of his Love in heavenly Strains,
And speak how fierce his Terrors be.

3 High on a Throne his Glories dwell,
An awful Throne of shining Bliss:
Fly thro' the World, O Sun, and tell
How dark thy Beams compar'd to his.

4 Awake,

4 Awake, ye Tempeſts, and his Fame
In Sounds of dreadful Praiſe declare;
And the ſweet Whiſper of his Name
Fill every gentler Breeze of Air.

5 Let Clouds, and Winds, and Waves agree
To join their Praiſe with blazing Fire;
Let the firm Earth and rolling Sea
In this eternal Song conſpire.

6 Ye flow'ry Plains, proclaim his Skill;
Valleys lie low before his Eye;
And let his Praiſe from ev'ry Hill
Riſe tuneful to the neighbouring Sky.

7 Ye ſtubborn Oaks, and ſtately Pines,
Bend your high Branches and adore:
Praiſe him, ye Beaſts, in different Strains;
The Lamb muſt bleat, the Lion roar.

8 Birds, ye muſt make his Praiſe your Theme,
Nature demands a Song from you:
While the dumb Fiſh that cut the Stream
Leap up and mean his Praiſes too.

9 Mortals, can you refrain your Tongue,
When Nature all around you ſings?
O for a Shout from Old and Young,
From humble Swains, and lofty Kings!

10 Wide as his vaſt Dominion lies
Make the Creator's Name be known:
Loud as his Thunder ſhout his Praiſe,
And ſound it lofty as his Throne.

11 *Jehovah*; 'tis a glorious Word,
O may it dwell on every Tongue!

But Saints who beſt have known the Lord
Are bound to raiſe the nobleſt Song.

12 Speak of the Wonders of that Love
Which *Gabriel* plays on every Chord:
From all below and all above,
Loud *Hallelujahs* to the Lord.

PSALM CXLVIII. Short Metre.

Univerſal Praiſe.

1 LET every Creature join
To praiſe th' eternal God;
Ye heavenly Hoſts, the Song begin,
And ſound his Name abroad.

2 Thou Sun with golden Beams,
And Moon with paler Rays,
Ye ſtarry Lights, ye twinkling Flames,
Shine to your Maker's Praiſe.

3 He built thoſe Worlds above,
And fix'd their wondrous Frame;
By his Command they ſtand or move,
And ever ſpeak his Name.

4 Ye Vapours, when ye riſe,
Or fall in Show'rs or Snow,
Ye Thunders murmuring round the Skies,
His Power and Glory ſhow.

5 Wind, Hail, and flaſhing Fire,
Agree to praiſe the Lord,
When ye in dreadful Storms conſpire
To execute his Word.

6 By all his Works above
His Honours be expreſt;
But Saints that taſte his ſaving Love
Should ſing his Praiſes beſt.

PAUSE I.

7 Let Earth and Ocean know
They owe their Maker Praiſe;
Praiſe him, ye watry Worlds below,
And Monſters of the Seas.

8 From Mountains near the Sky
Let his high Praiſe reſound,
From humble Shrubs and Cedars high,
And Vales and Fields around.

9 Ye Lions of the Wood,
And tamer Beaſts that graze,
Ye live upon his daily Food,
And he expects your Praiſe.

10 Ye Birds of lofty Wing,
On high his Praiſes bear;
Or ſit on flow'ry Boughs, and ſing
Your Maker's Glory there.

11 Ye creeping Ants and Worms,
His various Wiſdom ſhow,
And Flies in all your ſhining Swarms,
Praiſe him that dreſt you ſo.

12 By all the Earth-born Race
His Honours be expreſt,
But Saints that know his heavenly Grace
Should learn to praiſe him beſt.

PAUSE II.

13 Monarchs of wide Command,
Praise ye th' eternal King;
Judges, adore that sovereign Hand,
Whence all your Honours spring.

14 Let vigorous Youth engage
To sound his Praises high;
While growing Babes and withering Age
Their feebler Voices try.

15 United Zeal be shown
His wondrous Fame to raise;
God is the Lord: His Name alone
Deserves our endless Praise.

16 Let Nature join with Art,
And all pronounce him blest,
But Saints that dwell so near his Heart
Should sing his Praises best.

PSALM CXLIX.

Praise God, all his Saints; or, *The Saints judging the World.*

1 ALL ye that love the Lord rejoice,
And let your Songs be new;
Amidst the Church with chearful Voice
His later Wonders shew.

2 The *Jews*, the People of his Grace,
Shall their Redeemer sing;
And *Gentile* Nations join the Praise
While *Zion* owns her King.

3 The Lord takes Pleasure in the Just,
Whom Sinners treat with Scorn:
The Meek that lie despis'd in Dust
Salvation shall adorn.

4 Saints should be joyful in their King
E'en on a dying Bed:
And like the Souls in Glory sing,
For God shall raise the Dead.

5 Then his high Praise shall fill their Tongues,
Their Hands shall weild the Sword:
And Vengeance shall attend their Songs,
The Vengeance of the Lord.

6 When *Christ* his Judgment-seat ascends,
And bids the World appear,
Thrones are prepar'd for all his Friends
Who humbly lov'd him here.

7 Then shall they rule with Iron-Rod
Nations that dar'd rebel:
And join the Sentence of their God,
On Tyrants doom'd to Hell.

8 The Royal Sinners bound in Chains
New Triumphs shall afford;
Such Honour for the Saints remains:
Praise ye, and love the Lord.

PSALM CL. 1, 2, 6.

A Song of Praise.

1 IN God's own House pronounce his Praise,
His Grace he there reveals;
To Heaven your Joy and Wonder raise,
For there his Glory dwells.

2 Let all your ſacred Paſſions move,
While you rehearſe his Deeds;
But the great Work of ſaving Love
Your higheſt Praiſe exceeds.

3 All that have Motion, Life and Breath,
Proclaim your Maker bleſt;
Yet when my Voice expires in Death,
My Soul ſhall praiſe him beſt.

The CHRISTIAN DOXOLOGY.

Long Metre.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be Honour, Praiſe, and Glory given
By all on Earth, and all in Heaven.

Common Metre.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are Works to make him known,
Or Saints to love the Lord.

Common Metre, *Where the Tune includes two Stanzas.*

I.

THE God of Mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our Souls from Death,
Who ſaves by his redeeming *Word*,
And New-creating *Breath*.

II.

To praiſe the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, all Divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let Saints and Angels join.

Short

Short Metre.

YE Angels round the Throne,
And Saints that dwell below,
Worſhip the Father, praiſe the Son,
And bleſs the Spirit too.

As the 113th *Pſalm.*

NOW to the great and ſacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit be
Eternal Praiſe and Glory given,
Thro' all the Worlds where God is known,
By all the Angels near the Throne,
And all the Saints in Earth and Heaven.

As the 148th *Pſalm.*

TO God the Father's Throne
Perpetual Honours raiſe;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit Praiſe:
With all our Powers,
Eternal King,
Thy Name we ſing,
While Faith adores.

THE END.

An INDEX,

OR

TABLE to find a Psalm suited to particular SUBJECTS or OCCASIONS.

Note, *In this Table I have not directed to the several Parts or Metres of the Psalm, lest it should breed too great a Confusion of Figures. What is sought in any Psalm may easily be found, by turning a Leaf or two backward or forward to the distinct Parts or Metres.*

If you find not what Word you seek in this Table, seek another of the same Signification: Or, seek it under some of the more general Words, such as God, Christ, Church, Saints, Psalm, Prayer, Praise, Affliction, Grace, Deliverance, Death, *&c.*

A.

ADam *the first and second their Dominion* 8
Afflicted *Pity to them* 41, 35. *and tempted, supported* 55, 145, 146. *their Prayer* 102, 143. *Saints happy* 73, 119, 14th part. 94.
Afflictions *Hope in them* 42, 13, 77. *Support and Profit* 119, 14th part. *Instruction by them* 94, 119, 18th part. *sanctify'd* 94, 119, 18th part. *Courage in them* 119, 17th part. *remov'd by Prayer* 34, 107. *Submission to them* 123, 131, 39. *From Men, see* Persecution. *In Mind and Body* 143. *Trying our Graces* 66, 119, 17th part. *without Rejection* 89. *Of Saints and Sinners different* 94. *Gentle* 103. *Moderated* 125. *very great* 102, 143, 77.
Aged *Saints Reflection and Hope* 71.
All-seeing *God* 139.
Angels *Guardian* 34, 91. *all subject to Christ* 89, 97. *Praise the Lord* 103. *present in Churches* 138.
Appeal *to God against Persecutors* 7. *concerning our Sincerity* 139. *Humility,* 131. Ascen-

Ascension *of Christ*, 24, 68, 47, 110.
Assistance *from God* 144, 138.
Atheism *practical* 14, 36, 12. *punish'd* 10.
Attributes *of God* 36, 111, 145, 147.
Authority *from God* 75, 82.

B.

Backsliding *Soul in Distress and Desertion* 25. *restor'd* 51. *pardon'd* 78, 130.
Blessing *of God on the Business and Comforts of Life* 127.
Blessings *of a Family* 128, 133. *of a Nation* 144, 147. *of the Country* 65, 147. *of a Person*, 1, 32, 112.
Blood *of Christ cleansing from Sin* 51, 69.
Book *of Nature and Scripture* 19, 119, 4th part.
Britain's *Prosperity* 67. *deliver'd from Slavery* 75. *Happiness* 147.
Brotherly *Love* 133. *Reproof* 141.
Business *of Life bless* 127.

C.

Care *of God over his Saints* 34.
Charity *to the Poor* 37, 41, 112. *and Justice* 15, 112. *mixt with Imprecations* 35.
Chastisement, *see* Afflictions.
Children *praising God* 8. *made Blessings* 127, 128. *instructed* 34, 78.
Christ *the second* Adam, *his Incarnation, his Dominion* 8. *his* All-sufficiency 16. *his* Ascension 24, 68, 110. *the* Church's *Foundation* 118. *his* Coming *the Signs of it* 12. *his* Condescension *and Glorification* 8. Covenant *made with him* 89. *First and second* Coming, *or, his Incarnation, Kingdom and Judgment* 96, 97, 98. *the true* David 89, 35. *his* Death *and Resurrection* 22, 16, 69. *the* Eternal *Creator* 102. exalted *to the Kingdom* 2, 21, 8, 72, 110. *our* Example 109. Faith *in his Blood* 51. God *and Man* 89. *his* Godhead 102. *our* Hope 4, 51. *his* Incarnation *and Sacrifice* 40. *the* King *and the Church his Spouse* 45. *his Kingdom among Gentiles* 72, 87, 132. *his* Love *to Enemies* 109, 35. *his* Majesty 97, 99. *his* Mediatorial

torial *Kingdom* 89, 110. *his* Obedience *and Death* 69. *his* Perſonal *Glories and Government* 45. praiſed *by Children* 8. Prieſt *and King* 110. *his* Reſurrection *on the Lord's Day* 118. *our* Strength *and Righteouſneſs* 71. *his* Sufferings *and Kingdom* 2, 22, 89. *his* Suffering *for our Salvation* 69. *his* Zeal *and Reproaches* 69.
Chriſtians *Qualifications* 15, 24. *Church made of* Jews *and* Gentiles 87.
Church *its* Beauty 45, 48, 122. *the* Birth *Place of Saints* 87. Built *on Jeſus Chriſt* 118. Delight *and Safety in it* 27. Deſtruction *of Enemies proceeds from thence* 76. Gathered *and ſettled* 132. *of the* Gentiles 45, 47. God *fights for her* 46, 10, 20. *God's Preſence there* 132, 84. *God's ſpecial Delight* 87, 132. God's *Garden* 92. Going *to it* 122. *the Houſe and Care of God* 135. *of the* Jews *and* Gentiles 87. *its* Increaſe 67. Prayer *in Diſtreſs* 80. Perſecuted *ſee* Perſecution. Reſtored *by Prayer* 85, 102, 107. *its* Safety *in national Deſolations* 46. *is the* Safety *and Honour of a Nation* 48. *the Spouſe of Chriſt* 45. *its* Worſhip *and Order* 48. Wrath *againſt Enemies proceeds thence* 76.
Colonies *planted* 107.
Comfort *Holineſs and Pardon* 4, 32, 119, 11th *and* 12th Parts, *and Support in God* 94, 16. *from ancient Providences* 77, 143. *of Life bleſt* 127. *and Pardon* 130.
Company *of Saints* 16, 109.
Complaint *of Abſence from Publick Worſhip* 42. *of Sickneſs* 6. *of Deſertion* 13. *Pride, Atheiſm, Oppreſſion,* &c. 10, 12. *of Temptation* 13. *General* 102. *of quarrelſome Neighbours* 120. *of heavy Afflictions in Mind and Body* 143.
Compaſſion *of God* 103, 145, 147.
Communion *with Saints* 106, 133.
Confeſſion *of our Poverty* 16. *of Sin, Repentance and Pardon* 32, 51, 38, 130, 143.
Conſcience *tender* 119, 13th part. *its Guilt relieved*

lieved 38, 32, 51, 130.
Contention *complain'd of* 120.
Converse *with God* 119, 2d part. 63.
Conversion *and Joy* 126. *at the Ascension of Christ* 110. *of* Jews *and* Gentiles 87, 106, 96.
Correction *see* Affliction.
Corruption *of Manners general* 11, 12.
Counsel *and Support from God* 16, 119.
Courage *in Death*, 16, 17, 71. *in Persecution* 119, 17th part.
Covenant *made with Christ* 89. *of Grace unchangeable* 89, 106.
Creation *and Providence* 135, 136, 33, 104, 147, 148.
Creatures *no Trust in them* 62, 33, 146. *vain and God All-sufficient* 33. *Praising God* 148.

D

DAily *Devotion*, 55, 139.
Day *of Humilitaion for Disappointments in War* 60.
Death *and Resurrection of Christ* 16, 69. *of Saints and Sinners* 17, 37, 49. *and Sufferings of Christ* 22, 69. *Deliverance from it* 31. *and Pride* 49. *and the Resurrection* 49, 71, 89. *Courage in it* 16, 17, 23. *the Effect of Sin* 90.
Defence *in God* 3, 121. *and Salvation in God* 18, 61.
Delaying *Sinners warn'd.* 95.
Delight *and Safety in the Church* 48, 27, 84. *in the Law of God* 119, 5th, 8th *and* 18th parts. *in God* 63, 42, 73, 84, 18.
Deliverance *begun and perfected* 85. *from* Despair 18. *from* Deep *Distress* 34, 40. *from* Death 31, 118. *from* Oppression *and Falsehood* 56. *from* Persecution 53, 94. *by* Prayer 34, 40, 85, 126. *from* Shipwreck 107. *from* Slander 31. Surprising 126. *from* Temptations 3, 6, 13, 18. *from a Tumult* 118.
Desertion *and Distress of Soul* 25, 13, 38, 143.
Desire *of Knowledge* 119, 9th part. *of Holiness* 119, 11th part. *of Comfort and Deliverance* 119, 12th part. *of quickning Grace* 119, 16th part.
Desolations, *the Churches Safety in them* 46.

Despair *and Hope in Death* 17, 49. *Deliverance from it* 18, 130.
Devotion *daily* 55, 134, 141. *on a Sick-bed* 39, 6. *see* Morning, Evening, Lord's Day.
Direction *and Pardon* 25. *and Defence prayed for* 5. *and Hope* 42. *see* Knowledge.
Disease *see* Sickness.
Distress *of Soul or Backsliding and Desertion* 25. *relieved* 51, 130.
Dominion *of Man over Creatures* 8.
Doubts *and Fears suppress* 3, 31, 143.
Drunkard *and Glutton* 107.
Duty *to God and Man* 15, 24.
Dwelling *with God, see* Heaven, Church, &c.

E.

Education *Religious* 34, 78.
Egypt's *Plagues* 105.
End *of Righteous and Wicked* 1, 37.
Enemies *overcome* 18. *Prayed for* 35, 109. *destroyed* 12, 76, 48.
Envy *and Unbelief cur'd* 37, 49.
Equity *and Wisdom of Providence* 9.
Evening *Psalm* 4, 139, 141.
Evidences *of Grace, or Self-Examination* 26. *of Sincerity* 18, 19, 139.
Evil *Times* 12. *Neighbours* 120. *Magistrates* 11, 58, 82.
Exaltation *of Christ to the Kingdom* 2, 21, 22, 69, 72, 110.
Examination *or Evidences of Grace* 26, 139.
Exhortations *to Peace and Holiness* 34.

F.

Faith *and Prayer of persecuted Saints* 35. *in the Blood of Christ* 51, 32. *in divine Grace and Power* 62, 130.
Faithfulness *of God* 89, 105, 111, 145, 146. *of Man* 15, 141.
Falshood, *Blasphemy*, &c. 12. *and Oppression, Deliverance from them* 12, 56.
Family *Government* 101. *Love and Worship* 133. *Blessings* 128.
Fears *and Doubts suppress* 3, 34, 31. *in the Worship of God* 89, 99. *of God* 119, 13th part.
Flattery & *Deceit complained of* 12, 36. For-

Forgiveneſs *ſee* Pardon.
Formal *Worſhip* 50.
Frailty *of Man* 89, 90, 144.
Fretfulneſs *diſcouraged* 37.
Friendſhip *its Bleſſings* 133.
Puneral *Pſalm* 89, 90.

G.

GEntiles *given to Chriſt* 2, 22, 72. *Church* 45, 65, 72, 87. *Owning the true God* 96, 98, 47.
Glorification *and Condeſcenſion of Chriſt* 8, 45. Glory *of God in our Salvation* 69. *and Grace promis'd* 84, 97, 89.
Glutton 78. *and Drunkard* 107.
God all *in all* 127. All-ſeeing 139. All-ſufficient 16, 33. *his* Being, *Attributes and Providence* 36, 65, 147. *his* Care *of Saints* 7, 34. *his* Creation *and Providence* 33, 104, &c. *our* Defence *and Salvation* 3, 61, 33, 115. Eternal *and ſovereign and holy* 93. Eternal *and Man mortal* 90, 102. Faithfulneſs 105, 111, 89. Glorified *and Sinners ſav'd* 69. Goodneſs *and Mercy* 145, 103. Goodneſs *and Truth* 145, 146. Governing *Power and Goodneſs* 66. Great *and Good* 144, 68, 145, 147. Heart *ſearching* 139. *our only* Hope *and Help* 142. *the* Judge 9, 50, 97. Kind *to his People* 145, 146. *his* Majeſty 97. *and Condeſcenſion* 113, 144. Mercy *and Truth* 36, 103, 136, 89, 145. *made* Man 8. *of* Nature *and Grace* 65. *his* Perfections 111, 36, 145, 147. *our* Portion *and* Chriſt *our Hope* 4. *our* Portion *here and hereafter* 73. *his* Power *and Majeſty* 68, 89, 93, 96. Prais'd *by Children* 8. *our* Preſerver 121, 138. preſent *in his Churches* 84. *our* Refuge *in national Troubles* 46. *our* Shepherd 23. *his* Sovereignty *and Goodneſs to Man* 8, 113, 144. *our* Support *and Comfort* 94. Supreme *Governor* 82, 93, 75. *his* Vengeance *and Compaſſion* 68, 97. Unchangeable 89, 111. *his* Univerſal *Dominion* 103. *his* Wiſdom *in his Works* 111, 139. Worthy *of all Praiſe* 145, 146, 150.

Good *Works* 15, 24, 112. *Profit Men, not God* 16.
Goodness *of God* 8, 103, 111, 145, 146.
Gospel *its Glory and Success* 19, 45, 110. *Joyful Sound* 89, 98. *Worship and Order* 48.
Government *of Christ* 45, *from God* 75.
Grace *its Evidences, or Self-Examination* 26, 139. *above Riches* 144. *without Merit* 16, 32. *of Christ* 45, 72. *and Providence* 33, 36, 135, 136, 147. *Preserving and restoring* 138. *Truth and Protection* 57. *Try'd by Afflictions* 17, 66, 125. *and Glory* 84, 97. *pardoning* 130.
Guilt *of Conscience relieved* 38, 32, 51, 130.

H

HAppy *Saint and cursed Sinner* 1.
Harvest 65, 126, 147.
Health, *Sickness, and Recovery* 6, 30, 31. *Prayed for* 6, 38, 39.
Heart *known to God* 139.
Hearing *of Prayer and Salvation* 4, 10, 66, 102.
Heaven *of separate Souls and Resurrection* 17. *the Saints Dwelling-place* 24.
Holiness *Pardon and Comfort* 4. *Desired* 119, 11th part. *profest* 119, 3d part. 139.
Hope *in Darkness* 13, 77, 143. *of Resurrection* 16, 71. *and Despair in Death* 17, 49. *and Prayer* 27. *for Victory* 20. *and Direction* 42. *in Afflictions* 42, 143.
Hosanna *of the Children* 8. *for the Lord's Day* 118.
Houshold *see* Family.
Humiliation *Day* 10. *for Disappointment* 60.
Humility *and Submission* 131, 139.
Hypocrites *and Hypocrisy* 12, 50.

I

IDolatry *reprov'd* 16, 115, 135.
Jehovah 68, 83. *reigns* 93, 96, 97.
Jews *see* Israel.
Images *see* Idolatry.
Imprecations *and Charity* 35.
Incarnation 96, 97, 98. and *Sacrifice of Christ* 40.
Infants 139. *see* Children.
Instruction *from God* 25. *from Scripture* 119, 4th *and* 7th parts. *in Piety* 34.
Instructive *Afflictions* 94.

Intem-

ntemperance *puniſh'd* 78. *and pardon'd* 107.
oy of *Converſion* 126. *ſee* Delight.
ſrael *ſav'd from the* Aſſyrians 76. *ſav'd from* Egypt, *and brought to* Canaan 135, 136, 77, 105, 107. *Rebellion and Puniſhment* 78. *puniſh'd and pardon'd* 106, 107. *Travels in the Wilderneſs* 107, 114.
Judgment *and Mercy* 9, 68. *Day* 1, 50, 26, 97, 98, 149. *Seat of God* 9.
Juſtice *of Providence* 9. *and Truth towards Men* 15.
Juſtification *free* 32, 130.

K

King *is the Care of Heaven* 21.
King William *and* King George 75.
Kingdom *of Chriſt, ſee* Chriſt.
Knowledge *deſir'd* 19, 119, 9th part.

L

LAW *of God, Delight in it* 119.
Liberality *rewarded* 41, 112.
Life *and Riches their Vanity* 49. *ſhort and feeble* 89, 90, 144.
Longing *after God* 63, 42.
Lord's-Day *Pſalm* 92, 118. *Morning* 5, 19, 63.
Love *of God to the Righteous, and Hatred to the Wicked* 1, 11. *to our Neighbour* 15. *of Chriſt to Sinners* 35. *of God better than Life* 63. *of God unchangeable* 106, 89. *to Enemies* 109, 35. *Brotherly* 133. *and Worſhip in a Family* 133.
Luxury *puniſh'd* 78. *and pardon'd* 107.

M

MAgiſtrates *warn'd* 58, 82. *Qualifications* 101. *raiſed and depoſed* 75.
Majeſty *of God* 68. *ſee* God.
Man *his Vanity as mortal* 39, 89, 90, 144. *Dominion over Creatures* 8. *Mortal and Chriſt eternal* 102. *Wonderful Formation* 139.
Mariners *Pſalm* 107.
Marriage *myſtical* 45.
Maſter *of a Family* 101.
Meditation 1, 63, 119, 5th *and* 6th part.
Melancholy *reprov'd* 42. *and Hope* 77. *remov'd* 126.
Mercies *common and ſpecial* 68, 103. *Spiritual and Temporal* 103. *Innumerable* 139. *Everlaſting* 136.

Recorded 107. *and Judgment* 9. *and Truth of God* 36, 103, 89, 136, 145, 146.
Merit *disclaim'd* 16.
Messiah *see* Christ.
Midnight *Thoughts* 63, 139, 119, 5th *and* 6th parts.
Ministers *ordain'd* 132.
Miracles *in the Wilderness* 114.
Morning *Psalm* 3, 141. *of a Sabbath* 5, 19, 63.
Mortality *of Man* 39, 49, 90. *and Hope* 89. *and God Eternity* 90, 102.

N.

NAtions *Honour and Safety is the Church* 48. *Prosperity* 67, 144. *Blest and punish'd* 107.
National *Deliverance* 67, 75, 76, 124, 126. *Desolations the Church's Safety and Triumph in them* 46.
Nature *and Scripture* 19, 119, 7th part. *of Man* 139.
New England *Psalm* 107.
Novemb. *the* 5th 115, 124.

O.

OBedience *sincere* 32. 18, 139. *better than Sacrifice* 50.
Old Age *Death* 90. *and Resurrection* 71, 89.
Omnipotence, Omniscience, Omnipresence, & *see* God.

P.

PArdon *Holiness and Com fort* 4. *of Backslidi* 78. *and Direction* 25. *a Repentance pray'd for* 3 *and Confession* 32. *of O ginal and actual Sin* 5 *plentiful with God* 130.
Patience *under Affliction* 39. *under Persecutions* 3 44. *in Darkness* 77, 13 131.
Peace *and Holiness encour ged* 34. *with Men desir* 120.
Perfections *of God* 11 145, 147, 36.
Persecuted *Saints, the Prayer and Faith* 35, 4 74, 80, 83.
Persecution *Victory over a Deliverance from it* 7, 9 94. *Courage in it* 11 17th part.
Persecutors *punish'd* 7, 12 149. *Their Folly* 14. *Co plain'd of* 35, 44, 74, 8 83. *Deliverance from th* 94, 9, 10.
Perseverance 138. *in Try* 119, 17th part.
Personal *Glories of Christ*
Pestilence *Preservation in* 91.

Piety, *Instructions therein* 34. *see* Saint.
Pity *to the Afflicted* 41. *see* Charity, God.
Pleading *without repining* 39, 123. *the Promises* 119, 10th part.
Poor, *Charity to them* 15, 37, 41, 112.
Portion *of Saints and Sinners* 11, 17, 37.
Poverty *confest* 16.
Power *and Majesty of God* 89, 68, 145. *see* God.
Practical *Atheism* 14, 36.
Praise *to God from* Children 8. *for* Creation *and Providence* 33, 104. *to our* Creator 100. *from all* Creatures 148. *for* Eminent *Deliverance* 34, 118. General 86, 145, 150. *for the* Gospel 98. *for* Health *restor'd* 30, 116. *for* Hearing *Prayer* 66, 102. *to* Jesus Christ 45. *from all* Nations 117. *and* Prayer *publick* 65. *for* Protection, *Grace and Truth* 57. *for* Providence *and Grace* 36. *for Rain* 65, 147. *from the* Saints 149, 150. *for* Temporal *Blessings*, 68, 147. *for* Temptations *overcome* 18. *for* Victory *in War* 18.
Prayer *heard* 4, 34, 65, 66. *in Time of War* 20. *and Hope of Victory* 20. *Praise publick* 65. *and Hope* 27. *in Church's Distress* 80. *Heard and* Zion *restor'd* 102. *and Faith of persecuted Saints* 35, 37, 56. *and Praise for Deliverance* 34. *for Repentance and Pardon*, &c. 38. *see* Complaint.
Preserving *Grace* 138.
Preservation *in publick Dangers* 46, 91, 112. *Daily* 121.
Pride *and Atheism and Oppression punish'd* 10, 12. *and Death* 49.
Priesthood *of Christ* 51, 110.
Princes *vain* 62, 146.
Profession *of Sincerity and Repentance*, &c. 119. 3d part. 139. *False* 50.
Promises *and Threatnings* 81. *Pleaded* 119, 10th part.
Prosperity *dangerous* 55, 73.
Prosperous *Sinners cursed* 37, 49, 73.
Protection *Truth and Grace* 57. *by Day and Night* 121.
Providence *its Wisdom and Equity* 9. *and Creation* 33.

135, 136. *and Grace* 36, 147. *and Perfections of God* 36. *its Mystery unfolded* 73. *Recorded* 77, 78, 107. *in Air, Earth and Sea* 35, 65, 89, 104. 107, 147.
Prudence *and Zeal* 39.
Psalm *for Soldiers* 18, 60. *for old Age* 71. *for Husbandmen* 65. *for a Funeral* 89, 90. *for the Lord's-day* 92. *before Prayer* 95. *before Sermon* 95. *for Magistrates* 101. *for Housholders* 101. *for Mariners* 107. *for Gluttons and Drunkards* 107. *for* New England 107. *for the* 5th *of* November 115, 124. *for* Great Britain 67, 147. *see* Morn. Even. *&c.*
Publick *Praise for private Mercies* 116, 118. *for Deliverance* 124. *Worship, Absence from it complain'd of* 42. *Worship attended on* 122. *Prayer and Praise* 65, 84.
Punishment *of Sinners* 1, 11, 37. *and Salvation* 78, 81, 106. *see* Affliction.
Purposes *holy* 119, 15th part.

Q.

Qualifications *of a Christian* 15, 24.
Quarrelsome *Neighbours* 120.
Quickning *Grace* 119, 16th part.

R.

Rain *from Heaven* 135, 65, 147.
Recovery *from Sickness* 6, 30, 116.
Rejoicing *in God* 18. *See* Joy, Delight.
Relative *Duties* 15, 133.
Religion *and Justice* 15. *in Words and Deeds* 37.
Religious *Education* 34, 78.
Remembrance *of former Deliverances* 77, 143.
Repentance *Confession and Pardon* 32. *and Prayer for Pardon and Strength* 38. *and Faith in the Blood of Christ* 51.
Reproach *removed* 31, 37.
Resignation 39, 123, 131.
Resolutions *holy* 119, 15th part.
Restoring *Grace* 138, 23.
Resurrection *and Death of Christ* 2, 16. *of the Saints* 16, 17, 49, 71. *and Death* 49, 71, 89.
Reverence *in Worship* 89, 99.
Revolution *by King* William 75.
Riches *their Vanity* 49. *Compared*

pared with Grace 144.
Righteous, *see* Saints.
Righteousneſs *from Chriſt* 71. *see* Salvation, Pardon, Chriſt.

S

SAbbath, *see* Lord's-day, Sacrifice 40, 51, 69. *Incarnation of Chriſt* 40.
Safety *in publick Dangers* 91. *and Triumph of the Church in National Deſolations* 46. *in God* 61. *and Delight in the Church* 27.
Saints *happy, and Sinners curſed* 1, 11, 119. 1ſt part. *Safety in evil Times* 12, 46. *the beſt Company* 16. *Characters'd* 15, 24. *and Sinners Portion* 1, 17. *Dwell in Heaven* 15, 24. *Puniſh'd and ſav'd* 78, 106. *God's Care of them* 34. *Reward at laſt* 50, 90, 92. *and Sinners End* 37, 1, 11. *Patience and World's Hatred* 37. *Chaſtiz'd and Sinners deſtroyed* 94. *Die but Chriſt lives* 102. *Puniſh'd and pardon'd* 106, 107. *conducted to Heaven*, 106, 107. *Tryed and preſerved* 66, 125. *Afflictions moderated* 125. *judging the World* 149.
Salvation *of Saints* 10. *and Triumph* 18. *and Defence in God* 61. *by Chriſt* 69, 85.
Sanctify'd *Afflictions* 119, laſt part. 94.
Satan *ſubdu'd* 3, 6, 13.
Scripture *compar'd with the Book of Nature* 19, 119, 7th part. *Inſtruction from it* 119, 4th part. *Delight in it* 119, 5th *and* 18th part. *Holineſs and Comfort from it* 119, 6th part. *Perfections* 119, 7th part. *Variety and Excellency* 119, 8th part. *Attended with the Spirit* 112, 9th part.
Seaſons *of the Year* 65, 147.
Seaman's *Song* 107.
Secret *Devotion* 119, 2d part, 34.
Seeking *God* 63, 27.
Self-Examination, *or Evidences of Grace* 26, 139.
Separate *Souls Heaven* 17.
Shepherd *of Saints is God* 23.
Shipwrack *prevented* 107.
Sick-bed *Devotion* 6, 38, 39, 116.
Sickneſs *healed* 6, 30, 116.
Signs *of Chriſt's Coming* 12, 96, *&c.*
Sin *of Nature* 14. *Original and actual, confeſs'd and pardon'd* 51. *and Chaſtiſement*

ment of Saints 78, 106. *Universal* 14.
Sincerity 19, 26, 32, 139. *Proved and rewarded* 18. *profest* 119, 3d part.
Sinner *curst and Saint happy* 1, 11. *and Saints Portion* 1, 17, 37, 50. *Hatred and Saints Patience* 37. *destroy'd, and Saints chastized* 94.
Sins *of Tongue* 12, 34, 50.
Slander *Deliverance from it* 31, 120.
Song, *see* Psalm.
Sorrows, *see* Affliction, Sickness, &c.
Souls *in separate State* 17, 146, 150.
Spirit *giv'n at Christ's Ascension* 68. *his Teaching desired* 119, 9*th part.* 51.
Spiritual *Enemies overcome* 3, 18, 144. *Blessings and Punishments* 81. *Mindedness* 119, 2d part. *see* Saint, Grace, &c.
Spouse *of Christ the King is the Church* 45.
Spring *of the Tear* 65. *and Summer* 65, 104 *and Winter* 147.
Storm *and Thunder* 29, 135, 148
Strength *Repentance and Pardon pray'd for* 38. *from Christ* 71. *of Grace* 138.
Submission 123, 131. *to Christ* 2. *to Sickness* 39.
Success *of the Gospel* 19, 110.
Sufferings *and Death of Christ* 22. *and Kingdom of Christ*, 2, 22, 69, 110.
Summer 65. *and Winter* 147.
Support *and Counsel from God* 16. *for the afflicted and tempted* 55. *and Comfort in God* 94, 119, 14th part.
Surety *and Sacrifice, Christ* 40.

T

TEmptations *overcome* 3, 18. *in Sickness* 6. *Escape from them* 25. *of the Devil* 13. *Support under them* 3, 55, 94.
Tempter, *see* Satan.
Tender *Conscience* 119, 13th part.
Thanks *publick for private Mercies* 116, 118. *see* Praise.
Threatnings *and Promises* 81.
Thunder *and Storm* 29, 135, 136, 148.
Times *evil* 11, 12.
Tongue *govern'd* 34, 39.
Trial *of our Graces by Afflictions*

flictions 66, 125. *of our Hearts* 26, 139.
Triumph *for Salvation* 18. *and Safety of the Church in national Desolations* 46. *at the last Day* 149.
Trouble, *see* Afflictions, Temptations.
Trust *in the Creatures vain* 62, 146.
Truth *Grace and Protection* 57, 145, 146. *see* God, Faithfulness.
Tumult *Deliverance from it* 118.

V

VAnity *of Man as mortal* 39, 89, 144. *of Life and Riches* 49.
Vengeance *and Compassion* 68. *against the Enemies of the Church* 76, 149.
Victory *hop'd and prayed for* 20. *over Temptations* 6, 18, 144. *over Temporal Enemies* 18. *and Deliverance from Persecution* 53.
Vineyard *of God wasted* 80.
Unbelief *and Envy cur'd* 37. *Punish'd* 95.
Unchangeable *God* 89, 111.
Vows *paid in the Church* 116. *of Holiness* 119, 15th part.

W

WAiting *for Pardon and Direction* 25. *for answer to Prayer* 85, 143, 130.
War *Prayer in time of it* 20. *Disappointments therein* 60. *Victory* 18. *Spiritual* 18, 144.
Warnings *of God to his People* 81.
Watchfulness 19, 141. *Over the Tongue* 39.
Weather 65, 107, 135, 147, 148.
Wicked, *see* Sinner, Saint.
Wickedness *of Man* 14, 36, 51.
Wind, *see* Providence, Seasons, Storm.
Winter *and Summer* 147.
Wisdom *and Equity of Providence* 9. *of God in his Works* 111.
Word *of God, see* Scripture.
Works *of Creation and Providence* 104, 147, 148. *and Grace* 19, 33, 111, 135, 136. *Good profit Men, not God* 16.
World's *Hatred and Saints Patience* 37.

Worship *and Order of the Gospel* 48. *Delight in it* 84 *with Reverence* 89, 99. *Daily* 55, 134, 141. *in a Family* 133. *Publick* 63, 84, 122, 132. *Absence from it* 42, 63.
Wrath *and Mercy from the Judgment Seat* 9. *See more in* God, Punishment, Sinner, Vengeance.

Z.

ZEal *and Prudence* 39.
Zion *its Citizens* 15. *See* Church.

The End of the Table of Contents.

A TABLE

To find out any PSALM, or Part of a PSALM, by the First Line of it.

A

ALL ye that love the Lord, rejoice *Page* 316
Almighty Ruler of the Skies 17
Amidst thy Wrath remember Love 81
Among th' Assemblies of the Great 165
Among the Princes earthly Gods 173
And will the God of Grace 166
Are all the Foes of *Sion* Fools 114
Are Sinners now so senseless grown 27
Arise my gracious God 33
Awake, ye Saints, to praise your King 283

B

BEhold the lofty Sky 39
Behold the Love, the generous Love 74
Behold the Morning Sun 40
Behold the sure Foundation-stone 214
Behold thy waiting Servant, Lord 255
Bless, O my Soul, the living God 209
Blest are the Sons of Peace 280
Blest are the Souls that hear and know 177
Blest are the undefil'd in Heart 247
Blest is the Man for ever blest 65
Blest is the Man whose Bowels move 88
Blest is the Man who shuns the Place 1
Blest is the Nation where the Lord 67

C

CHildren in Years and Knowledge young 70
Come, Children, learn to fear the Lord 72
Come, let our Voices join to raise *Page* 195
Come, sound his Praise abroad 195
Consider all my Sorrows, Lord, 256

D

David rejoic'd in God his Strength 46
Deep in our Hearts let us record 148

E

EArly my God without Delay 123
Exalt the Lord our God 202

F

FAR as thy Name is known 98
Father, I bless thy gentle Hand 262
Father, I sing thy wondrous Grace 140
Firm and unmov'd are they 270
Firm was my Health, my Day was bright 60
Fools in their Heart believe and say 26
For ever blessed be the Lord 299
For ever shall my Song record 175
From Age to Age exalt his Name 223
From all that dwell below the Skies 242
From deep Distress and troubled Thoughts 276

G

GIve Thanks to God: he reigns above 222
Give Thanks to God, invoke his Name 218
Give Thanks to God most high 286
Give Thanks to God the sovereign Lord 284
Give to our God immortal Praise 288

Give to the Lord, ye Sons of Fame *Page* 59
God in his earthly Temple lays 174
God is the Refuge of his Saints 95
God my Supporter and my Hope 149
God of eternal Love 221
God of my Childhood and my Youth 144
God of my Life look gently down 84
God of my Mercy and my Praise 228
Good is the Lord, the heavenly King 131
Great God, attend while *Zion* sings 168
Great God, how oft did *Israel* prove 162
Great God, indulge my humble Claim 125
Great God, the Heavens well-order'd Frame 42
Great God, whose universal Sway 146
Great is the Lord exalted high 283
Great is the Lord, his Works of Might 232
Great is the Lord our God 97
Great Shepherd of thine *Israel* 163

H

HAD not the Lord, may *Israel* say 269
Happy is he that fears the Lord 234
Happy the City where their Sons 300
Happy the Man to whom his God 64
Happy the Man whose cautious Feet 3
Hear me, O God, nor hide thy Face 205
Hear what the Lord in Vision said 178
Help, Lord, for Men of Virtue fail 21
He reigns; the Lord, the Saviour reigns 198
He that hath made his Refuge God 186
High in the Heavens, eternal God 75
How awful is thy chast'ning Rod 158
How did my Heart rejoice to hear 266
How fast their Guilt and Sorrows arise 30
How long, O Lord, shall I complain 25
How long wilt thou conceal thy Face *ibid*
How pleasant, how divinely fair 167
How pleasant 'tis to see *Page* 284
How pleas'd and bless'd was I 267
How shall the Young secure their Hearts 250

I

Jehovah reigns; he dwells in Light 190
Jesus, our Lord, ascend thy Throne 210
Jesus shall reign where'er the Sun 146
If God succeed not all the Cost 272
If God to build the House deny 273
I lift my Soul to God 54
I'll bless the Lord from Day to Day 71
I'll praise my Maker with my Breath 305
I'll speak the Honour of my King 92
I love the Lord: He heard my Cries 240
In all my vast Concerns with thee 294
In Anger, Lord, rebuke me not 12
In God's own House pronounce his Praise 317
In *Judah* God of old was known 155
Into thine Hand, O God of Truth 61
Joy to the World; the Lord is come 201
I set the Lord before my Face 32
Is there Ambition in my Heart 277
It is the Lord our Saviour's Hand 208
Judge me, O Lord, and prove my Ways 57
Judges, who rule the World by Laws 119
Just are thy Ways and true thy Word 37
I waited patient for the Lord 85
I will extol thee, Lord, on high 60

L

LET all the Earth their Voices raise 197
Let all the Heathen Writers join 252
Let Children hear the mighty Deeds 159
Let every Creature join 314
Let every Tongue thy Goodness speak 303
Let God arise in all his Might 115
Let Sinners take their Course 116
Let *Sion* in her King rejoice 96
Let *Zion* and her Sons rejoice 267
Long as I live I'll bless thy Name 301
Lord, hast thou cast the Nation off 121

ord, I am thine: But thou wilt prove Page 34
ord, I am vile, conceiv'd in Sin 111
ord, I can suffer thy Rebukes 12
ord, I esteem thy Judgments right 252
ord, if thine Eyes survey our Faults 184
ord, if thou dost not soon appear 22
ord, I have made thy Word my Choice 253
ord, in the Morning thou shalt hear 10
Lord, I will bless thee all my Days 69
Lord, I would spread my sore Distresses 113
Lord of the Worlds above 170
Lord, thou hast call'd thy Grace to Mind 172
Lord, thou hast heard thy Servant cry 243
Lord, thou hast search'd and seen me thro' 290
Lord, thou hast seen my Soul sincere 36
Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray 10
Lord, 'tis a pleasant Thing to stand 189
Lord, we have heard thy Works of old 90
Lord, what a feeble Piece 185
Lord, what a thoughtless Wretch was I 150
Lord, what is Man, poor feeble Man 300
Lord, what was Man when made at first 18
Lord, when I count thy Mercies o'er 296
Lord, when thou didst ascend on high 136
Loud *Hallelujahs* to the Lord 312
Lo, what a glorious Corner-stone 246
Lo, what an entertaining Sight 280

M

MAker and Sovereign Lord 4
Mercy and Judgment are my Song 204
Mine Eyes and my Desire 56
My God, accept my early Vows 296
My God, consider my Distress 257
My God, how many are my Fears 7
My God, in whom are all the Springs 119
My God, my everlasting Hope 143
My God, my King, thy various Praise 301
My God, permit my Tongue P. 126
My God, the Steps of pious Men 80
My God, what inward Grief I feel 293
My Heart rejoices in thy Name 62
My never-ceasing Songs shall show 176
My Refuge is the God of Love 21
My righteous Judge, my gracious God 298
My Saviour and my King 91
My Saviour, my Almighty Friend 143
My Shepherd is the Living Lord 50
My Shepherd will supply my Need 51
My Soul, how lovely is the Place 169
My Soul lies cleaving to the Dust 260
My Soul repeat his Praise 212
My Soul, thy great Creator praise 214
My Spirit looks to God alone 122
My Spirit sinks within me, Lord 89
My Trust is in my heavenly Friend 13

N

NO Sleep nor Slumber to his Eyes 279
Not to our Names, thou only Just and True 239
Not to our selves who are but Dust 238
Now be my Heart inspir'd to sing 93
Now from the roaring Lions Rage 48
Now I'm convinc'd the Lord is kind 147
Now let our Lips with holy Fear 139
Now let our mournful Songs record 49
Now may the God of Power and Grace 44
Now plead my Cause, Almighty God 73
Now shall my solemn Vows be paid 133

O

O All ye Nations, praise the Lord 242
O blessed Souls are they 63
O bless the Lord, my Soul 215
O *Britain*, praise thy mighty God 307
Of Justice and of Grace I sing 205
O for a Shout of sacred Joy 95
O God my Refuge, hear my Cries 115
O God of Grace and Righteousness 9
O God of Mercy, hear my Call 114

O God, to whom Revenge belongs *Page* 102
O happy Man, whose Soul is fill'd 273
O happy Nation, where the Lord is 68
O how I love thy holy Law 251
O Lord, how many are my Foes 8
O Lord, our heavenly King 15
O Lord our God, how wondrous great 16
O that the Lord would guide my Ways 256
O that thy Statutes every Hour 259
O thou that hear'st when Sinners cry 112
O thou whose Grace and Justice reigns 268
O thou whose Justice reigns on high 117
Our God, our Help in Ages past 182
Out of the Deeps of long Distress 275
O what a stiff rebellious House 160

P

PRaise waits in *Zion*, Lord, for Thee 129
Praise ye the Lord, exalt his Name 282
Praise ye the Lord, my Heart shall join 304
Praise ye the Lord; 'tis good to raise 306
Preserve me, Lord, in Time of Need 30

R

REjoice, ye Righteous, in the Lord 66
Remember, Lord, our mortal State 180
Return, O God of Love, return 185

S

SAlvation is for ever nigh 173
Save me, O God; the swelling Floods 137
Save me, O Lord, from every Foe 31
See what a living Stone 245
Shew Pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive 110
Shine, mighty God, on *Britain* shine 134
Sing all ye Nations to the Lord 132
Sing to the Lord aloud 165
Sing to the Lord *Jehovah*'s Name 191
Sing to the Lord with joyful Voice 203
Sing to the Lord, ye distant Lands 196
Songs of immortal Praise belong 251
Soon as I heard my Father say 58
Sure there's a righteous God *Page* 156
Sweet is the Memory of thy Grace 302
Sweet is the Work, my God, my King 188

T

TEach me the Measure of my Days 83
Th'Almighty reigns exalted high 199
That Man is blest who stands in awe 232
The Earth for ever is the Lord's 53
Thee will I love, O Lord, my Strength 35
The God *Jehovah* reigns 201
The God of Glory sends his Summons forth 107
The God of our Salvation hears 128
The Heavens declare thy Glory, Lord 42
The King of Saints, how fair his Face 94
The King, O Lord, with Songs of Praise 45
The Lord appears my Helper now 243
The Lord, how wondrous are his Ways 210
The Lord *Jehovah* reigns 191
The Lord is come: The Heavens proclaim 199
The Lord my Shepherd is 52
The Lord of Glory is my Light 57
The Lord of Glory reigns, he reigns on high 190
The Lord the Judge before his Throne 102
The Lord the Judge his Churches warns 104
The Lord the Sovereign King 213
The Lord the Sovereign sends his Summons forth 105
The Man is ever blest 2
The Praise of *Sion* waits for thee 127
The Wonders, Lord, thy Love has wrought 87
Think, mighty God, on feeble Man 180
This is the Day the Lord hath made 245
This spacious Earth is all the Lord's 53
Thou art my Portion, O my God 249
Thou God of Love, thou ever blest 262
Thro' every Age, eternal God 181
Thrice happy Man who fears the Lord 234
Thus I resolv'd before the Lord 82
Thus saith the Lord, the spacious Fields 103

Thus

Thus saith the Lord, your Work is vain *Page* 85
Thus the eternal Father spake 229
Thus the great Lord of Earth and Sea *ibid.*
Thy Mercies fill the Earth, O Lord 254
Thy Name, Almighty Lord 242
Thy Works of Glory, mighty Lord 226
'Tis by thy Strength the Mountains stand 130
To God I cry'd with mournful Voice 157
To God I made my Sorrows known 297
To God the Great; the ever bless't 220
To Heaven I lift my waiting Eyes 264
To our Almighty Maker, God 200
To thee, before the dawning Light 248
To thee, most Holy, and most High 154
To thine Almighty Arm we owe 38
'Twas for thy Sake, eternal God 142
'Twas from thy Hand, my God, I came 292
'Twas in the Watches of the Night 124

U

VAin Man on foolish Pleasures bent 224
Unshaken as the sacred Hill 269
Up from my Youth may *Israel* say 274
Up to the Hills I lift mine Eyes 263
Upward I lift mine Eyes 265

W

WE bless the Lord, the Just, the Good 136
We love thee, Lord, and we adore 37
What shall I render to my God 241
When Christ to Judgment shall descend 103
When God is nigh, my Faith is strong 31
When God provok'd with daring Crimes 227
When God restor'd our captive State 271
When God reveal'd his gracious Name *ibid.*
When *Israel* freed from *Pharaoh*'s Hand 237
When *Israel* sins the Lord reproves 161
When I with pleasing Wonder stand 295
When Man grows bold in Sin 77
When overwhelm'd with Grief 121
When Pain and Anguish seize me, Lord *Page* 261
When the great Judge supreme and just 19
Where shall the Man be found 55
Where shall we go to seek and find 278
While I keep Silence and conceal 65
While Men grow bold in wicked Ways 76
Who shall ascend thy heavenly Place 29
Who shall inhabit in thy Hill 28
Who will arise and plead my Right 193
Why did the *Jews* proclaim their Rage 6
Why did the Nations join to slay 5
Why do the Proud insult the Poor 101
Why do the wealthy Wicked boast 79
Why doth the Lord stand off so far 20
Why doth the Man of Riches grow 99
Why has my God my Soul forsook 47
Why should I vex my Soul and fret, 78
Will God for ever cast us off 152
With all my Powers of Heart and Tongue 289
With earnest Longings of the Mind 88
With my whole Heart I'll raise my Song 18
With my whole Heart I've sought thy Face 257
With Reverence let the Saints appear 176
With Songs and Honours sounding loud 308
Would you behold the Works of God 225

Y

YE holy Souls in God rejoice 67
Ye Islands of the *Northern* Sea 200
Ye Nations round the Earth rejoice 203
Ye Servants of th' Almighty King 236
Ye Sons of Men, a feeble Race 187
Ye Sons of Pride, that hate the Just 100
Ye that delight to serve the Lord 235
Ye that obey th' immortal King 281
Ye Tribes of *Adam* join 309
Yet (saith the Lord) if *David*'s Race 279

THE END.

Publish'd by the same AUTHOR.

I. *Horæ Lyricæ:* Poems chiefly of the *Lyric* kind. In thr Books. Sacred, 1. To Devotion and Piety. 2. To Ve tue, Honour, and Friendship. 3. To the Memory of th Dead. With the Author's Effigies. *The Fifth Edition corrected.*

II. *Hymns and Spiritual Songs,* in three Books. 1. Collect from the Scriptures. 2. Composed on Divine Subjects. 3. Pr pared for the Lord's Supper. *The Ninth Edition.*

III. *A Guide to Prayer:* Or, a free and rational Account the Gift, Grace, and Spirit of Prayer, *&c. The Fourth Editio*

IV. *Divine Songs,* attempted in easy Language for the use Children. *The Tenth Edition.*

V. The Psalms of *David,* imitated in the Language the New Testament, and apply'd to the Christian State and Wo ship. *The Third and Seventh Edition.*

VI. Sermons on various Subjects. In three Vol. together wit a *Sacred Hymn* annexed to each.

VII. *The Art of Reading and Writing* English; or the Chi Principles and Rules of *Pronouncing* our *Mother Tongue,* both Prose and Verse; with a variety of Instructions for *true Spellin The Third Editiun.*

VIII. The Christian Doctrine of the Trinity: Or, Father, S and Spirit, Three Persons and One God, asserted and proved, *&*

IX. Death and Heaven; or the last Enemy conquer'd, and parate Spirits made perfect. *Second Edition.*

X. Seven Dissertations relating to the Christian Doctrine of th Trinity. In two Parts.

XI. Logick; or, the Right Use of Reason in the Enquiry aft Truth. *The Third Edition.*

XII. The Knowledge of the Heavens and the earth made eas *The Second Edition corrected.*

XIII. A Defence against the Temptation to Self-Murder.

XIV. Prayers composed for the use and immitation of Childre suited to their different Ages, and their various Occasions: tog ther with Instructions to Youth in the Duty of Prayer, drawn by way of Question and Answer, and a serious Address to the on that Subject. *The Second Edition.*

XV. An Essay towards the Encouragement of Charity Schoo particularly those which are supported by Protestant Dissenters, teaching the Children of the Poor to Read and Work; togeth with some Apology for those Schools which instruct them to wr a plain Hand, and fit them for Service, or for the meaner Trad and Labours of Life: to which is prefix'd, an Address to t Supporters of those Schools.

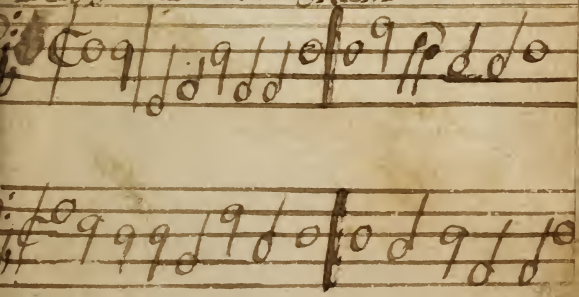
XVI. Discourses of the Love of God, and the Use and Abuse the Passions in Religion, with a devout Meditation suited to ea Discourse, *&c.*

XVII. A Caveat against Infidelity; or, the danger of Apostas from the Christian Faith: With an Answer to various Queries co cerning the Salvation of the Heathens, *&c.*

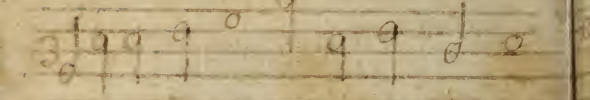
Praise yᵉ. Lᵈ. o my soul, & all that is within me Praise his holy Name, Praise yᵉ. Lord o my Soul & forget not all his Benifits, who forgiveth all thy sins & healeth all thine Infirmities

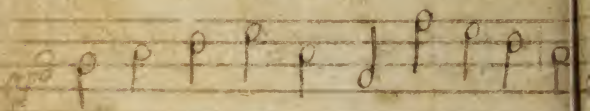
Blefs yᵉ. Lord Angels all, ye that excell in Strength & do his Commandments Blefs yᵉ. Lord all his host yᵉ that do his pleasure & his will, all his works blefs him always & blefs yᵉ Lord blefs him O my Soul.

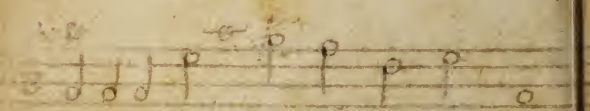
Bass Buckingham

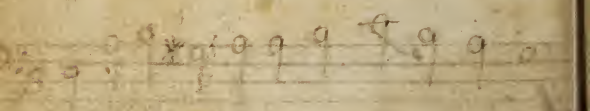


Hanover

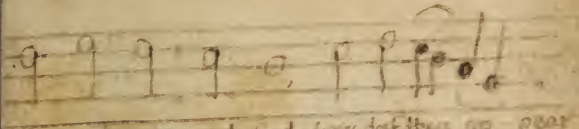

My soul praise y.e L.d Speak good of his Name

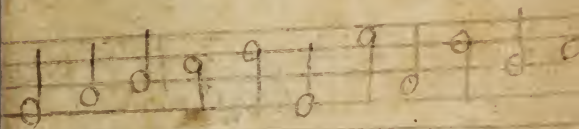
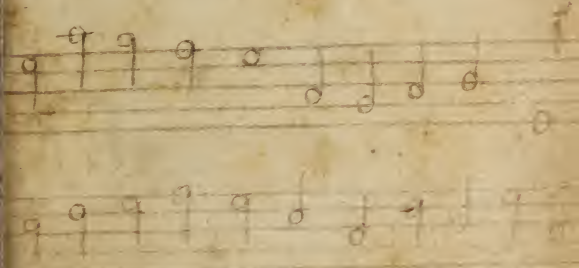

so pas-sing in glo-ry, that great is thy f




Thou wrapp.st thy self with light as a robe. Thou hast thy Jelf cl
Thou hast been in Faith sor! thou hast spread

Tenor


O Lord our great God, how dost thou ap-pear


Hon-our and Ma-jes-ty in the sanc-tuary